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METAMORPHOSES
BOOKS 1–8



Translated by
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III

METAMORPHOSES

I

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ANCIENT STUDIES

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IN SIX VOLUMES

III

METAMORPHOSES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
FRANK JUSTUS MILLER, PH.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN TWO VOLUMES

I

BOOKS I—VIII



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TO
ARTHUR TAPPAN
WALKER

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INTRODUCTION

PROBABLY no Roman writer has revealed himself more frankly in his works than has Publius Ovidius Naso. Indeed, the greater part of our knowledge of him is gained from his own writings. References to his parentage, his early education, his friends, his work, his manner of life, his reverses—all lie scattered freely through his pages. Especially is this true of the *Amores*, and of the two groups of poems written from his exile. The *Metamorphoses* are naturally free from biographical material. Not content with occasional references, the poet has taken care to leave to posterity a somewhat extended and formal account of his life.

From this (*Tristia*, iv. 10) we learn that he was born at Sulmo in the Pelignian country, 43 B.C., of well-to-do parents of equestrian rank, and that he had one brother, exactly one year older than himself. His own bent, from early childhood, was towards poetry; but in this he was opposed by his practical father, who desired that both his sons should prepare for the profession of the law, a desire with which both the brothers complied, but the younger with only half-hearted and temporary devotion.

Having reached the age of manhood, young Ovid found public life utterly distasteful to him, and now that he was his own master, he gave loose rein to his poetic fancy and abandoned himself to the enjoy-

INTRODUCTION

ment of the gay social life of Rome. He soon gained admission to the choice circle of the poets of his day, paying unlimited devotion to the masters of his art, and quickly becoming himself the object of no small admiration on the part of younger poets. His youthful poems soon gained fame among the people also, and his love poems became the popular lyrics of the town.

Though extremely susceptible to the influences of love, he proudly boasts that his private life was above reproach. He contracted two unhappy marriages in his youth, but his third marriage was a lasting joy to him.

And now his father and his mother died. The poet, while deeply mourning their loss with true filial devotion, still cannot but rejoice that they died before that disgrace came upon him which was to darken his own life and the lives of all whom he loved. For now, as the early frosts of age were beginning to whiten his locks, in the year 8 of our era, a sudden calamity fell upon him, no less than an imperial decree against him of perpetual banishment to the far-off shores of the Euxine Sea. The cause of this decree he only hints at; but he gives us to understand that it was an error of his judgment and not of his heart.¹

Exiled to savage Tomi, far from home and friends and the delights of his beloved Rome, he was forced to live in a rigorous climate, an unlovely land, midst a society of uncultured semi-savages. His chief solace was the cultivation of his art, and in this he spent the tiresome days. He ends his autobiography

¹ Augustus, indeed, gave as his reason the immorality of Ovid's love poems, but this is generally supposed to be only a cloak for a more personal and private reason.

INTRODUCTION

with a strain of thanksgiving to his muse, and a prophecy of his world-wide fame and literary immortality.

Though Ovid says that he strove to bear his misfortunes with a manly fortitude, the poems of his exile abound in plaintive lamentations at his hard lot, petitions to his friends in Rome, and unmanly subserviency to Augustus, and later to Tiberius, in the hope of gaining his recall. These, however, were all in vain, and he died at Tomi in A.D. 18, after a banishment of nearly ten years.

Ovid's greatest work, the fruit of the best years of the prime of his life, when his imagination had ripened and his poetic vigour was at its height, was the *Metamorphoses*, finished in A.D. 7, just before his banishment.

In the poet's own judgment, however, the poem was not finished, and, in his despair on learning of his impending exile, he burned his manuscript. He himself tells us of his motive for this rash act (*Tristia*, I. 7): "On departing from Rome, I burned this poem as well as many others of my works, either because I was disgusted with poetry which had proved my bane, or because this poem was still rough and unfinished." But fortunately copies of this great work still survived in the hands of friends; and in this letter he begs his friends now to publish it, and at the same time he begs his readers to remember that the poem has never received its author's finishing touches and so to be lenient in their judgment of it.

In the *Metamorphoses* Ovid attempts no less a task than the linking together into one artistically harmonious whole all the stories of classical mythology. And this he does, until the whole range of wonders

INTRODUCTION

(miraculous changes, hence the name, *Metamorphoses*) is passed in review, from the dawn of creation, when chaos was changed by divine fiat into the orderly universe, down to the very age of the poet himself, when the soul of Julius Caesar was changed to a star and set in the heavens among the immortals. Every important myth is at least touched upon, and though the stories differ widely in place and time, there is no break in the sequence of narration. The poet has seized upon every possible thread of connexion as he passes on from cycle to cycle of story; and where this connexion is lacking, by various ingenious and artistic devices a connecting-link is found.

The poem thus forms a manual of classical mythology, and is the most important source of mythical lore for all writers since Ovid's time. This is the real, tangible service which he has done the literary world. Many of these stories could now be obtained from the sources whence Ovid himself drew them—from Homer, Hesiod, the Greek tragedians, the Alexandrine poets, and many others. And yet many stories, but for him, would have been lost to us; and all of them he has so vivified by his strong poetic imagination that they have come down to us with added freshness and life.

The classic myths have always had a strong fascination for later writers, and so numerous are both passing and extended references to these in English literature, and especially in the poets, that he who reads without a classical background reads with many lapses of his understanding and appreciation. While the English poets have, of course, drawn from all classic sources, they are indebted for their mythology largely to Ovid. The poet would have been

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accessible after 1567 even to writers not versed in Latin, for in that year Golding's translation of Ovid appeared.

An admirable study of the influence of classic myth on the writings of Shakespeare has been made,¹ in which the author finds that Shakespeare was thoroughly familiar with the myths, and makes very free use of them. We read: "Though the number of definite allusions in Shakespeare is smaller than that of the vague ones, they are yet sufficiently numerous to admit of satisfactory conclusions. Of these allusions, for which a definite source can be assigned, it will be found that an overwhelming majority are directly due to Ovid, while the remainder, with few exceptions, are from Vergil. . . . Throughout, the influence of Ovid is at least four times as great as that of Vergil; the whole character of Shakespeare's mythology is essentially Ovidian."

What is true of Shakespeare is still more true of numerous other English poets in respect to their use of classical mythology. They do not always, indeed, use the myths in Ovid's manner, which is that of one whose sole attention is on the story, which he tells with eager interest, simply for the sake of telling; and yet such earlier classicists as Spenser and Milton² have so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the classics that they deal with the classic stories quite as subjectively as Ovid himself. But among later English poets we find a tendency to objectify the myths, to rationalize them, to philosophize upon them, draw

¹ *Classical Mythology in Shakespeare*. By Robert Kilburn Root. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1903.

² See *The Classical Mythology of Milton's English Poems*. By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1900.

INTRODUCTION

lessons from them, and even to burlesque them. Perhaps the most interesting development of all is found in our own time, a decided tendency to revamp the classical stories, though not always in the classical spirit—a kind of Pre-Raphaelite movement in poetry. Prominently in this class of poets should be named Walter Savage Landor, Edmund Gosse, Lewis and William Morris, and Frederick Tennyson; while many others have caught the same spirit and written in the same form.

The Latin text of this edition is based on that of Ehwald, published by Messrs. Weidmann, of Berlin, who have generously given permission to use it. All deviations of any importance from Ehwald's text have been noted, and Ehwald's readings given with their sources.

CHICAGO, *March* 1915.

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METAMORPHOSES

METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER I

IN nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
corpora; di, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi
ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen!

Ante mare et terras et quod tegit omnia caelum 5
unus erat toto naturae vultus in orbe,
quem dixere chaos: rudis indigestaque moles
nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque eodem
non bene iunctarum discordia semina rerum.
nullus adhuc mundo praebebat lumina Titan, 10
nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phoebe,
nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
ponderibus librata suis, nec brachia longo
margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite;
utque erat et tellus illic et pontus et aer, 15
sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda,
lucis egens aer; nulli sua forma manebat,
obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
frigida pugnabant calidis, umentia siccis,
mollia cum duris, sine pondere, habentia pondus. 20

Hanc deus et melior litem natura diremit.
nam caelo terras et terris abscidit undas

METAMORPHOSES

BOOK I

My mind is bent to tell of bodies changed into new forms. Ye gods, for you yourselves have wrought the changes, breathe on these my undertakings, and bring down my song in unbroken strains from the world's very beginning even unto the present time.

Before the sea was, and the lands, and the sky that hangs over all, the face of Nature showed alike in her whole round, which state have men called chaos : a rough, unordered mass of things, nothing at all save lifeless bulk and warring seeds of ill-matched elements heaped in one. No sun as yet shone forth upon the world, nor did the waxing moon renew her slender horns ; not yet did the earth hang poised by her own weight in the circumambient air, nor had the ocean stretched her arms along the far reaches of the lands. And, though there was both land and sea and air, no one could tread that land, or swim that sea ; and the air was dark. No form of things remained the same ; all objects were at odds, for within one body cold things strove with hot, and moist with dry, soft things with hard, things having weight with weightless things.

God—or kindlier Nature—composed this strife ; for he rent asunder land from sky, and sea from land,

OVID

et liquidum spisso secrevit ab aere caelum.
quae postquam evolvit caecoque exemit acervo,
dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit : 25
igneae convexi vis et sine pondere caeli
emicuit summaque locum sibi fecit in arce ;
proximus est aer illi levitate locoque ;
densior his tellus elementaque grandia traxit
et pressa est gravitate sua ; circumfluus umor 30
ultima possedit solidumque coercuit orbem.

Sic ubi dispositam quisquis fuit ille deorum
congeriem secuit sectamque in membra coegit,
principio terram, ne non aequalis ab omni
parte foret, magni speciem glomeravit in orbis. 35
tum freta diffundi rapidisque tumescere ventis
iussit et ambitae circumdare litora terrae ;
addidit et fontes et stagna immensa lacusque
fluminaque obliquis cinxit declivia ripis,
quae, diversa locis, partim sorbentur ab ipsa, 40
in mare perveniunt partim campoque recepta
liberioris aquae pro ripis litora pulsant.
iussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
fronde tegi silvas, lapidosos surgere montes,
utque duae dextra caelum totidemque sinistra 45
parte secant zonae, quinta est ardentior illis,
sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem
cura dei, totidemque plagae tellure premuntur.
quarum quae media est, non est habitabilis aestu ;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

and separated the ethereal heavens from the dense atmosphere. When thus he had released these elements and freed them from the blind heap of things, he set them each in its own place and bound them fast in harmony. The fiery weightless element that forms heaven's vault leaped up and made place for itself upon the topmost height. Next came the air in lightness and in place. The earth was heavier than these, and, drawing with it the grosser elements, sank to the bottom by its own weight. The streaming water took the last place of all, and held the solid land confined in its embrace.

When he, whoever of the gods it was, had thus arranged in order and resolved that chaotic mass, and reduced it, thus resolved, to cosmic parts, he first moulded the earth into the form of a mighty ball so that it might be of like form on every side. Then he bade the waters to spread abroad, to rise in waves beneath the rushing winds, and fling themselves around the shores of the encircled earth. Springs, too, and huge, stagnant pools and lakes he made, and hemmed down-flowing rivers within their shelving banks, whose waters, each far remote from each, are partly swallowed by the earth itself, and partly flow down to the sea; and being thus received into the expanse of a freer flood, beat now on shores instead of banks. Then did he bid plains to stretch out, valleys to sink down, woods to be clothed in leafage, and the rock-ribbed mountains to arise. And as the celestial vault is cut by two zones on the right and two on the left, and there is a fifth zone between, hotter than these, so did the providence of God mark off the enclosed mass with the same number of zones, and the same tracts were stamped upon the earth. The central zone of these may not be dwelt in by

OVID

nix tegit alta duas; totidem inter utramque locavit 50
temperiemque dedit mixta cum frigore flamma.

┌ Inminet his aer, qui quanto est pondere terrae,
pondere aquae levior, tanto est onerosior igni.

illic et nebulas, illic consistere nubes

iussit et humanas motura tonitrua mentes 55

et cum fulminibus facientes frigora ventos.

His quoque non passim mundi fabricator habendum
aera permisit; vix nunc obsistitur illis,

cum sua quisque regat diverso flamina tractu,

quin lanient mundum; tanta est discordia fratrum.

Eurus ad Auroram Nabataeaeque regna recessit 61

Persidaeque et radiis iuga subdita matutinis;

vesper et occiduo quae litora sole tepescunt,

proxima sunt Zephyro; Scythiam septemque triones

horrifer invasit Boreas; contraria tellus 65

nubibus adsiduis pluviaque madescit ab Austro.

haec super inposuit liquidum et gravitate carentem

aethera nec quicquam terrenae faecis habentem.

Vix ita limitibus dissaepserat omnia certis,

cum, quae pressa diu fuerant caligine caeca, 70

sidera coeperunt toto effervescere caelo;

neu regio foret ulla suis animalibus orba,

astra tenent caeleste solum formaeque deorum,

cesserunt nitidis habitandae piscibus undae,

terra feras cepit, volucres agitabilis aer. 75

Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altae

deerat adhuc et quod dominari in cetera posset;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

reason of the heat ; deep snow covers two, two he placed between and gave them temperate climate, mingling heat with cold.

The air hung over all, which is as much heavier than fire as the weight of water is lighter than the weight of earth. There did the creator bid the mists and clouds to take their place, and thunder, that should shake the hearts of men, and winds which with the thunderbolts make chilling cold. To these also the world's creator did not allot the air that they might hold it everywhere. Even as it is, they can scarce be prevented, though they control their blasts, each in his separate tract, from tearing the world to pieces. So fiercely do these brothers strive together. But Eurus drew off to the land of the dawn and the realms of Araby, and where the Persian hills flush beneath the morning light. The western shores which glow with the setting sun are the place of Zephyrus : while bristling Boreas betook himself to Scythia and the farthest north. The land far opposite is wet with constant fog and rain, the home of Auster, the South-wind. Above these all he placed the liquid, weightless ether, which has naught of earthy dregs.

Scarce had he thus parted off all things within their determined bounds, when the stars, which had long been lying hid crushed down beneath the darkness, began to gleam throughout the sky. And, that no region might be without its own forms of animate life, the stars and divine forms occupied the floor of heaven, the sea fell to the shining fishes for their home, earth received the beasts, and the mobile air the birds.

A living creature of finer stuff than these, more capable of lofty thought, one who could have dominion over all the rest, was lacking yet. Then man was born :

OVID

natus homo est, sive hunc divino semine fecit
ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo,
sive recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto 80
aethere cognati retinebat semina caeli.
quam satus Iapeto, mixtam pluvialibus undis,
finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum,
pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
os homini sublime dedit caelumque videre 85
iussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus :
sic, modo quae fuerat rudis et sine imagine, tellus
induit ignotas hominum conversa figuras.

Aurea prima sata est aetas, quae vindice nullo,
sponte sua, sine lege fidem rectumque colebat. 90
poena metusque aberant, nec verba minantia fixo
aere legebantur, nec supplex turba timebat
iudicis ora sui, sed erant sine iudice tuti.
nondum caesa suis, peregrinum ut viseret orbem,
montibus in liquidas pinus descenderat undas, 95
nullaque mortales praeter sua litora norant ;
nondum praecipites cingebant oppida fossae ;
non tuba directi, non aeris cornua flexi,
non galeae, non ensis erant : sine militis usu
mollia securae peragebant otia gentes. 100
ipsa quoque immunis rastroke intacta nec ullis
saucia vomeribus per se dabat omnia tellus,
contentique cibus nullo cogente creatis
arbuteos fetus montanaque fraga legebant
cornaque et in duris haerentia mora rubetis 105
et quae deciderant patula Iovis arbore glandes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

whether the god who made all else, designing a more perfect world, made man of his own divine substance, or whether the new earth, but lately drawn away from heavenly ether, retained still some elements of its kindred sky—that earth which the son of Iapetus mixed with fresh, running water, and moulded into the form of the all-controlling gods. And, though all other animals are prone, and fix their gaze upon the earth, he gave to man an uplifted face and bade him stand erect and turn his eyes to heaven. So, then, the earth, which had but lately been a rough and formless thing, was changed and clothed itself with forms of men before unknown.

Golden was that first age, which, with no one to compel, without a law, of its own will, kept faith and did the right. There was no fear of punishment, no threatening words were to be read on brazen tablets; no suppliant throng gazed fearfully upon its judge's face; but without judges lived secure. Not yet had the pine-tree, felled on its native mountains, descended thence into the watery plain to visit other lands; men knew no shores except their own. Not yet were cities begirt with steep moats; there were no trumpets of straight, no horns of curving brass, no swords or helmets. There was no need at all of armed men, for nations, secure from war's alarms, passed the years in gentle ease. The earth herself, without compulsion, untouched by hoe or plowshare, of herself gave all things needful. And men, content with food which came with no one's seeking, gathered the arbut fruit, strawberries from the mountain-sides, cornel-cherries, berries hanging thick upon the prickly bramble, and acorns fallen from the spreading tree of Jove. Then spring was everlasting, and

OVID

ver erat aeternum, placidique tepentibus auris
 mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores ;
 mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat,
 nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis ; 110
 flumina iam lactis, iam flumina nectaris ibant,
 flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

Postquam Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso
 sub Iove mundus erat, subiit argentea proles,
 auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior aere. 115

Iuppiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris
 perque hiemes aestusque et inaequalis autumnos
 et breve ver spatiis exegit quattuor annum.

tum primum siccis aer fervoribus ustus
 canduit, et ventis glacies adstricta pependit ; 120

tum primum subiere domos ; domus antra fuerunt
 et densi frutices et vinctae cortice virgae.

semina tum primum longis Cerealia sulcis
 obruta sunt, pressique iugo gemuere iuveni.

Tertia post illam successit aenea proles, 125
 saevior ingeniis et ad horrida promptior arma,
 non scelerata tamen ; de duro est ultima ferro.

protinus inrupit venae peioris in aevum
 omne nefas fugitque pudor verumque fidesque ;

in quorum subiere locum fraudesque dolusque 130
 insidiaeque et vis et amor sceleratus habendi.

vela dabant ventis nec adhuc bene noverat illos
 navita, quaeque prius steterant in montibus altis,

fluctibus ignotis exsultavere carinae,
 communemque prius ceu lumina solis et auras 135

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

gentle zephyrs with warm breath played with the flowers that sprang unplanted. Anon the earth, untilled, brought forth her stores of grain, and the fields, though unfallowed, grew white with the heavy, bearded wheat. Streams of milk and streams of sweet nectar flowed, and yellow honey was distilled from the verdant oak.

After Saturn had been banished to the dark land of death, and the world was under the sway of Jove, the silver race came in, lower in the scale than gold, but of greater worth than yellow brass. Jove now shortened the bounds of the old-time spring, and through winter, summer, variable autumn, and brief spring completed the year in four seasons. Then first the parched air glared white with burning heat, and icicles hung down congealed by freezing winds. In that age men first sought the shelter of houses. Their homes had heretofore been caves, dense thickets, and branches bound together with bark. Then first the seeds of grain were planted in long furrows, and bullocks groaned beneath the heavy yoke.

Next after this and third in order came the brazen race, of sterner disposition, and more ready to fly to arms savage, but not yet impious. The age of hard iron came last. Straightway all evil burst forth into this age of baser vein: modesty and truth and faith fled the earth, and in their place came tricks and plots and snares, violence and cursed love of gain. Men now spread sails to the winds, though the sailor as yet scarce knew them; and keels of pine which long had stood upon high mountain-sides, now leaped insolently over unknown waves. And the ground, which had hitherto been a common possession like the sunlight and the air, the careful surveyor now

OVID

cautus humum longo signavit limite mensor.
nec tantum segetes alimentaue debita dives
poscebatur humus, sed itum est in viscera terrae,
quasque recondiderat Stygiisque admoverat umbris,
effodiuntur opes, inritamenta malorum. 140
iamque nocens ferrum ferroque nocentius aurum
prodierat, prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque,
sanguineaue manu crepitantia concutit arma.
vivitur ex raptō: non hospes ab hospite tutus,
non socer a genero, fratrum quoque gratia rara est;
inminet exitio vir coniugis, illa mariti, 146
lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercae,
filius ante diem patrios inquiri in annos:
victa iacet pietas, et virgo caede madentis
ultima caelestum terras Astraea reliquit. 150

Neve foret terris securior arduus aether,
adfectasse ferunt regnum caeleste gigantas
altaue congestos struxisse ad sidera montis.
tum pater omnipotens misso perfregit Olympum
fulmine et excussit subiectae Pelion Ossae. 155
obruta mole sua cum corpora dira iacerent,
perfusam multo natorum sanguine Terram
immaduisse ferunt calidumque animasse cruorem
et, ne nulla suae stirpis monimenta manerent,
in faciem vertisse hominum; sed et illa propago 160
contemptrix superum saevaeque avidissima caedis
et violenta fuit: scires e sanguine natos.

Quae pater ut summa vidit Saturnius arce,
ingemit et facto nondum vulgata recenti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

marked out with long-drawn boundary-line. Not only did men demand of the bounteous fields the crops and sustenance they owed, but they delved as well into the very bowels of the earth; and the wealth which the creator had hidden away and buried deep amidst the very Stygian shades, was brought to light, wealth that pricks men on to crime. And now baneful iron had come, and gold more baneful than iron; war came, which fights with both, and brandished in its bloody hands the clashing arms. Men lived on plunder. Guest was not safe from host, nor father-in-law from son-in-law; even among brothers 'twas rare to find affection. The husband longed for the death of his wife, she of her husband; murderous stepmothers brewed deadly poisons, and sons inquired into their fathers' years before the time. Piety lay vanquished, and the maiden Astraea, last of the immortals, abandoned the blood-soaked earth.

And, that high heaven might be no safer than the earth, they say that the Giants essayed the very throne of heaven, piling huge mountains, one on another, clear up to the stars. Then the Almighty Father hurled his thunderbolts, shattered Olympus, and dashed Pelion down from underlying Ossa. When those dread bodies lay o'erwhelmed by their own bulk, they say that Mother Earth, drenched with their streaming blood, informed that warm gore anew with life, and, that some trace of her former offspring might remain, she gave it human form. But this new stock, too, proved contemptuous of the gods, very greedy for slaughter, and passionate. You might know that they were sons of blood.

When Saturn's son from his high throne saw this he groaned, and, recalling the infamous revels of

OVID

foeda Lycaoniae referens convivias mensae 165
 ingentes animo et dignas Iove concipit iras
 conciliumque vocat : tenuit mora nulla vocatos.

Est via sublimis, caelo manifesta sereno ;
 lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.
 hac iter est superis ad magni tecta Tonantis 170
 regalemque domum : dextra laevaue deorum
 atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.
 plebs habitat diversa locis : hac parte potentes
 caelicolae clarique suos posuere penates ;
 hic locus est, quem, si verbis audacia detur, 175
 haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia caeli.

Ergo ubi marmoreo superi sedere recessu,
 celsior ipse loco sceptroque innixus eburno
 terrificam capitis concussit terque quaterque
 caesariem, cum qua terram, mare, sidera movit. 180
 talibus inde modis ora indignantia solvit :

“ non ego pro mundi regno magis anxius illa
 tempestate fui, qua centum quisque parabat
 inicere anguipedum captivo brachia caelo.
 nam quamquam ferus hostis erat, tamen illud ab uno
 corpore et ex una pendebat origine bellum ; 186
 nunc mihi qua totum Nereus circumsonat orbem,
 perdendum est mortale genus : per flumina iuro
 infera sub terras Stygio labentia luco !
 cuncta prius temptata, sed inmedicabile corpus 190
 ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.
 sunt mihi semidei, sunt, rustica numina, nymphae
 faunisque satyrique et monticolae silvani ;
 quos quoniam caeli nondum dignamur honore,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

Lycaon's table—a story still unknown because the deed was new—he conceived a mighty wrath worthy of the soul of Jove, and summoned a council of the gods. Naught delayed their answer to the summons.

There is a high way, easily seen when the sky is clear. 'Tis called the Milky Way, famed for its shining whiteness. By this way the gods fare to the halls and royal dwelling of the mighty Thunderer. On either side the palaces of the gods of higher rank are thronged with guests through folding-doors flung wide. The lesser gods dwell apart from these. Fronting on this way, the illustrious and strong heavenly gods have placed their homes. This is the place which, if I may make bold to say it, I would not fear to call the Palatia of high heaven.

So, when the gods had taken their seats within the marble council chamber, the king himself, seated high above the rest and leaning on his ivory sceptre, shook thrice and again his awful locks, wherewith he moved the land and sea and sky. Then he opened his indignant lips, and thus spoke he: "I was not more troubled than now for the sovereignty of the world when each one of the serpent-footed giants was in act to lay his hundred hands upon the captive sky. For, although that was a savage enemy, their whole attack sprung from one body and one source. But now, wherever old Ocean roars around the earth, I must destroy the race of men. By the infernal streams that glide beneath the earth through Stygian groves, I swear that I have already tried all other means. But that which is incurable must be cut away with the knife, lest the untainted part also draw infection. I have demigods, rustic divinities, nymphs, fauns and satyrs, and sylvan deities upon the mountain-slopes. Since we do not yet esteem them

quas dedimus, certe terras habitare sinamus. 195
 an satis, o superi, tutos fore creditis illos,
 cum mihi, qui fulmen, qui vos habeoque regoque,
 struxerit insidias notus feritate Lycaon? ”

Contremuere omnes studiisque ardentibus ausum
 talia deposcunt: sic, cum manus in pia saevit 200
 sanguine Caesareo Romanum extinguere nomen,
 attonitum tanto subitae terrore ruinae
 humanum genus est totusque perhorruit orbis;
 nec tibi grata minus pietas, Auguste, tuorum
 quam fuit illa Iovi. qui postquam voce manuque 205
 murmura compressit, tenuere silentia cuncti.
 substitit ut clamor pressus gravitate regentis,
 Iuppiter hoc iterum sermone silentia rupit:
 “ ille quidem poenas (curam hanc dimittite!) solvit;
 quod tamen admissum, quae sit vindicta, docebo. 210
 contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures;
 quam cupiens falsam summo delabor Olympo
 et deus humana lustris sub imagine terras.
 longa mora est, quantum noxae sit ubique repertum,
 enumerare: minor fuit ipsa infamia vero. 215
 Maenala transieram latebris horrenda ferarum
 et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycaei:
 Arcadis hinc sedes et inhospita tecta tyranni
 ingredior, traherent cum sera crepuscula noctem.
 signa dedi venisse deum, vulgusque precari 220
 coeperat: inridet primo pia vota Lycaon,
 mox ait ‘ experiar deus hic discrimine aperto
 an sit mortalis: nec erit dubitabile verum.’

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

worthy the honour of a place in heaven, let us at least allow them to dwell in safety in the lands allotted them. Or do you think that they will be safe, when against me, who wield the thunderbolt, who have and rule you as my subjects, Lycaon, well known for savagery, has laid his snares? ”

All trembled, and with eager zeal demanded him who had been guilty of such bold infamy. So, when an impious band was mad to blot out the name of Rome with Caesar's blood, the human race was dazed with a mighty fear of sudden ruin, and the whole world shuddered in horror. Nor is the loyalty of thy subjects, Augustus, less pleasing to thee than that was to Jove. After he, by word and gesture, had checked their outcry, all held their peace. When now the clamour had subsided, checked by his royal authority, Jove once more broke the silence with these words: “ He has indeed been punished; have no care for that. But what he did and what his punishment I will relate. An infamous report of the age had reached my ears. Eager to prove this false, I descended from high Olympus, and as a god disguised in human form travelled up and down the land. It would take too long to recount how great impiety was found on every hand. The infamous report was far less than the truth. I had crossed Maenala, bristling with the lairs of beasts, Cyllene, and the pine-groves of chill Lycaeus. Thence I approached the seat and inhospitable abode of the Arcadian king, just as the late evening shades were ushering in the night. I gave a sign that a god had come, and the common folk began to worship me. Lycaon at first mocked at their pious prayers; and then he said: ‘ I will soon find out, and that by a plain test, whether this fellow be god or mortal. Nor

OVID

nocte gravem somno necopina perdere morte
 me parat: haec illi placet experientia veri; 225
 nec contentus eo, missi de gente Molossa
 obsidis unius iugulum mucrone resolvit
 atque ita semineces partim ferventibus artus
 mollit aquis, partim subiecto torruit igni.
 quod simul inposuit mensis, ego vindice flamma 230
 in dominum dignosque everti tecta penates;
 territus ipse fugit nactusque silentia ruris
 exululat frustra que loqui conatur: ab ipso
 colligit os rabiem solitaeque cupidine caedis
 utitur in pecudes et nunc quoque sanguine gaudet.
 in villos abeunt vestes, in crura lacerti: 236
 fit lupus et veteris servat vestigia formae;
 canities eadem est, eadem violentia vultus,
 idem oculi lucent, eadem feritatis imago est.
 occidit una domus, sed non domus una perire 240
 digna fuit: qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinys.
 in facinus iurasse putes! dent ocius omnes,
 quas meruere pati, (sic stat sententia) poenas."

Dicta Iovis pars voce probant stimulosque frementi
 adiciunt, alii partes adsensibus inplent. 245
 est tamen humani generis iactura dolori
 omnibus, et quae sit terrae mortalibus orbae
 forma futura rogant, quis sit laturus in aras
 tura, ferisne paret populandas tradere terras.
 talia quaerentes (sibi enim fore cetera curae) 250

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

shall the truth be at all in doubt.' He planned that night while I was heavy with sleep to kill me by an unexpected murderous attack. Such was the experiment he adopted to test the truth. And not content with that, he took a hostage who had been sent by the Molossian race, cut his throat, and some parts of him still warm with life, he boiled, and others he roasted over the fire. But no sooner had he placed these before me on the table than I, with my avenging bolt, o'erthrew the house upon its master and on his guilty household. The king himself flies in terror and, gaining the silent fields, howls aloud, attempting in vain to speak. His mouth of itself gathers foam, and with his accustomed greed for blood he turns against the sheep, delighting still in slaughter. His garments change to shaggy hair, his arms to legs. He turns into a wolf, and yet retains some traces of his former shape. There is the same grey hair, the same fierce face, the same gleaming eyes, the same picture of beastly savagery. One house has fallen; but not one house alone has deserved to perish. Wherever the plains of earth extend, wild fury reigns supreme. You would deem it a conspiracy of crime. Let them all pay, and quickly too, the penalties which they have deserved. So stands my purpose."

When he had done, some proclaimed their approval of his words, and added fuel to his wrath, while others played their parts by giving silent consent. And yet they all grieved over the threatened loss of the human race, and asked what would be the state of the world bereft of mortals. Who would bring incense to their altars? Was he planning to give over the world to the wild beasts to despoil? As they thus questioned, their king bade them be of good cheer (for the rest should be his care), for

OVID

rex superum trepidare vetat subolemq̄e priori
dissimilem populo promittit origine mira.

Iamque erat in totas sparsurus fulmina terras;
sed timuit, ne forte sacer tot ab ignibus aether
conciperet flammās longusque ardesceret axis: 255
esse quoque in fatīs reminiscitur, adfore tempus,
quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia caeli
ardeat et mundi moles obsessa laboret.
tela reponuntur manibus fabricata cycloꝝ;
poena placet diversa, genus mortale sub undis 260
perdere et ex omni nimbos demittere caelo.

Protinus Aeoliis Aquilonem claudit in antris
et quaecumque fugant inductas flamina nubes
emittitque Notum. madidis Notus evolat alis,
terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum; 265
barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis;
fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaque sinusque.
utque manu lata pendentia nubila pressit,
fit fragor: hinc densi funduntur ab aethere nimbi;
nuntia Iunonis varios induta colores 270
concipit Iris aquas alimentaꝝque nubibus adfert.
sternuntur segetes et deplorata coloni
vota iacent, longique perit labor inritus anni.

Nec caelo contenta suo est Iovis ira, sed illum
caeruleus frater iuvat auxiliaribus undis. 275
convocat hic amnes: qui postquam tecta tyranni
intravere sui, " non est hortamine longo

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

he would give them another race of wondrous origin far different from the first.

And now he was in act to hurl his thunderbolts 'gainst the whole world; but he stayed his hand in fear lest perchance the sacred heavens should take fire from so huge a conflagration, and burn from pole to pole. He remembered also that 'twas in the fates that a time would come when sea and land, the unkindled palace of the sky and the beleaguered structure of the universe should be destroyed by fire. And so he laid aside the bolts which Cyclopean hands had forged. He preferred a different punishment, to destroy the human race beneath the waves and to send down rain from every quarter of the sky.

Straightway he shuts the North-wind up in the cave of Aeolus, and all blasts soever that put the clouds to flight; but he lets the South-wind loose. Forth flies the South-wind with dripping wings, his awful face shrouded in pitchy darkness. His beard is heavy with rain; water flows in streams down his hoary locks; dark clouds rest upon his brow; while his wings and garments drip with dew. And, when he presses the low-hanging clouds with his broad hands, a crashing sound goes forth; and next the dense clouds pour forth their rain. Iris, the messenger of Juno, clad in robes of many hues, draws up water and feeds it to the clouds. The standing grain is overthrown; the crops which have been the object of the farmers' prayers lie ruined; and the hard labour of the tedious year has come to naught.

The wrath of Jove is not content with the waters from his own sky; his sea-god brother aids him with auxiliary waves. He summons his rivers to council. When these have assembled at the palace of their king, he says: "Now is no time to employ a long

OVID

nunc ” ait “ utendum ; vires effundite vestras :
 sic opus est ! aperite domos ac mole remota
 fluminibus vestris totas inmittite habenas ! ” 280
 iusserat ; hi redeunt ac fontibus ora relaxant
 et defrenato volvuntur in aequora cursu.

Ipse tridente suo terram percussit, at illa
 intremuit motuque vias patefecit aquarum.
 exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos 285
 cumque satis arbusta simul pecudesque virosque
 tecta^{que} cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris.
 si qua domus mansit potuitque resistere tanto
 indeiecta malo, culmen tamen altior huius
 unda tegit, pressaeque latent sub gurgite turres. 290
 iamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant :
 omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque litora ponto.

Occupat hic collem, ^{small b.} cumba sedet alter adunca
 et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper arabat :
 ille supra segetes aut mersae culmina villae 295
 navigat, hic summa piscem deprendit in ulmo.
 figitur in viridi, si fors tulit, ancora prato,
 aut subiecta terunt curvae vineta carinae ;
 et, modo qua graciles gramen carpsere capellae,
 nunc ibi deformes ponunt sua corpora phocae. 300
 mirantur sub aqua lucos urbesque domosque
 Nereides, silvasque tenent delphines et altis
 incursant ramis agitataque robora pulsant.
 nat lupus inter oves, fulvos vehit unda leones,
 unda vehit tigres ; nec vires fulminis apro, 305
 crura nec ablato prosunt velocia cervo,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

harangue. Put forth all your strength, for there is need. Open wide your doors, away with all restraining dykes, and give full rein to all your river steeds." So he commands, and the rivers return, uncurb their fountains' mouths, and in unbridled course go racing to the sea.

Neptune himself smites the earth with his trident. She trembles, and at the stroke flings open wide a way for the waters. The rivers overleap all bounds and flood the open plains. And not alone orchards, crops and herds, men and dwellings, but shrines as well and their sacred contents do they sweep away. If any house has stood firm, and has been able to resist that huge misfortune undestroyed, still do the overtopping waves cover its roof, and its towers lie hid beneath the flood. And now the sea and land have no distinction. All is sea, but a sea without a shore.

Here one man seeks a hill-top in his flight; another sits in his curved skiff, plying the oars where lately he has plowed; one sails over his fields of grain or the roof of his buried farmhouse, and one takes fish caught in the elm-tree's top. And sometimes it chanced that an anchor was embedded in a grassy meadow, or the curving keels brushed over the vineyard tops. And where but now the slender goats had browsed, the ugly sea-calves rested. The Nereids are amazed to see beneath the waters groves and cities and the haunts of men. The dolphins invade the woods, brushing against the high branches, and shake the oak-trees as they knock against them in their course. The wolf swims among the sheep, while tawny lions and tigers are borne along by the waves. Neither does the power of his lightning stroke avail the boar, nor his swift limbs the stag, since both are alike swept away by the flood; and

OVID

quaesitisque diu terris, ubi sistere possit,
 in mare lassatis volucris vaga decidit alis.
 obruerat tumulos immensa licentia ponti,
 pulsabantque novi montana cacumina fluctus. 310
 maxima pars unda rapitur; quibus unda pepercit,
 illos longa domant inopi ieiunia victu.

Separat Aonios Oetaeis Phocis ab arvis,
 terra ferax, dum terra fuit, sed tempore in illo
 pars maris et latus subitarum campus aquarum. 315
 mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus,
 nomine Parnasus, superantque cacumina nubes.
 hic ubi Deucalion (nam cetera texerat aequor)
 cum consorte tori parva rate vectus adhaesit,
 Corycidas nymphas et numina montis adorant 320
 fatidicamque Themis, quae tunc oracula tenebat:
 non illo melior quisquam nec amantior aequi
 vir fuit aut illa metuentior ulla deorum.

Iuppiter ut liquidis stagnare paludibus orbem
 et superesse virum de tot modo milibus unum, 325
 et superesse vidit de tot modo milibus unam,
 innocuos ambo, cultores numinis ambo,
 nubila disiecit nimbisque aquilone remotis
 et caelo terras ostendit et aethera terris.
 nec maris ira manet, positoque tricuspide telo 330
 mulcet aquas rector pelagi supraque profundum

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

the wandering bird, after long searching for a place to alight, falls with weary wings into the sea. The sea in unchecked liberty has now buried all the hills, and strange waves now beat upon the mountain-peaks. Most living things are drowned outright. Those who have escaped the water slow starvation at last o'ercomes through lack of food.

The land of Phocis separates the Boeotian from the Oetean fields, a fertile land, while still it was a land. But at that time it was but a part of the sea, a broad expanse of sudden waters. There Mount Parnasus lifts its two peaks skyward, high and steep, piercing the clouds. When here Deucalion and his wife, borne in a little skiff, had come to land—for the sea had covered all things else—they first worshipped the Corycian nymphs and the mountain deities, and the goddess, fate-revealing Themis, who in those days kept the oracles. There was no better man than he, none more scrupulous of right, nor than she was any woman more reverent of the gods. When now Jove saw that the world was all one stagnant pool, and that only one man was left from those who were but now so many thousands, and that but one woman too was left, both innocent and both worshippers of God, he rent the clouds asunder, and when these had been swept away by the North-wind he showed the land once more to the sky, and the heavens to the land. Then too the anger of the sea subsides, when the sea's great ruler lays by his three-pronged spear and calms the waves; and, calling sea-hued Triton, showing forth above the deep, his shoulders thick o'ergrown with shell-fish, he bids him blow into his loud-resounding conch, and by that signal to recall the floods and streams. He lifts his hollow, twisted shell, which grows from the least

OVID

exstantem atque umeros innato murice tectum
 caeruleum Tritona vocat conchaeque sonanti
 inspirare iubet fluctusque et flumina signo
 iam revocare dato: cava bucina sumitur illi, 335
 tortilis, in latum quae turbine crescit ab imo,
 bucina, quae medio concepit ubi aera ponto,
 litora voce replet sub utroque iacentia Phoebō;
 tum quoque, ut ora dei madida rorantia barba
 contigit et cecinit iussos inflata receptus, 340
 omnibus audita est telluris et aequoris undis,
 et quibus est undis audita, coercuit omnes.
 iam mare litus habet, plenos capit alveus amnes,
 flumina subsidunt collesque exire videntur;
 surgit humus, crescunt loca decrescentibus undis, 345
 postque diem longam nudata cacumina silvae
 ostendunt limumque tenent in fronde relictum

Redditus orbis erat; quem postquam vidit inanem
 et desolatas agere alta silentia terras,
 Deucalion lacrimis ita Pyrrham adfatur obortis: 350
 “ o soror, o coniunx, o femina sola superstes,
 quam commune mihi genus et patruelis origo,
 deinde torus iunxit, nunc ipsa pericula iungunt,
 terrarum, quascumque vident occasus et ortus,
 nos duo turba sumus; possedit cetera pontus. 355
 haec quoque adhuc vitae non est fiducia nostrae
 certa satis; terrent etiamnum nubila mentem.
 quis tibi, si sine me fatis erepta fuisses,
 nunc animus, miseranda, foret? quo sola timorem
 ferre modo posses? quo consolante doleres! 360
 namque ego (crede mihi), si te quoque pontus haberet,
 te sequerer, coniunx, et me quoque pontus haberet.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

and lowest to a broad-swelling whorl—the shell which, when in mid-sea it has received the Triton's breath, fills with its notes the shores that lie beneath the rising and the setting sun. So then, when it had touched the sea-god's lips wet with his dripping beard, and sounded forth the retreat which had been ordered, 'twas heard by all the waters both of land and sea; and all the waters by which 'twas heard it held in check. Now the sea has shores, the rivers, bank full, keep within their channels; the floods subside, and hill-tops spring into view; land rises up, the ground increasing as the waves decrease; and now at length, after long burial, the trees show their uncovered tops, whose leaves still hold the slime which the flood has left.

The world was indeed restored. But when Deucalion saw that it was an empty world, and that deep silence filled the desolated lands, he burst into tears and thus addressed his wife: "O sister, O my wife, O only woman left on earth, you whom the ties of common race and family,¹ whom the marriage couch has joined to me, and whom now our very perils join: of all the lands which the rising and the setting sun behold, we two are the throng. The sea holds all the rest. And even this hold which we have upon our life is not as yet sufficiently secure. Even yet the clouds strike terror to my heart. What would be your feelings, now, poor soul, if the fates had willed that you be rescued all alone? How would you bear your fear, alone? who would console your grief? For be assured that if the sea held you also, I would follow you, my wife, and the sea should hold me also.

¹ *patruelis origo*. See line 390. Deucalion and Pyrrha were cousins, a relationship which on the part of the woman is sometimes expressed by *soror*.

OVID

o utinam possim populos reparare paternis
 artibus atque animas formatae infundere terrae!
 nunc genus in nobis restat mortale duobus. 365
 sic visum superis: hominumque exempla manemus.”
 dixerat, et flebant: placuit caeleste precari
 numen et auxilium per sacras quaerere sortes.
 nulla mora est: adeunt pariter Cephesidas undas,
 ut nondum liquidas, sic iam vada nota secantes. 370
 inde ubi libatos inroravere liquores
 vestibus et capiti, flectunt vestigia sanctae
 ad delubra deae, quorum fastigia turpi
 pallebant musco stabantque sine ignibus arae.
 ut templi tetigere gradus, procumbit uterque 375
 pronus humi gelidoque pavens dedit oscula saxo
 atque ita “ si precibus ” dixerunt “ numina iustis
 victa remollescunt, si flectitur ira deorum,
 dic, Themis, qua generis damnum reparabile nostri
 arte sit, et mersis fer opem, mitissima, rebus! ” 380
 Mota dea est sortemque dedit: “ discedite templo
 et velate caput cinctasque resolvite vestes
 ossaque post tergum magnae iactate parentis! ”
 obstupuere diu: rumpitque silentia voce
 Pyrrha prior iussisque deae parere recusat, 385
 detque sibi veniam pavido rogat ore pavetque
 laedere iactatis maternas ossibus umbras.
 interea repetunt caecis obscura latebris
 verba datae sortis secum inter seque volutant.
 inde Promethides placidis Epimethida dictis 390
 mulcet et “ aut fallax ” ait. “ est sollertia nobis, ...

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

Oh, would that by my father's arts I might restore the nations, and breathe, as did he, the breath of life into the moulded clay. But as it is, on us two only depends the human race. Such is the will of Heaven: and we remain sole samples of mankind." He spoke; and when they had wept awhile they resolved to appeal to the heavenly power and seek his aid through sacred oracles. Without delay side by side they went to the waters of Cephisus' stream, which, while not yet clear, still flowed within their familiar banks. From this they took some drops and sprinkled them on head and clothing. So having done, they bent their steps to the goddess's sacred shrine, whose gables were still discoloured with foul moss, and upon whose altars the fires were dead. When they had reached the temple steps they both fell prone upon the ground, and with trembling lips kissed the chill stone and said: "If deities are appeased by the prayers of the righteous, if the wrath of the gods is thus turned aside, O Themis, tell us by what means our race may be restored, and bring aid, O most merciful, to a world o'erwhelmed."

The goddess was moved and gave this oracle: "Depart hence, and with veiled heads and loosened robes throw behind you as you go the bones of your great mother." Long they stand in dumb amaze; and first Pyrrha breaks the silence and refuses to obey the bidding of the goddess. With trembling lips she prays for pardon, but dares not outrage her mother's ghost by treating her bones as she is bid. Meanwhile they go over again the words of the oracle, which had been given so full of dark perplexities, and turn them over and over in their minds. At last Prometheus' son comforts the daughter of Epimetheus with reassuring words: "Either my wit

OVID

aut (pia sunt nullumque nefas oracula suadent!)
 magna parens terra est: lapides in corpore terrae
 ossa reor dici; iacere hos post terga iubemur."

Coniugis augurio quamquam Titania mota est, 395

spes tamen in dubio est: adeo caelestibus ambo
 diffidunt monitis; sed quid temptare nocebit?

descendunt: velantque caput tunicasque recingunt
 et iussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.

saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?) 400

ponere duritiem coepere suumque rigorem
 mollirique mora mollitaque ducere formam.

mox ubi creverunt naturaque mitior illis

contigit, ut quaedam, sic non manifesta videri

forma potest hominis, sed uti de marmore coeptis ¹

non exacta satis rudibusque simillima signis, 406

quae tamen ex illis aliquo pars umida suco

et terrena fuit, versa est in corporis usum;

quod solidum est flectique nequit, mutatur in ossa,

quae modo vena fuit, sub eodem nomine mansit, 410

inque brevi spatio superiorum numine saxa

missa viri manibus faciem traxere virorum

et de femineo reparata est femina iactu.

inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum

et documenta damus qua simus origine nati. 415

Cetera diversis tellus animalia formis

sponte sua peperit, postquam vetus umor ab igne

percaluit solis, caenumque udaeque paludes

intumuere aestu, fecundaque semina rerum

¹ coeptis *Merkel*: coepta *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

is at fault, or else (oracles are holy and never counsel guilt!) our great mother is the earth, and I think that the bones which the goddess speaks of are the stones in the earth's body. 'Tis these that we are bidden to throw behind us."

Although Pyrrha is moved by her husband's surmise, yet hope still wavers; so distrustful are they both as to the heavenly command. But what harm will it do to try? They go down, veil their heads, ungird their robes, and throw stones behind them just as the goddess had bidden. And the stones—who would believe it unless ancient tradition vouched for it?—began at once to lose their hardness and stiffness, to grow soft slowly, and softened to take on form. Then, when they had grown in size and become milder in their nature, a certain likeness to the human form, indeed, could be seen, still not very clear, but such as statues just begun out of marble have, not sharply defined, and very like roughly blocked-out images. That part of them, however, which was earthy and damp with slight moisture, was changed to flesh; but what was solid and incapable of bending became bone; that which was but now veins remained under the same name. And in a short time, through the operation of the divine will, the stones thrown by the man's hand took on the form of men, and women were made from the stones the woman threw. Hence come the hardness of our race and our endurance of toil; and we give proof from what origin we are sprung.

As to the other forms of animal life, the earth spontaneously produced these of divers kinds; after that old moisture remaining from the flood had grown warm from the rays of the sun, the slime of the wet marshes swelled with heat, and the fertile

OVID

vivaci nutrita solo ceu matris in alvo 420
 creverunt faciemque aliquam cepere morando.
 sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluvius agros
 Nilus et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo
 aetherioque recens exarsit sidere limus,
 plurima cultores versis animalia glaebis 425
 inveniunt et in his quaedam modo coepta per ipsum
 nascendi spatium, quaedam imperfecta suisque
 trunca vident numeris, et eodem in corpore saepe
 altera pars vivit, rudis est pars altera tellus.
 quippe ubi temperiem sumpsere umorque calorque,
 concipiunt, et ab his oriuntur cuncta duobus, 431
 cumque sit ignis aquae pugna, vapor umidus omnes
 res creat, et discors concordia fetibus apta est.
 ergo ubi diluvio tellus lutulenta recenti
 solibus aetheriis almoque ¹ recanduit aestu, 435
 edidit innumeras species; partimque figuras
 rettulit antiquas, partim nova monstra creavit.

Illa quidem nollet, sed te quoque, maxime Python,
 tum genuit, populisque novis, incognita serpens,
 terror eras: tantum spatii de monte tenebas. 440
 hunc deus arquitegens et numquam talibus armis
 ante nisi in dammis capreisque fugacibus usus
 mille gravem telis exhausta paene pharetra
 perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.
 neve operis famam posset delere vetustas, 445
 instituit sacros celebri certamine ludos,
 Pythia perdomitae serpentis nomine dictos.
 hic iuvenum quicumque manu pedibusve rotave

¹ almo *Merkel*: alto *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

seeds of life, nourished in that life-giving soil, as in a mother's womb, grew and in time took on some special form. So when the seven-mouthed Nile has receded from the drenched fields and has returned again to its former bed, and the fresh slime has been heated by the sun's rays, farmers as they turn over the lumps of earth find many animate things; and among these some, but now begun, are upon the very verge of life, some are unfinished and lacking in their proper parts, and oft-times in the same body one part is alive and the other still nothing but raw earth. For when moisture and heat unite, life is conceived, and from these two sources all living things spring. And, though fire and water are naturally at enmity, still heat and moisture produce all things, and this inharmonious harmony is fitted to the growth of life. When, therefore, the earth, covered with mud from the recent flood, became heated up by the hot and genial rays of the sun, she brought forth innumerable forms of life; in part she restored the ancient shapes, and in part she created creatures new and strange:

She, indeed, would have wished not so to do, but thee also she then bore, thou huge Python, thou snake unknown before, who wast a terror to new-created men; so huge a space of mountain-side didst thou fill. This monster the god of the glittering bow destroyed with arms never before used except against does and wild she-goats, crushing him with countless darts, well-nigh emptying his quiver, till the creature's poisonous blood flowed from the black wounds. And, that the fame of his deed might not perish through lapse of time, he instituted sacred games whose contests throngs beheld, called Pythian from the name of the serpent he had overthrown. At these games,

OVID

vicerat, aesculeae capiebat frondis honorem.
 nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine 450
 tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.

Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
 fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira,
 Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,
 viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo 455
 “ quid ” que “ tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus
 armis? ”

dixerat: “ ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
 qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possumus hosti,
 qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem
 stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis. 460
 tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores
 inritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras! ”

filii huic Veneris “ figat tuus omnia, Phoebe,
 te meus arcus ” ait; “ quantoque animalia cedunt
 cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra.” 465

dixit et eliso percussis aere pennis
 inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
 eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
 diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;
 quod facit, auratum est et cuspidem fulget acuta, 470
 quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine
 plumbum.

hoc deus in nympha Peneide fixit, at illo
 laesit Apollineas traiecta per ossa medullas;
 protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
 silvarum latebris captivarumque ferarum 475

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

every youth who had been victorious in boxing, running, or the chariot race received the honour of an oaken garland. For as yet the laurel-tree was not, and Phoebus was wont to wreath his temples, comely with flowing locks, with a garland from any tree.

Now the first love of Phoebus was Daphne, daughter of Peneus, the river-god. It was no blind chance that gave this love, but the malicious wrath of Cupid. Delian Apollo, while still exulting over his conquest of the serpent, had seen him bending his bow with tight-drawn string, and had said: "What hast thou to do with the arms of men, thou wanton boy? That weapon befits my shoulders; for I have strength to give unerring wounds to the wild beasts, my foes, and have but now laid low the Python swollen with countless darts, covering whole acres with plague-engendering form. Do thou be content with thy torch to light the hidden fires of love, and lay not claim to my honours." And to him Venus' son replied: "Thy dart may pierce all things else, Apollo, but mine shall pierce thee; and by as much as all living things are less than deity, by so much less is thy glory than mine." So saying he shook his wings and, dashing upward through the air, quickly alighted on the shady peak of Parnasus. There he took from his quiver two darts of opposite effect: one puts to flight, the other kindles the flame of love. The one which kindles love is of gold and has a sharp, gleaming point; the other is blunt and tipped with lead. This last the god fixed in the heart of Peneus' daughter, but with the other he smote Apollo, piercing even unto the bones and marrow. Straightway he burned with love; but she fled the very name of love, rejoicing in the deep fastnesses of the woods, and in the spoils of beasts

OVID

exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebes :
 vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos.
 multi illam petiere, illa aversata petentes
 inpatiens expersque viri nemora avia lustrat
 nec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat.
 saepe pater dixit : “ generum mihi, filia, debes,” 481
 saepe pater dixit : “ debes mihi, nata, nepotes ” ;
 illa velut crimen taedas exosa iugales
 pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore
 inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis 485
 “ da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime,” dixit
 “ virginitate frui ! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae.”
 ille quidem obsequitur, sed te decor iste quod optas
 esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat :
 Phoebus amat visaeque cupit conubia Daphnes, 490
 quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt,
 utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristis,
 ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator
 vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit,
 sic deus in flammis abiit, sic pectore toto 495
 uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.
 spectat inornatos collo pendere capillos
 et “ quid, si comantur ? ” ait. videt igne micantes
 sideribus similes oculos, videt oscula, quae non
 est vidisse satis ; laudat digitosque manusque 500
 brachiaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos ;
 si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit ocior aura
 illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit :
 “ nympha, precor, Penei, mane ! non insequor hostis ;
 nympha, mane ! sic agna lupum, sic cerva leonem, 505

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

which she had snared, vying with the virgin Phoebe. A single fillet bound her locks all unarranged. Many sought her; but she, averse to all suitors, impatient of control and without thought for man, roamed the pathless woods, nor cared at all that Hymen, love, or wedlock might be. Often her father said: "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law"; and often: "Daughter, you owe me grandsons." But she, hating the wedding torch as if it were a thing of evil, would blush rosy red over her fair face, and, clinging around her father's neck with coaxing arms, would say: "O father, dearest, grant me to enjoy perpetual virginity. Her father has already granted this to Diana." He, indeed, yielded to her request. But that beauty of thine, Daphne, forbade the fulfilment of thy desire, and thy form fitted not with thy prayer. Phoebus loves Daphne at sight, and longs to wed her; and what he longs for, that he hopes; and his own gifts of prophecy deceive him. And as the stubble of the harvested grain is kindled, as hedges burn with the torches which some traveller has chanced to put too near, or has gone off and left at break of day, so was the god consumed with flames, so did he burn in all his heart, and feed his fruitless love on hope. He looks at her hair hanging down her neck in disarray, and says: "What if it were arrayed?" He gazes at her eyes gleaming like stars, he gazes upon her lips, which but to gaze on does not satisfy. He marvels at her fingers, hands, and wrists, and her arms, bare to the shoulder; and what is hid he deems still lovelier. But she flees him swifter than the fleeting breeze, nor does she stop when he calls after her: "O nymph, O Peneus' daughter, stay! I who pursue thee am no enemy. Oh stay! So does the lamb flee from the wolf; the deer from the lion; so do doves on fluttering wing flee from the eagle; so every

OVID

sic aquilam penna fugiunt trepidante columbae,
 hostes quaeque suos : amor est mihi causa sequendi !
 me miserum ! ne prona cadas indignave laedi
 crura notent sentes et sim tibi causa doloris !
 aspera, qua properas, loca sunt : moderatius, oro, 510
 curre fugamque inhibe, moderatius insequar ipse.
 cui placeas, inquire tamen : non incola montis,
 non ego sum pastor, non hic armenta gregesque
 horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis,
 quem fugias, ideoque fugis : mihi Delphica tellus 515
 et Claros et Tenedos Patareaque regia servit ;
 Iuppiter est genitor ; per me, quod eritque fuitque
 estque, patet ; per me concordant carmina nervis.
 certa quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagitta
 certior, in vacuo quae vulnera pectore fecit ! 520
 inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
 dicor, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis.
 ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis
 nec prosunt domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes ! ”

Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu 525
 fugit cumque ipso verba imperfecta reliquit,
 tum quoque visa decens ; nudabant corpora venti,
 obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes,
 et levis impulsos retro dabat aura capillos,
 auctaque forma fuga est. sed enim non sustinet ultra
 perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, utque movebat 531
 ipse amor, admisso sequitur vestigia passu.
 ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
 vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem ;
 alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere 535

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

creature flees its foes. But love is the cause of my pursuit. Ah me! I fear that thou wilt fall, or brambles mar thy innocent limbs, and I be cause of pain to thee. The region here is rough through which thou hastenest. Run with less speed, I pray, and hold thy flight. I, too, will follow with less speed. Nay, stop and ask who thy lover is. I am no mountain-dweller, no shepherd I, no unkempt guardian here of flocks and herds. Thou knowest not, rash one, thou knowest not whom thou fleest, and for that reason dost thou flee. Mine is the Delphian land, and Claros, Tenedos, and the realm of Patara acknowledge me as lord. Jove is my father. By me what shall be, has been, and what is are all revealed; by me the lyre responds in harmony to song. My arrow is sure of aim, but oh, one arrow, surer than my own, has wounded my heart but now so fancy free. The art of medicine is my discovery. I am called Help-Bringer throughout the world, and all the potency of herbs is given unto me. Alas, that love is curable by no herbs, and the arts which heal all others cannot heal their lord! ”

He would have said more, but the maiden pursued her frightened way and left him with his words unfinished, even in her desertion seeming fair. The winds bared her limbs, the opposing breezes set her garments a-flutter as she ran, and a light air flung her locks streaming behind her. Her beauty was enhanced by flight. But the chase drew to an end, for the youthful god would not longer waste his time in coaxing words, and urged on by love, he pursued at utmost speed. Just as when a Gallic hound has seen a hare in an open plain, and seeks his prey on flying feet, but the hare, safety; he, just about to fasten on her, now, even now thinks he has her, and

OVID

sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro,
 alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprehensus, et ipsis
 morsibus eripitur tangentiæque ora relinquit:
 sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.
 qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris, 540
 ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis
 inminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.
 viribus absumptis expalluit illa citæque
 victa labore fugæ spectans Peneidas undas ¹ 544
 "fer, pater," inquit "opem! si flumina numen habetis,
 qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram!" 547
 vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus,
 mollia cinguntur tenui præcordia libro,
 in frondem crines, in ramos brachia crescunt, 550
 pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret,
 ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat positæque in stipite
 dextra
 sentit adhuc trepidare novo sub cortice pectus
 complexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis 555
 oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum.
 cui deus "at, quoniam coniunx mea non potes esse,
 arbor eris certe" dixit "mea! semper habebunt
 te coma, te citharæ, te nostræ, laure, pharetræ;
 tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum læta Triumphum 560
 vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas;
 postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos
 ante fores stabis mediamque tuebere quercum,

¹ *Most MSS. have two verses for 547:*

qua nimium placui, tellus, ait, hisce, vel istam
 quæ facit ut lædar mutando perde figuram.

*Probably quæ facit ut lædar was first written as a gloss to qua
 nimium placui, and the line completed by an emendation.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

grazes her very heels with his outstretched muzzle; but she knows not whether she be not already caught, and barely escapes from those sharp fangs and leaves behind the jaws just closing on her: so ran the god and maid, he sped by hope and she by fear. But he ran the more swiftly, borne on the wings of love, gave her no time to rest, hung over her fleeing shoulders and breathed on the hair that streamed over her neck. Now was her strength all gone, and, pale with fear and utterly overcome by the toil of her swift flight, seeing her father's waters near, she cried: "O father, help! if your waters hold divinity; change and destroy this beauty by which I pleased o'er well." Scarce had she thus prayed when a down-dragging numbness seized her limbs, and her soft sides were begirt with thin bark. Her hair was changed to leaves, her arms to branches. Her feet, but now so swift, grew fast in sluggish roots, and her head was now but a tree's top. Her gleaming beauty alone remained.

But even now in this new form Apollo loved her; and placing his hand upon the trunk, he felt the heart still fluttering beneath the bark. He embraced the branches as if human limbs, and pressed his lips upon the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses. And the god cried out to this: "Since thou canst not be my bride, thou shalt at least be my tree. My hair, my lyre, my quiver shall always be entwined with thee, O laurel. With thee shall Roman generals wreath their heads, when shouts of joy shall acclaim their triumph, and long processions climb the Capitol. Thou at Augustus' portals shalt stand a trusty guardian, and keep watch over the civic crown of

OVID

utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis,
 tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores! ”
 finierat Paeon: factis modo laurea ramis 566
 adnuit utque caput visa est agitasse cacumen.

Est nemus Haemoniae, praerupta quod undique
 claudit

silva: vocant Tempe; per quae Peneus ab imo
 effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis 570

deiectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
 nubila conducit summisque adspergine silvis
 inpluit et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat:
 haec domus, haec sedes, haec sunt penetralia magni
 amnis, in his residens facto de cautibus antro, 575
 undis iura dabat nymphisque colentibus undas.

conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
 nescia, gratentur consolenturne parentem,
 populifer Sperchios et inrequietus Enipeus
 Apidanusque senex lenisque Amphrysos et Aeas, 580
 moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit inpetus illos,
 in mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.

Inachus unus abest imoque reconditus antro
 fletibus auget aquas natamque miserrimus Io
 luget ut amissam: nescit, vitane fruatur 585
 an sit apud manes; sed quam non invenit usquam,
 esse putat nusquam atque animo peiora veretur.

Viderat a patrio redeuntem Iuppiter illam
 flumine et “ o virgo Iove digna tuoque beatum
 nescio quem factura toro, pete ” dixerat “ umbras 590
 aliorum nemorum ” (et nemorum monstraverat
 umbras)

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

oak which hangs between. And as my head is ever young and my locks unshorn, so do thou keep the beauty of thy leaves perpetual." Paeon was done. The laurel waved her new-made branches, and seemed to move her head-like top in full consent.

There is a vale in Thessaly which steep-wooded slopes surround on every side. Men call it Tempe. Through this the River Peneus flows from the foot of Pindus with foam-flecked waters, and by its heavy fall forms clouds which drive along fine, smoke-like mist, sprinkles the tops of the trees with spray, and deafens even remoter regions by its roar. Here is the home, the seat, the inmost haunt of the mighty stream. Here, seated in a cave of overhanging rock, he was giving laws to his waters, and to his water-nymphs. Hither came, first, the rivers of his own country, not knowing whether to congratulate or console the father of Daphne: the poplar-fringed Sperchios, the restless Enipeus, hoary Apidanus, gentle Amphrysos and Aeas; and later all the rivers which, by whatsoever way their current carries them, lead down their waters, weary with wandering, into the sea. Inachus only does not come; but, hidden away in his deepest cave, he augments his waters with his tears, and in utmost wretchedness laments his daughter, Io, as lost. He knows not whether she still lives or is among the shades. But, since he cannot find her anywhere, he thinks she must be nowhere, and his anxious soul forbodes things worse than death.

Now Jove had seen her returning from her father's stream, and said: "O maiden, worthy of the love of Jove, and destined to make some husband happy, seek now the shade of these deep woods"—and he pointed to the shady woods—"while the sun at his

OVID

dum calet, et medio sol est altissimus orbe!
 quodsi sola times latebras intrare ferarum,
 praeside tuta deo nemorum secreta subibis,
 nec de plebe deo, sed qui caelestia magna 595
 sceptrā manu teneo, sed qui vaga fulmina mitto.
 ne fuge me!" fugiebat enim. iam pascua Lernae
 consitaque arboribus Lyrcea reliquerat arva,
 cum deus inducta latas caligine terras
 occuluit tenuitque fugam rapuitque pudorem. 600

Interea medios Iuno dispexit in Argos¹
 et noctis faciem nebulas fecisse volucres
 sub nitido mirata die, non fluminis illas
 esse, nec umentī sensit tellure remitti;
 atque suus coniunx ubi sit circumspicit, ut quae 605
 deprensi totiens iam nosset furta mariti.
 quem postquam caelo non repperit, " aut ego fallor
 aut ego laedor " ait delapsaque ab aethere summo
 constitit in terris nebulasque recedere iussit.
 coniugis adventum praesenserat inque nitentem 610
 Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille iuvencam
 (bos quoque formosa est): speciem Saturnia vaccae,
 quamquam invita, probat nec non, et cuius et
 unde

quove sit armento, veri quasi nescia quaerit.
 Iuppiter e terra genitam mentitur, ut auctor 615
 desinat inquiri: petit hanc Saturnia munus.
 quid faciat? crudele suos addicere amores,
 non dare suspectum est: Pudor est, qui suadeat illinc,

¹ Argos *Merkel and Müller*: agros *MSS*.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

zenith's height is overwarm. But if thou fearest to go alone amongst the haunts of wild beasts, under a god's protection shalt thou tread in safety even the inmost woods. Nor am I of the common gods, but I am he who holds high heaven's sceptre in his mighty hand, and hurls the roaming thunderbolts. Oh, do not flee from me!"—for she was already in flight. Now had she left behind the pasture-fields of Lerna, and the Lyrcean plains thick-set with trees, when the god hid the wide land in a thick, dark cloud, caught the fleeing maid and ravished her.

Meanwhile Juno chanced to look down upon the midst of Argos, and marvelled that quick-rising clouds had wrought the aspect of night in the clear light of day. She knew that they were not river mists nor fogs exhaled from the damp earth; and forthwith she glanced around to see where her lord might be, as one who knew well his oft-discovered wiles. When she could not find him in the sky she said: "Either I am mistaken or I am being wronged"; and gliding down from the top of heaven, she stood upon the earth and bade the clouds disperse. But Jove had felt beforehand his spouse's coming and had changed the daughter of Inachus into a white heifer. Even in this form she still was beautiful. Saturnia looked awhile upon the heifer in grudging admiration; then asked whose she was and whence she came or from what herd, as if she did not know full well. Jove lyingly declared that she had sprung from the earth, that so he might forestall all further question as to her origin. Thereupon Saturnia asked for the heifer as a gift. What should he do? 'Twere a cruel task to surrender his love, but not to do so would arouse suspicion. Shame on one side prompts to give her

OVID

hinc dissuadet Amor. victus Pudor esset Amore,
 sed leve si munus sociae generisque torique 620
 vacca negaretur, poterat non vacca videri!

Paelice donata non protinus exiit omnem
 diva metum timuitque Iovem et fuit anxia furti,
 donec Arestoridae servandam tradidit Argo.
 centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat 625
 inde suis vicibus capiebant bina quietem,
 cetera servabant atque in statione manebant.
 constiterat quocumque modo, spectabat ad Io,
 ante oculos Io, quamvis aversus, habebat.
 luce sinit pasci; cum sol tellure sub alta est, 630
 claudit et indigno circumdat vincula collo.
 frondibus arboreis et amara pascitur herba.
 proque toro terrae non semper gramen habenti
 incubat infelix limosaque flumina potat.
 illa etiam supplex Argo cum bracchia vellet 635
 tendere, non habuit, quae bracchia tenderet Argo,
 et conata queri mugitus edidit ore
 pertimuitque sonos propriaque exterrita voce est.
 venit et ad ripas, ubi ludere saepe solebat,
 Inachidas: rictus¹ novaque ut conspexit in unda 640
 cornua, pertimuit seque exsternata refugit.
 naides ignorant, ignorat et Inachus ipse,
 quae sit; at illa patrem sequitur sequiturque sorores
 et patitur tangi seque admirantibus offert.
 decerptas senior porrexerat Inachus herbas: 645
 illa manus lambit patriisque dat oscula palmis
 nec retinet lacrimas et, si modo verba sequantur,

¹ Inachidas: rictus *Merkel*: Inachidas ripas *MSS*.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

up, but love on the other urges not. Shame by love would have been overcome; but if so poor a gift as a heifer were refused to her who was both his sister and his wife, perchance she had seemed to be no heifer.

Though her rival was at last given up, the goddess did not at once put off all suspicion, for she feared Jove and further treachery, until she had given her over to Argus, the son of Arestor, to keep for her. Now Argus' head was set about with a hundred eyes, which took their rest in sleep two at a time in turn, while the others watched and remained on guard. In whatsoever way he stood he looked at Io; even when his back was turned he had Io before his eyes. In the daytime he allowed her to graze; but when the sun had set beneath the earth he shut her up and tied an ignominious halter round her neck. She fed on leaves of trees and bitter herbs, and instead of a couch the poor thing lay upon the ground, which was not always grassy, and drank water from the muddy streams. When she strove to stretch out suppliant arms to Argus, she had no arms to stretch; and when she attempted to voice her complaints, she only moed. She would start with fear at the sound, and was filled with terror at her own voice. She came also to the bank of her father's stream, where she used to play; but when she saw, reflected in the water, her gaping jaws and sprouting horns, she fled in very terror of herself. Her Naiad sisters knew not who she was, nor yet her father, Inachus himself. But she followed him and her sisters, and offered herself to be petted and admired. Old Inachus had plucked some grass and held it out to her; she licked her father's hand and tried to kiss it. She could not restrain her tears, and, if only she could

OVID

oret opem nomenque suum casusque loquatur ;
 littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit,
 corporis indicium mutati triste peregit. 650

“ me miserum ! ” exclamat pater Inachus inque
 gementis

cornibus et niveae pendens cervice iuvencae
 “ me miserum ! ” ingeminat ; “ tune es quaesita
 per omnes

nata mihi terras ? tu non inventa reperta
 luctus eras levior ! retices nec mutua nostris 655
 dicta refers, alto tantum suspiria ducis
 pectore, quodque unum potes, ad mea verba
 remugis !

at tibi ego ignarus thalamos taedasque parabam,
 spesque fuit generi mihi prima, secunda nepotum.
 de grege nunc tibi vir, nunc de grege natus
 habendus. 660

nec finire licet tantos mihi morte dolores ;
 sed nocet esse deum, praeclosaque ianua leti
 aeternum nostros luctus extendit in aevum.”

talia maerentes stellatus submovet Argus
 ereptamque patri diversa in pascua natam 665
 abstrahit. ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
 occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omnes.

Nec superum rector mala tanta Phoronidos
 ultra

ferre potest natumque vocat, quem lucida partu
 Pleias enixa est letoque det imperat Argum. 670

parva mora est alas pedibus virgamque potenti
 somniferam sumpsisse manu tegumenque capillis.
 haec ubi disposuit, patria Iove natus ab arce
 desilit in terras ; illic tegumenque removit
 et posuit pennas, tantummodo virga retenta est : 675
 hac agit ut pastor per devia rura capellas,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

speak, she would tell her name and sad misfortune, and beg for aid. But instead of words, she did tell the sad story of her changed form with letters which she traced in the dust with her hoof. " Ah, woe is me ! " exclaimed her father, Inachus ; and, clinging to the weeping heifer's horns and snow-white neck : " Ah, woe is me ! art thou indeed my daughter whom I have sought o'er all the earth ? Unfound, a lighter grief wast thou than found. Thou art silent, and givest me back no answer to my words ; thou only heavest deep sighs, and, what alone thou canst, thou dost moo in reply. I, in blissful ignorance, was preparing marriage rites for thee, and had hopes, first of a son-in-law, and then of grandchildren. But now from the herd must I find thee a husband, and from the herd must I look for grandchildren. And even by death I may not end my crushing woes. It is a dreadful thing to be a god, for the door of death is shut to me, and my grief must go on without end." As they thus wept together star-eyed Argus separated them and drove the daughter, torn from her father's arms, to more distant pastures. There he perched himself apart upon a high mountain-top, where at his ease he could keep watch on every side.

But now the ruler of the heavenly ones can no longer bear these great sufferings of Io, and he calls his son whom the shining Pleiad bore, and bids him do Argus to death. Without delay Mercury puts on his winged sandals, takes in his potent hand his sleep-producing wand, and dons his magic cap. Thus arrayed, the son of Jove leaps down from sky to earth, where he removes his cap and lays aside his wings. Only his wand he keeps. With this, in the character of a shepherd, through the sequestered

OVID

dum venit, adductas et structis cantat avenis.
 voce nova et captus custos Iunonius arte
 “ quisquis es, hoc poteras mecum considerare saxo ”
 Argus ait ; “ neque enim pecori fecundior ullo 680
 herba loco est, aptamque vides pastoribus umbram.”

Sedit Atlantiades et euntem multa loquendo
 detinuit sermone diem iunctisque canendo
 vincere harundinibus servantia lumina temptat.
 ille tamen pugnat molles evincere somnos 685
 et, quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
 parte tamen vigilat. quaerit quoque (namque
 reperta
 fistula nuper erat), qua sit ratione reperta.

Tum deus “ Arcadiae gelidis sub montibus ” inquit
 “ inter hamadryadas celeberrima Nonacrinas 690
 naias una fuit : nymphae Syringa vocabant.
 non semel et satyros eluserat illa sequentes
 et quoscumque deos umbrosaue silva feraxque
 rus habet. Ortygiam studiis ipsaque colebat
 virginitate deam ; ritu quoque cincta Dianae 695
 falleret, ut posset credi Latonia, si non
 corneus huic arcus, si non foret aureus illi ;
 sic quoque fallebat.

Redeuntem colle Lycaeo

Pan videt hanc pinuque caput praecinctus acuta
 talia verba refert ”—restabat verba referre 700
 et precibus spretis fugisse per avia nympham,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

country paths he drives a flock of goats which he has collected as he came along, and plays upon his reed pipe as he goes. Juno's guardsman is greatly taken with the strange sound. "You, there," he calls, "whoever you are, you might as well sit beside me on this rock; for nowhere is there richer grass for the flock, and you see that there is shade convenient for shepherds."

So Atlas' grandson takes his seat, and fills the passing hours with talk of many things; and by making music on his pipe of reeds he tries to overcome those watchful eyes. But Argus strives valiantly against his slumberous languor, and though he allows some of his eyes to sleep, still he continues to watch with the others. He asks also how the reed pipe came to be invented; for at that time it had but recently been invented.

Then said the god: "On Arcadia's cool mountain-slopes, among the wood nymphs who dwelt on Nonacris, there was one much sought by suitors. Her sister nymphs called her Syrinx. More than once she had eluded the pursuit of satyrs and all the gods who dwell either in the bosky woods or fertile fields. But she patterned after the Delian goddess in her pursuits and above all in her life of maidenhood. When girt after the manner of Diana, she would deceive the beholder, and could be mistaken for Latona's daughter, were not her bow of horn, were not Diana's of gold. But even so she was mistaken for the goddess.

"One day Pan saw her as she was coming back from Mount Lycaeus, his head wreathed with a crown of sharp pine-needles, and thus addressed her. . . ." It remained still to tell what he said and to relate how the nymph, spurning his prayers, fled

OVID

donec harenosi placidum Ladonis ad amnem
 venerit ; hic illam cursum inpedientibus undis
 ut se mutarent liquidas orasse sorores,
 Panaque cum prensam sibi iam Syringa putaret, 705
 corpore pro nymphe calamos tenuisse palustres,
 dumque ibi suspirat, motos in harundine ventos
 effecisse sonum tenuem similemque querenti.
 arte nova vocisque deum dulcedine captum
 "hoc mihi concilium tecum" dixisse "manebit," 710
 atque ita disparibus calamis compagine cerae
 inter se iunctis nomen tenuisse puellae.
 talia dicturus vidit Cyllenius omnes
 subcubuisse oculos adopertaque lumina somno ;
 supprimit extemplo vocem firmatque soporem 715
 languida permulcens medicata lumina virga.
 nec mora, falcato nutantem vulnerat ense,
 qua collo est confine caput, saxoque cruentum
 deicit et maculat praeruptam sanguine rupem. 719
 Arge, iaces, quodque in tot lumina lumen habebas,
 extinctum est, centumque oculos nox occupat una.

Excipit hos volucrisque suae Saturnia pennis
 collocat et gemmis caudam stellantibus inplet.
 protinus exarsit nec tempora distulit irae
 horriferamque oculis animoque obiecit Erinyn 725
 paelicis Argolicae stimulosque in pectore caecos
 condidit et profugam per totum terruit orbem.
 ultimus inmenso restabas, Nile, labori ;
 quem simulac tetigit, positisque in margine ripae
 procubuit genibus resupinoque ardua collo, 730

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

through the pathless wastes until she came to Ladon's stream flowing peacefully along his sandy banks; how here, when the water checked her further flight, she besought her sisters of the stream to change her form; and how Pan, when now he thought he had caught Syrinx, instead of her held naught but marsh reeds in his arms; and while he sighed in disappointment, the soft air stirring in the reeds gave forth a low and complaining sound. Touched by this wonder and charmed by the sweet tones, the god exclaimed: "This union, at least, shall I have with thee." And so the pipes, made of unequal reeds fitted together by a joining of wax, took and kept the name of the maiden. When Mercury was going on to tell this story, he saw that all those eyes had yielded and were closed in sleep. Straightway he checks his words, and deepens Argus' slumber by passing his magic wand over those sleep-faint eyes. And forthwith he smites with his hooked sword the nodding head just where it joins the neck, and sends it bleeding down the rocks, defiling the rugged cliff with blood. Argus, thou liest low; the light which thou hadst within thy many fires is all put out; and one darkness fills thy hundred eyes.

Saturnia took these eyes and set them on the feathers of her bird, filling his tail with star-like jewels. Straightway she flamed with anger, nor did she delay the fulfilment of her wrath. She set a terror-bearing fury to work before the eyes and heart of her Grecian rival, planted deep within her breast a goading fear, and sent her fleeing in terror through all the world. Thou, O Nile, alone didst close her boundless toil. When she reached the stream, she flung herself down on her knees upon the river bank; with head thrown back she raised her face,

OVID

quos potuit solos, tollens ad sidera vultus
 et gemitu et lacrimis et luctisono mugitu
 cum Iove visa queri finemque orare malorum.
 coniugis ille suae complexus colla lacertis, 734
 finiat ut poenas tandem, rogat “ in ” que “ futurum
 pone metus ” inquit: “ numquam tibi causa doloris
 haec erit,” et Stygias iubet hoc audire paludes.

Ut lenita dea est, vultus capit illa priores
 fitque, quod ante fuit: fugiunt e corpore saetae,^{11. 12. h. 11. 12.}
 cornua decrescunt, fit luminis artior orbis, 740
 contrahitur rictus, redeunt umerique manusque,
 ungulaque in quinos dilapsa absumitur ungues:
 de bove nil superest formae nisi candor in illa.
 officioque pedum nymphe contenta duorum
 erigitur metuitque loqui, ne more iuvencae 745
 mugiat, et timide verba intermissa retemptat.

Nunc dea linigera colitur celeberrima turba.
 huic¹ Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem
 creditur esse Iovis perque urbes iuncta parenti
 templa tenet. fuit huic animis aequalis et annis 750
 Sole satus Phaethon, quem quondam magna
 loquentem

nec sibi cedentem Phoeboque parente superbum
 non tulit Inachides “matri” que ait “omnia demens
 credis et es tumidus genitoris imagine falsi.”
 erubuit Phaethon iramque pudore repressit 755
 et tulit ad Clymenen Epaphi convicia matrem
 “quo” que “magis doleas, genetrix” ait, “ille ego liber,

¹ huic *Heinsius*: nunc *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

which alone she could raise, to the high stars, and with groans and tears and agonized moanings she seemed to voice her griefs to Jove and to beg him to end her woes. Thereupon Jove threw his arms about his spouse's neck, and begged her at last to end her vengeance, saying: "Lay aside all fear for the future; she shall never be source of grief to you again"; and he called upon the Stygian pools to witness his oath.

The goddess's wrath is soothed; Io gains back her former looks, and becomes what she was before. The rough hair falls away from her body, her horns disappear, her great round eyes grow smaller, her gaping mouth is narrowed, her shoulders and her hands come back, and the hoofs are gone, being changed each into five nails. No trace of the heifer is left in her save only the fair whiteness of her body. And now the nymph, able at last to stand upon two feet, stands erect; yet fears to speak, lest she moo in the heifer's way, and with fear and trembling she resumes her long-abandoned speech.

Now, with fullest service, she is worshipped as a goddess by the linen-robed throng. A son, Epaphus, was born to her, thought to have sprung at length from the seed of mighty Jove, and throughout the cities dwelt in temples with his mother. He had a companion of like mind and age named Phaëthon, child of the Sun. When this Phaëthon was once speaking proudly, and refused to give way to him, boasting that Phoebus was his father, the grandson of Inachus rebelled and said: "You are a fool to believe all your mother tells you, and are swelled up with false notions about your father." Phaëthon grew red with rage, but repressed his anger through very shame and carried Epaphus' insulting taunt straight to his mother, Clymene. "And that you

OVID

ille ferox tacui! pudet haec opprobria nobis
 et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.
 at tu, si modo sum caelesti stirpe creatus, 760
 ede notam tanti generis meque adsere caelo!"
 dixit et implicuit materno bracchia collo
 perque suum Meropisque caput taedasque sororum
 traderet oravit veri sibi signa parentis.
 ambiguum Clymene precibus Phaethontis an ira 765
 mota magis dicti sibi criminis utraque caelo
 bracchia porrexit spectansque ad lumina solis
 "per iubar hoc" inquit "radiis insigne coruscis,
 nate, tibi iuro, quod nos auditque videtque, 769
 hoc te, quem spectas, hoc te, qui temperat orbem,
 Sole satum; si ficta loquor, neget ipse videndum
 se mihi, sitque oculis lux ista novissima nostris!
 nec longus labor est patrios tibi nosse penates.
 unde oritur, domus est terrae contermina nostrae:
 si modo fert animus, gradere et scitabere ab ipso!"
 emicat extemplo laetus post talia matris 776
 dicta suae Phaethon et concipit aethera mente
 Aethiopusque suos positosque sub ignibus Indos
 sidereis transit patriosque adit inpiger ortus.

(K²)
 2 4 1

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

may grieve the more, mother," he said, " I, the high-spirited, the bold of tongue, had no word to say. Ashamed am I that such an insult could have been uttered and yet could not be answered. But do you, if I am indeed sprung from heavenly seed, give me a proof of my high birth, and justify my claims to divine origin." So spoke the lad, and threw his arms around his mother's neck, begging her, by his own and Merops' life, by his sisters' nuptial torches, to give him some sure token of his birth. Clymene, moved (it is uncertain whether by the prayers of Phaëthon, or more by anger at the insult to herself), stretched out both arms to heaven, and, turning her eyes on the bright sun, exclaimed: " By the splendour of that radiant orb which both hears and sees me now, I swear to you, my boy, that you are sprung from the Sun, that being whom you behold, that being who sways the world. If I speak not the truth, may I never see him more, and may this be the last time my eyes shall look upon the light of day. But it is not difficult for you yourself to find your father's house. The place where he rises is not far from our own land. If you are so minded, go there and ask your question of the sun himself." Phaëthon leaps up in joy at his mother's words, already grasping the heavens in imagination; and after crossing his own Ethiopia and the land of Ind lying close beneath the sun, he quickly comes to his father's rising-place.

BOOK II

LIBER II

REGIA Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
clara micante auro flammisque imitante pyropo,
cuius ebur nitidum fastigia summa tegebat,
argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvae.
materiam superabat opus : nam Mulciber illic 5
aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras
terrarumque orbem caelumque, quod imminet orbi.
caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum
Proteaue ambiguum ballenarumque prementem
Aegaeona suis inmania terga lacertis 10
Doridaque et natas, quarum pars nare videtur,
pars in mole sedens viridis siccare capillos,
pisce vehi quaedam : facies non omnibus una,
non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.
terra viros urbesque gerit silvasque ferasque 15
fluminaque et nymphas et cetera numina ruris.
haec super inposita est caeli fulgentis imago,
signaque sex foribus dextris totidemque sinistris.
Quo simul adclivi Clymeneia limite proles
venit et intravit dubitati tecta parentis, 20
protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus
consistitque procul ; neque enim propiora ferebat
lumina : purpurea velatus veste sedebat

BOOK II

THE palace of the Sun stood high on lofty columns, bright with glittering gold and bronze that shone like fire. Gleaming ivory crowned the gables above; the double folding-doors were radiant with burnished silver. And the workmanship was more beautiful than the material. For upon the doors Mulciber had carved in relief the waters that enfold the central earth, the circle of the lands and the sky that overhangs the lands. The sea holds the dark-hued gods: tuneful Triton, changeful Proteus, and Aegaeon, his strong arms thrown over a pair of huge whales; Doris and her daughters, some of whom are shown swimming through the water, some sitting on a rock drying their green hair, and some riding on fishes. They have not all the same appearance, and yet not altogether different; as it should be with sisters. The land has men and cities, woods and beasts, rivers, nymphs and other rural deities. Above these scenes was placed a representation of the shining sky, six signs of the zodiac on the right-hand doors, and six signs on the left.

Now when Clymene's son had climbed the steep path which leads thither, and had come beneath the roof of his sire whose fatherhood had been questioned, straightway he turned him to his father's face, but halted some little space away; for he could not bear the radiance at a nearer view. Clad in a

OVID

in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis.
 a dextra laevaue Dies et Mensis et Annus 25
 Saeculaque et positae spatiis aequalibus Horae
 Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona,
 stabat nuda Aestas et spiceaserta gerebat,
 stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis
 et glacialis Hiems canos hirsuta capillos. 30

Ipse loco medius rerum novitate paventem
 Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus adspicit omnia, vidit
 “ quae ” que “ viae tibi causa? quid hac ” ait “ arce
 petisti

progenies, Phaethon, haud infitianda parenti? ”
 ille refert: “ o lux inmensi publica mundi, 35
 Phoebepater, si das usum mihi nominis huius,
 nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,
 pignora da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago
 credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris! ”
 dixerat, at genitor circum caput omne micantes 40
 deposuit radios propiusque accedere iussit
 amplexuque dato “ nec tu meus esse negari
 dignus es, et Clymene veros ” ait “ edidit ortus,
 quoque minus dubites, quodvis pete munus, ut illud
 me tribuente feras! promissi testis adesto 45
 dis iuranda palus, oculis incognita nostris! ”
 vix bene desierat, currus rogat ille paternos
 inque diem alipedum ius et moderamen equorum.

Paenituit iurasse patrem: qui terque quaterque
 concutiens inlustre caput “ temeraria ” dixit 50
 “ vox mea facta tua est; utinam promissa liceret

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

purple robe, Phoebus sat on his throne gleaming with brilliant emeralds. To right and left stood Day and Month and Year and Century, and the Hours set at equal distances. Young Spring was there, wreathed with a floral crown; Summer, all unclad with garland of ripe grain; Autumn was there, stained with the trodden grape, and icy Winter with white and bristly locks.

Seated in the midst of these, the Sun, with the eyes which behold all things, looked on the youth filled with terror at the strange new sights, and said: "Why hast thou come? What seekest thou in this high dwelling, Phaëthon—a son no father need deny?" The lad replied: "O common light of this vast universe, Phoebus, my father, if thou grantest me the right to use that name, if Clymene is not giding her shame beneath an unreal pretence, grant me a proof, my father, by which all may know me for thy true son, and take away this uncertainty from my mind." He spoke; and his father put off his glittering crown of light, and bade the boy draw nearer. Embracing him, he said: "Thou art both worthy to be called my son, and Clymene has told thee thy true origin. And, that thou mayst not doubt my word, ask what boon thou wilt, that thou mayst receive it from my hand. And may that Stygian pool whereby gods swear, but which mine eyes have never seen, be witness of my promise." Scarce had he ceased when the boy asked for his father's chariot, and the right to drive his winged horses for a day.

The father repented him of his oath. Thrice and again he shook his bright head and said: "Thy words have proved mine to have been rashly said. Would that I might retract my promise! For I confess, my

OVID

non dare! confiteor, solum hoc tibi, nate, negarem.
 dissuadere licet: non est tua tuta voluntas!
 magna petis, Phaethon, et quae nec viribus istis
 munera conveniant nec tam puerilibus annis: 55
 sors tua mortalis, non est mortale, quod optas.
 plus etiam, quam quod superis contingere possit,
 nescius adfectas; placeat sibi quisque licebit,
 non tamen ignifero quisquam consistere in axe
 me valet excepto; vasti quoque rector Olympi, 60
 qui fera terribili iaculatur fulmina dextra,
 non aget hos currus: et quid Iove maius habemus?
 ardua prima via est et qua vix mane recentes
 enituntur equi; medio est altissima caelo,
 unde mare et terras ipsi mihi saepe videre 65
 fit timor et pavida trepidat formidine pectus;
 ultima prona via est et eget moderamine certo:
 tunc etiam quae me subiectis excipit undis,
 ne ferar in praeceps, Tethys solet ipsa vereri.
 adde, quod adsidua rapitur vertigine caelum 70
 sideraque alta trahit celerique volumine torquet.
 nitor in adversum, nec me, qui cetera, vincit
 inpetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.
 finge datos currus: quid ages? poterisne rotatis
 obvius ire polis, ne te citus auferat axis? 75
 forsitan et lucos illic urbesque deorum
 concipias animo delubraque ditia donis
 esse: per insidias iter est formasque ferarum!
 utque viam teneas nulloque errore traharis,
 per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri 80

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

son, that this alone would I refuse thee. But I may at least strive to dissuade thee. What thou desirest is not safe. Thou askest too great a boon, Phaëthon, and one which does not befit thy strength and those so boyish years. Thy lot is mortal: not for mortals is that thou askest. In thy simple ignorance thou dost claim more than can be granted to the gods themselves. Though each of them may do as he will, yet none, save myself, has power to take his place in my chariot of fire. Nay, even the lord of great Olympus, who hurls dread thunderbolts with his awful hand, could not drive this chariot; and what have we greater than Jove? The first part of the road is steep, up which my steeds in all their morning freshness can scarce make their way. In mid-heaven it is exceeding high, whence to look down on sea and land oft-times causes even me to tremble, and my heart to quake with throbbing fear. The last part of the journey is precipitous, and needs an assured control. Then even Tethys, who receives me in her underlying waters, is wont to fear lest I fall headlong. Furthermore, the vault of heaven spins round in constant motion, drawing along the lofty stars which it whirls at dizzy speed. I make my way against this, nor does the swift motion which overcomes all else overcome me; but I drive clear contrary to the swift circuit of the universe. Suppose thou hast my chariot. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou be able to make thy way against the whirling poles that their swift axis sweep thee not away? Perhaps, too, thou deemest there are groves there, and cities of the gods, and temples full of rich gifts? Nay, the course lies amid lurking dangers and fierce beasts of prey. And though thou shouldst hold the way, and not go straying from the course, still shalt

OVID

Haemoniosque arcus violentique ora Leonis
 saevaque circuitu curvantem bracchia longo
 Scorpion atque aliter curvantem bracchia Cancrum.
 nec tibi quadripedes animosos ignibus illis,
 quos in pectore habent, quos ore et naribus efflant, 85
 in promptu regere est: vix me patiuntur, ubi acres
 incaluere animi cervixque repugnat habenis.—
 at tu, funesti ne sim tibi muneris auctor,
 nate, cave, dum resque sinit tua corrige vota!
 scilicet ut nostro genitum te sanguine credas, 90
 pignora certa petis: do pignora certa timendo
 et patrio pater esse metu probor. adspice vultus
 ecce meos utinamque oculos in pectora posses
 inserere et patrias intus deprendere curas!
 denique quidquid habet dives circumspices mundus 95
 eque tot ac tantis caeli terraeque marisque
 posce bonis aliquid; nullam patiēre repulsam.
 deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine poena,
 non honor est: poenam, Phaethon, pro munere
 poscis!
 quid mea colla tenes blandis, ignare, lacertis? 100
 ne dubita! dabitur (Stygias iuravimus undas),
 quodcumque optaris; sed tu sapientius opta!"

Finierat monitus; dictis tamen ille repugnat
 propositumque premit flagratque cupidine currus.
 ergo, qua licuit, genitor cunctatus ad altos 105
 deducit iuvenem, Vulcania munera, currus.
 aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
 curvatura rotae, radiorum argenteus ordo;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

thou pass the horned Bull full in thy path, the Haemonian Archer, the maw of the raging Lion, the Scorpion, curving his savage arms in long sweeps, and the Crab, reaching out in the opposite direction. Nor is it an easy thing for thee to control the steeds, hot with those strong fires which they have within their breasts, which they breathe out from mouth and nostrils. Scarce do they suffer my control, when their fierce spirits have become heated, and their necks rebel against the reins. But do thou, O son, beware lest I be the giver of a fatal gift to thee, and while still there is time amend thy prayer. Dost thou in sooth seek sure pledges that thou art son of mine? Behold, I give sure pledges by my very fear; I show myself thy father by my fatherly anxiety. See! look upon my face. And oh, that thou couldst look into my heart as well, and understand a father's cares therein! Then look around, see all that the rich world holds, and from those great and boundless goods of land and sea and sky ask anything. Nothing will I deny thee. But this one thing I beg thee not to ask, which, if rightly understood, is a bane instead of blessing. A bane, my Phaëthon, dost thou seek as boon. Why dost thou throw thy coaxing arms about my neck, thou foolish boy? Nay, doubt it not, it shall be given—we have sworn it by the Styx—whatever thou dost choose. But, oh, make wiser choice!”

The father's warning ended; yet he fought against the words, and urged his first request, burning with desire to drive the chariot. So then the father, delaying as far as might be, led forth the youth to that high chariot, the work of Vulcan. Its axle was of gold, the pole of gold; its wheels had golden tyres and a ring of silver spokes. Along the yoke

OVID

per iuga chrysolithi positaeque ex ordine gemmae
 clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phoebo. 110

Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque
 perspicit, ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
 purpureas Aurora fores et plena rosarum
 atria: diffugiunt stellae, quarum agmina cogit
 Lucifer et caeli statione novissimus exit. 115

Quem petere ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit
 cornuaque extremae velut evanescere lunae,
 iungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
 iussa deae celeres peragunt ignemque vomentes,
 ambrosiae suco saturos, praesepibus altis 120
 quadripedes ducunt adduntque sonantia frena.

tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati
 contigit et rapidae fecit patientia flammae
 inposuitque comae radios praesagaque luctus
 pectore sollicito repetens suspiria dixit: 125

“ si potes his saltem monitis parere parentis
 parce, puer, stimulis et fortius utere loris!
 sponte sua properant, labor est inhibere volentes.
 nec tibi directos placeat via quinque per arcus!
 sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes, 130

zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
 effugit australem iunctamque aquilonibus arcton:
 hac sit iter! manifesta rotae vestigia cernes.
 utque ferant aequos et caelum et terra calores,
 nec preme nec summum molire per aethera cursum!
 altius egressus caelestia tecta cremabis, 136
 inferius terras; medio tutissimus ibis.

neu te dexterior tortum declinet ad Anguem,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

chrysolites and jewels set in fair array gave back their bright glow to the reflected rays of Phoebus.

Now while the ambitious Phaëthon is gazing in wonder at the workmanship, behold, Aurora, who keeps watch in the reddening dawn, has opened wide her purple gates, and her courts glowing with rosy light. The stars all flee away, and the morning star closes their ranks as, last of all, he departs from his watch-tower in the sky.

When Titan saw him setting and the world grow red, and the slender horns of the waning moon fading from sight, he bade the swift Hours to yoke his steeds. The goddesses quickly did his bidding, and led the horses from the lofty stalls, breathing forth fire and filled with ambrosial food, and they put upon them the clanking bridles. Then the father anointed his son's face with a sacred ointment, and made it proof against the devouring flames; and he placed upon his head the radiant crown, heaving deep sighs the while, presaging woe, and said: "If thou canst at least obey these thy father's warnings, spare the lash, my boy, and more strongly use the reins. The horses hasten of their own accord; the hard task is to check their eager feet. And take not thy way straight through the five zones of heaven: the true path runs slantwise, with a wide curve, and, confined within the limits of three zones, avoids the southern heavens and the far north as well. This be thy route. The tracks of my wheels thou wilt clearly see. And, that the sky and earth may have equal heat, go not too low, nor yet direct thy course along the top of heaven; for if thou goest too high thou wilt burn up the skies, if too low the earth. In the middle is the safest path. And turn not off too far to the right towards the writhing Serpent;

OVID

neve sinisterior pressam rota ducat ad Aram,
 inter utrumque tene! Fortunae cetera mando, 140
 quae iuvet et melius quam tu tibi consulat opto.
 dum loquor, Hesperio positas in litore metas
 umida nox tetigit; non est mora libera nobis!
 poscimus: effulget tenebris Aurora fugatis.
 corripere lora manu, vel, si motabile pectus 145
 est tibi, consiliis, non curribus utere nostris!
 dum potes et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas,
 dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes,
 quae tutus spectes, sine me dare lumina terris! ”

Occupat ille levem iuvenali corpore currum 150
 statque super manibusque datas contingere habenas
 gaudet et invito grates agit inde parenti.

Interea volucres Pyrois et Eous et Aethon,
 Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hinnitibus auras
 flammiferis implent pedibusque repagula pulsant. 155
 quae postquam Tethys, fatorum ignara nepotis,
 reppulit et facta est immensi copia caeli,
 corripuere viam pedibusque per aera motis
 obstantes scindunt nebulas pennisque levati
 praetereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros. 160
 sed leve pondus erat nec quod cognoscere possent
 Solis equi, solitaque iugum gravitate carebat;
 utque labant curvae iusto sine pondere naves
 perque mare instabiles nimia levitate feruntur,
 sic onere adsueto vacuus dat in aera saltus 165
 succutiturque alte similisque est currus inani.

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nor on the left, where the Altar lies low in the heavens, guide thy wheel. Hold on between the two. I commit all else to Fortune, and may she aid thee, and guide thee better than thou dost thyself. While I am speaking dewy night has reached her goal on the far western shore. We may no longer delay. We are summoned. Behold, the dawn is glowing, and the shadows all have fled. Here, grasp the reins, or, if thy purpose still may be amended, take my counsel, not my chariot, while still thou canst, while still thou dost stand on solid ground, before thou hast mounted to the car which thou hast in ignorance foolishly desired. Let me give light to the world, which thou mayst see in safety."

But the lad has already mounted the swift chariot, and, standing proudly, he takes the reins with joy into his hands, and thanks his unwilling father for the gift.

Meanwhile the sun's swift horses, Pyroïs, Eoüs, Aethon, and the fourth, Phlegon, fill all the air with their fiery whinnying, and paw impatiently against their bars. When Tethys, ignorant of her grandson's fate, dropped these and gave free course through the boundless skies, the horses dashed forth, and with swift-flying feet rent the clouds in their path, and, borne aloft upon their wings, they passed the east winds that have their rising in the same quarter. But the weight was light, not such as the horses of the sun could feel, and the yoke lacked its accustomed burden. And, as curved ships, without their proper ballast, roll in the waves, and, unstable because too light, are borne out of their course, so the chariot, without its accustomed burden, gives leaps into the air, is tossed aloft and is like a riderless car.

OVID

Quod simulac sensere, ruunt tritumque relinquunt
 quadriugi spatium nec quo prius ordine currunt.
 ipse pavet nec qua commissas flectat habenas
 nec scit qua sit iter, nec, si sciat, imperet illis. 170
 tum primum radiis gelidi caluere Triones
 et vetito frustra temptarunt aequore tingui,
 quaeque polo posita est glaciali proxima Serpens,
 frigore pigra prius nec formidabilis ulli,
 incaluit sumpsitque novas fervoribus iras; 175
 te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote,
 quamvis tardus eras et te tua plaustra tenebant.

Ut vero summo dispexit ab aethere terras
 infelix Phaethon penitus penitusque patentis,
 palluit et subito genua intremuere timore 180
 suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen orbortae,
 et iam mallet equos numquam tetigisse paternos,
 iam cognosse genus piget et valuisse rogando,
 iam Meropis dici cupiens ita fertur, ut acta
 praecipiti pinus borea, cui victa remisit 185
 frena suus rector, quam dis votisque reliquit.
 quid faciat? multum caeli post terga relictum,
 ante oculos plus est: animo metitur utrumque
 et modo, quos illi fatum contingere non est,
 prospicit occasus, interdum respicit ortus, 190
 quidque agat ignarus stupet et nec frena remittit
 nec retinere valet nec nomina novit equorum.
 sparsa quoque in vario passim miracula caelo
 vastarumque videt trepidus simulacra ferarum.
 est locus, in geminos ubi bracchia concavat arcus 195

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When they feel this, the team run wild and leave the well-beaten track, and fare no longer in the same course as before. The driver is panic-stricken. He knows not how to handle the reins entrusted to him, nor where the road is; nor, if he did know, would he be able to control the steeds. Then for the first time the cold Bears grew hot with the rays of the sun, and tried, though all in vain, to plunge into the forbidden sea. And the Serpent, which lies nearest the icy pole, ever before harmless because sluggish with the cold, now grew hot, and conceived great frenzy from that fire. They say that you also, Boötes, fled in terror, slow though you were, and held back by your clumsy ox-cart.

But when the unhappy Phaëthon looked down from the top of heaven, and saw the lands lying far, far below, he grew pale, his knees trembled with sudden fear, and over his eyes came darkness through excess of light. And now he would prefer never to have touched his father's horses, and repents that he has discovered his true origin and prevailed in his prayer. Now, eager to be called the son of Merops, he is borne along just as a ship driven before the headlong blast, whose pilot has let the useless rudder go and abandoned the ship to the gods and prayers. What shall he do? Much of the sky is now behind him, but more is still in front! His thought measures both. And now he looks forward to the west, which he is destined never to reach, and at times back to the east. Dazed, he knows not what to do; he neither lets go the reins nor can he hold them, and he does not even know the horses' names. To add to his panic fear, he sees scattered everywhere in the sky strange figures of huge and savage beasts. There is one place where the Scorpion bends out his arms into

OVID

Scorpius et cauda flexisque utrimque lacertis
 porrigit in spatium signorum membra duorum :
 hunc puer ut nigri madidum sudore veneni
 vulnera curvata minitantem cuspide vidit,
 mentis inops gelida formidine lora remisit. 200

Quae postquam summum tetigere iacentia tergum,
 exspatiantur equi nulloque inhibente per auras
 ignotae regionis eunt, quaque inpetus egit,
 hac sine lege ruunt altoque sub aethere fixis
 incursant stellis rapiuntque per avia currum 205

et modo summa petunt, modo per declive viasque
 praecipites spatio terrae propiore feruntur,
 inferiusque suis fraternos currere Luna
 admiratur equos, ambustaque nubila fumant.
 corripitur flammis, ut quaeque altissima, tellus 210

fissaque agit rimas et sucis aret adeptis ;
 pabula canescunt, cum frondibus uritur arbor,
 materiamque suo praebet seges arida damno.
 parva queror : magnae pereunt cum moenibus
 urbes,

cumque suis totas populis incendia gentis 215
 in cinerem vertunt ; silvae cum montibus ardent ;
 ardet Athos Taurusque Cilix et Tmolus et Oete
 et tum sicca, prius celeberrima fontibus Ide
 virgineusque Helicon et nondum Oeagrius Haemus :
 ardet in inmensum geminatis ignibus Aetne 220

Parnasusque biceps et Eryx et Cynthus et Othrys
 et tandem nivibus Rhodope caritura Mimasque
 Dindymaque et Mycale natusque ad sacra Cithaeron.

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two bows ; and with tail and arms stretching out on both sides, he spreads over the space of two signs. When the boy sees this creature reeking with black poisonous sweat, and threatening to sting him with his curving tail, bereft of wits from chilling fear, down he dropped the reins.

When the horses feel these lying on their backs, they break loose from their course, and, with none to check them, they roam through unknown regions of the air. Wherever their impulse leads them, there they rush aimlessly, knocking against the stars set deep in the sky and snatching the chariot along through uncharted ways. Now they climb up to the top of heaven, and now, plunging headlong down, they course along nearer the earth. The Moon in amazement sees her brother's horses running below her own, and the scorched clouds smoke. The earth bursts into flame, the highest parts first, and splits into deep cracks, and its moisture is all dried up. The meadows are burned to white ashes ; the trees are consumed, green leaves and all, and the ripe grain furnishes fuel for its own destruction. But these are small losses which I am lamenting. Great cities perish with their walls, and the vast conflagration reduces whole nations to ashes. The woods are ablaze with the mountains ; Athos is ablaze, Cilician Taurus, and Tmolus, and Oete, and Ida, dry at last, but hitherto covered with springs, and Helicon, haunt of the Muses, and Haemus, not yet linked with the name of Oeagrus. Aetna is blazing boundlessly with flames now doubled, and twin-peaked Parnasus and Eryx, Cynthus and Othrys, and Rhodope, at last destined to lose its snows, Mimas and Dindyma, Mycale and Cithaeron, famed for sacred rites. Nor does its chilling clime save

nec prosunt Scythiae sua frigora : Caucasus ardet
 Ossaque cum Pindo maiorque ambobus Olympus 225
 aeraeque Alpes et nubifer Appenninus.

Tum vero Phaethon cunctis e partibus orbem
 adspicit accensum nec tantos sustinet aestus
 ferventisque auras velut e fornace profunda
 ore trahit currusque suos candescere sentit ; 230
 et neque iam cineres eiectatamque favillam
 ferre potest calidoque involvitur undique fumo,
 quoque eat aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus
 nescit et arbitrio volucrum raptatur equorum.

Sanguine tum credunt in corpora summa vocato
 Aethiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem ; 236
 tum facta est Libye raptis umoribus aestu
 arida, tum nymphae passis fontesque lacusque
 deflevere comis ; quaerit Boeotia Dircen,
 Argos Amymonen, Ephyre Pirenidam undas ; 240
 nec sortita loco distantes flumina ripas
 tuta manent : mediis Tanais fumavit in undis
 Peneusque senex Teuthranteusque Caicus
 et celer Ismenos cum Phegiaco Erymantho
 arsurusque iterum Xanthos flavusque Lycormas, 245
 quique recurvatis ludit Maeandros in undis,
 Mygdoniusque Melas et Taenarius Eurotas.
 arsit et Euphrates Babylonius, arsit Orontes
 Thermodonque citus Gangesque et Phasis et
 Hister ;

aestuatur Alpheos, ripae Spercheides ardent, 250
 quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus
 aurum,

et, quae Maeonias celebrant carmine ripas,
 flumineae volucres medio caluere Caystro ;
 Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
 occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet : ostia septem
 pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles. 256

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Scythia ; Caucasus burns, and Ossa with Pindus, and Olympus, greater than both ; and the heaven-piercing Alps and cloud-capped Apennines.

Then indeed does Phaëthon see the earth aflame on every hand ; he cannot endure the mighty heat, and the air he breathes is like the hot breath of a deep furnace. The chariot he feels growing white-hot beneath his feet. He can no longer bear the ashes and whirling sparks, and is completely shrouded in the dense, hot smoke. In this pitchy darkness he cannot tell where he is or whither he is going, and is swept along at the will of his flying steeds.

It was then, as men think, that the peoples of Aethiopia became black-skinned, since the blood was drawn to the surface of their bodies by the heat. Then also Libya became a desert, for the heat dried up her moisture. Then the nymphs with dishevelled hair bewailed their fountains and their pools. Boeotia mourns the loss of Dirce ; Argos, Amymone ; Corinth, her Pirenian spring. Nor do rivers, whose lot had given them more spacious channels, remain unscathed. The Don's waters steam ; old Peneus, too, Mysian Caïcus, and swift Ismenus ; and Arcadian Erymanthus, Xanthus, destined once again to burn ; tawny Lycormas, and Maeander, playing along upon its winding way ; Thracian Melas and Laconian Eurotas. Babylonian Euphrates burns ; Orontes burns, and swift Thermodon ; the Ganges, Phasis, Danube ; Alpheus boils ; Spercheos' banks are aflame. The golden sands of Tagus melt in the intense heat, and the swans, which had been wont to throng the Maeonian streams in tuneful company, are scorched in mid Caÿster. The Nile fled in terror to the ends of the earth, and hid its head, and it is hidden yet. The seven mouths lie empty, filled with dust ; seven

OVID

fors eadem Ismarios Hebrum cum Strymone siccant
 Hesperiosque amnes, Rhenum Rhodanumque
 Padumque

cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia, Thybrin.
 dissilit omne solum, penetratque in Tartara rimis 260
 lumen et infernum terret cum coniuge regem;
 et mare contrahitur siccaeque est campus harenae,
 quod modo pontus erat, quosque altum texerat
 aequor,

existunt montes et sparsas Cycladas augent.
 ima petunt pisces, nec se super aequora curvi 265
 tollere consuetas audent delphines in auras;
 corpora phocarum summo resupina profundo
 exanimata natant: ipsum quoque Nerea fama est
 Doridaque et natas tepidis latuisse sub antris.
 ter Neptunus aquis cum torvo bracchia vultu 270
 exserere ausus erat, ter non tulit aeris ignes.

Alma tamen Tellus, ut erat circumdata ponto,
 inter aquas pelagi contractosque undique fontes,
 qui se condiderant in opacae viscera matris,
 sustulit oppressos collo tenus arida vultus 275
 opposuitque manum fronti magnoque tremore
 omnia concutiens paullum subsedit et infra,
 quam solet esse, fuit sacraque ita voce locuta est:
 " si placet hoc meruique, quid o tua fulmina cessant,
 summe deum? liceat periturae viribus ignis 280
 igne perire tuo clademque auctore levare!
 vix equidem fauces haec ipsa in verba resolvo ";
 (presserat ora vapor) " tostos en adspice crines

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

broad channels, all without a stream. The same mischance dries up the Thracian rivers, Hebrus and Strymon; also the rivers of the west, the Rhine, Rhone, Po, and the Tiber, to whom had been promised the mastery of the world. Great cracks yawn everywhere, and the light, penetrating to the lower world, strikes terror into the infernal king and his consort. Even the sea shrinks up, and what was but now a great, watery expanse is a dry plain of sand. The mountains, which the deep sea had covered before, spring forth, and increase the numbers of the scattered Cyclades. The fish dive to the lowest depths, and the dolphins no longer dare to leap curving above the surface of the sea into their wonted air. The dead bodies of sea-calves float, with upturned belly, on the water's top. They say that Nereus himself and Doris and her daughters were hot as they lay hid in their caves. Thrice Neptune essayed to lift his arms and august face from out the water; thrice did he desist, unable to bear the fiery atmosphere.

Not so all-fostering Earth, who, encircled as she was by sea, amid the waters of the deep, amid her fast-contracting streams which had crowded into her dark bowels and hidden there, though parched by heat, heaved up her smothered face. Raising her shielding hand to her brow and causing all things to shake with her mighty trembling, she sank back a little lower than her wonted place, and then in awful tones she spoke: "If this is thy will, and I have deserved all this, why, O king of all the gods, are thy lightnings idle? If I must die by fire, oh, let me perish by thy fire and lighten my suffering by thought of him who sent it. I scarce can open my lips to speak these words"—the hot smoke was choking her—"See my

OVID

inque oculis tantum, tantum super ora favillae!
 hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem 285
 officiique refers, quod adunci vulnera aratri
 rastrorumque fero totoque exerceor anno,
 quod pecori frondes alimentaue mitia, fruges,
 humano generi, vobis quoque tura ministro?
 sed tamen exitium fac me meruisse: quid undae,
 quid meruit frater? cur illi tradita sorte 291
 aequora decrescunt et ab aethere longius absunt?
 quodsi nec fratris nec te mea gratia tangit,
 at caeli miserere tui! circumspice utrumque:
 fumat uterque polus! quos si vitiaverit ignis, 295
 atria vestra ruent! Atlans en ipse laborat
 vixque suis umeris candentem sustinet axem!
 si freta, si terrae pereunt, si regia caeli,
 in chaos antiquum confundimur! eripe flammis, 299
 si quid adhuc superest, et rerum consule summae! ”

Dixerat haec Tellus: neque enim tolerare vaporem
 ulterius potuit nec dicere plura suumque
 rettulit os in se propioraque manibus antra;
 at pater omnipotens, superos testatus et ipsum,
 qui dederat currus, nisi opem ferat, omnia fato 305
 interitura gravi, summam petit arduus arcem,
 unde solet nubes latis inducere terris,
 unde movet tonitrus vibrataque fulmina iactat;
 sed neque quas posset terris inducere nubes
 tunc habuit, nec quos caelo dimitteret imbres: 310
 intonat et dextra libratum fulmen ab aure
 misit in aurigam pariterque animaue rotisque

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

singed hair and all ashes in my eyes, all ashes over my face. Is this the return, this the reward thou payest of my fertility and dutifulness? that I bear the wounds of the crooked plow and mattock, tormented year in, year out? that I provide kindly pasturage for the flocks, grain for mankind, incense for the altars of the gods? But, grant that I have deserved destruction, what has the sea, what has thy brother done? Why are the waters which fell to him by the third lot so shrunken, and so much further from thy sky? But if no consideration for thy brother nor yet for me has weight with thee, at least have pity on thy own heavens. Look around: the heavens are smoking from pole to pole. If the fire shall weaken these, the homes of the gods will fall in ruins. See, Atlas himself is troubled and can scarce bear up the white-hot vault upon his shoulders. If the sea perish and the land and the realms of the sky, then are we hurled back to primeval chaos. Save from the flames whatever yet remains and take thought for the safety of the universe."

So spoke the Earth and ceased, for she could no longer endure the heat; and she retreated into herself and into the depths nearer the land of shades. But the Almighty Father, calling on the gods to witness and him above all who had given the chariot, that unless he bring aid all things will perish by a grievous doom, mounts on high to the top of heaven, whence it is his wont to spread the clouds over the broad lands, whence he stirs his thunders and flings his hurtling bolts. But now he has no clouds wherewith to overspread the earth, nor any rains to send down from the sky. He thundered, and, balancing in his right hand a bolt, flung it from beside the ear at the charioteer and hurled him from the car and from

OVID

expulit et saevis conpescuit ignibus ignes.
 consternantur equi et saltu in contraria facto
 colla iugo eripiunt abruptaque lora relinquunt : 315
 illic frena iacent, illic temone revulsus
 axis, in hac radii fractarum parte rotarum
 sparsaque sunt late laceri vestigia currus.

At Phaethon rutilos flamma populante capillos
 volvitur in praeceps longoque per aera tractu 320
 fertur, ut interdum de caelo stella sereno
 etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.
 quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe
 excipit Eridanus fumantiaque abluit ora.
 Naides Hesperiae trifida fumantia flamma 325
 corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum :

HIC · SITVS · EST · PHAETHON · CVRRVS · AVRIGA · PATERNI
 QVEM · SI · NON · TENVIT · MAGNIS · TAMEN · EXCIDIT · AVSIS

Nam pater obductos luctu miserabilis aegro
 condiderat vultus, et, si modo credimus, unum 330
 isse diem sine sole ferunt : incendia lumen
 praebabant aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.
 at Clymene postquam dixit, quaecumque fuerunt
 in tantis dicenda malis, lugubris et amens
 et laniata sinus totum percensuit orbem 335
 exanimesque artus primo, mox ossa requirens
 repperit ossa tamen peregrina condita ripa
 incubuitque loco nomenque in marmore lectum
 perfudit lacrimis et aperto pectore fovit.
 nec minus Heliades fletus et inania morti 340

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life as well, and thus quenched fire with blasting fire. The maddened horses leap apart, wrench their necks from the yoke, and break away from the parted reins. Here lie the reins, there the axle torn from the pole; in another place the spokes of the broken wheels, and fragments of the wrecked chariot are scattered far and wide.

But Phaëthon, fire ravaging his ruddy hair, is hurled headlong and falls with a long trail through the air; as sometimes a star from the clear heavens, although it does not fall, still seems to fall. Him far from his native land, in another quarter of the globe, Eridanus receives and bathes his steaming face. The Naiads in that western land consign his body, still smoking with the flames of that forked bolt, to the tomb and carve this epitaph upon his stone :

HERE PHAËTHON LIES : IN PHOEBUS' CAR HE FARED,
AND THOUGH HE GREATLY FAILED, MORE GREATLY DARED.

The wretched father, sick with grief, hid his face; and, if we are to believe report, one whole day went without the sun. But the burning world gave light, and so even in that disaster was there some service. But Clymene, after she had spoken whatever could be spoken in such woe, melancholy and distraught and tearing her breast, wandered over the whole earth, seeking first his lifeless limbs, then his bones; his bones at last she found, but buried on a river-bank in a foreign land. Here she prostrates herself upon the tomb, drenches the dear name carved in the marble with her tears, and fondles it against her breast. The Heliades, her daughters, join in her lamentation, and pour out their tears in useless tribute to the dead. With bruising hands beating

munera dant, lacrimas, et caesae pectora palmis
 non auditurum miseras Phaethonta querellas
 nocte dieque vocant adsternunturque sepulcro.
 luna quater iunctis inplerat cornibus orbem ;
 illae more suo (nam morem fecerat usus) 345
 plangorem dederant : e quis Phaethusa, sororum
 maxima, cum vellet terra procumbere, quæta est
 deriguisse pedes ; ad quam conata venire
 candida Lampetie subita radice retenta est ;
 tertia, cum crinem manibus laniare pararet, 350
 avellit frondes ; hæc stipite crura teneri,
 illa dolet fieri longos sua bracchia ramos,
 dumque ea mirantur, conplectitur inguina cortex
 perque gradus uterum pectusque umerosque manusque
 ambit, et exstabant tantum ora vocantia matrem. 355
 quid faciat mater, nisi, quo trahat inpetus illam,
 huc eat atque illuc et, dum licet, oscula iungat ?
 non satis est : truncis avellere corpora temptat
 et teneros manibus ramos abrumpit, at inde
 sanguineae manant tamquam de vulnere guttae. 360
 “parce, precor, mater,” quaecumque est saucia, clamat,
 “parce, precor : nostrum laceratur in arbore corpus
 iamque vale ”—cortex in verba novissima venit.
 inde fluunt lacrimae, stillataque sole rigescunt
 de ramis electra novis, quae lucidus amnis 365
 excipit et nuribus mittit gestanda Latinis.

Adfuit huic monstro proles Stheneleia Cygnus,
 qui tibi materno quamvis a sanguine iunctus,
 mente tamen, Phaethon, propior fuit. ille relicto

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

their naked breasts, they call night and day upon their brother, who nevermore will hear their sad laments, and prostrate themselves upon his sepulchre. Four times had the moon with waxing crescents reached her full orb; but they, as was their habit (for use had established habit), were mourning still. Then one day the eldest, Phaëthus, when she would throw herself upon the grave, complained that her feet had grown cold and stark; and when the fair Lampetia tried to come to her, she was held fast as by sudden roots. A third, making to tear her hair, found her hands plucking at foliage. One complained that her ankles were encased in wood, another that her arms were changing to long branches. And while they look on those things in amazement bark closes round their loins, and, by degrees, their waists, breasts, shoulders, hands; and all that was free were their lips calling upon their mother. What can the frantic mother do but run, as impulse carries her, now here, now there, and print kisses on their lips? That is not enough: she tries to tear away the bark from their bodies and breaks off slender twigs with her hands. But as she does this bloody drops trickle forth as from a wound. And each one, as she is wounded, cries out: "Oh, spare me, mother; spare, I beg you. 'Tis my body that you are tearing in the tree. And now farewell"—the bark closed over her latest words. Still their tears flow on, and these tears, hardened into amber by the sun, drop down from the new-made trees. The clear river receives them and bears them onward, one day to be worn by the brides of Rome.

Cyrenus, the son of Sthenelus, was a witness of this miracle. Though he was kin to you, O Phaëthon, by his mother's blood, he was more closely joined in

(nam Ligurum populos et magnas rexerat urbes) 370
 imperio ripas virides amnemque querellis
 Eridanum inplerat silvamque sororibus auctam,
 cum vox est tenuata viro canaeque capillos
 dissimulant plumae collumque a pectore longe
 porrigitur digitosque ligat iunctura rubentis, 375
 penna latus velat, tenet os sine acumine rostrum.
 fit nova Cygnus avis nec se caeloque Iovique
 tradit, ut iniuste missi memor ignis ab illo ;
 stagna petit patulosque lacus ignemque perosus
 quae colat elegit contraria flumina flammis. 380

Squalidus interea genitor Phaethontis et expers
 ipse sui decoris, qualis, cum deficit orbem,
 esse solet, lucemque odit seque ipse diemque
 datque animum in luctus et luctibus adicit iram
 officiumque negat mundo. "satis" inquit "abaevi 385
 sors mea principiis fuit inrequieta, pigetque
 actorum sine fine mihi, sine honore laborum !
 quilibet alter agat portantes lumina currus !
 si nemo est omnesque dei non posse fatentur,
 ipse agat ut saltem, dum nostras temptat habenas, 390
 orbaturo patres aliquando fulmina ponat !
 tum sciet ignipedum vires expertus equorum
 non meruisse necem, qui non bene rexerit illos."

Talia dicentem circumstant omnia Solem
 numina, neve velit tenebras inducere rebus, 395
 supplice voce rogant; missos quoque Iuppiter
 ignes
 excusat precibusque minas regaliter addit.

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affection. He, abandoning his kingdom—for he ruled over the peoples and great cities of Liguria—went weeping and lamenting along the green banks of the Eridanus, and through the woods which the sisters had increased. And as he went his voice became thin and shrill; white plumage hid his hair and his neck stretched far out from his breast. A web-like membrane joined his reddened fingers, wings clothed his sides, and a blunt beak his mouth. So Cynus became a strange new bird—the swan. But he did not trust himself to the upper air and Jove, since he remembered the fiery bolt which the god had unjustly hurled. His favourite haunts were the still pools and spreading lakes; and, hating fire, he chose the water for his home, as the opposite of flame.

Meanwhile Phoebus sits in gloomy mourning garb, shorn of his brightness, just as when he is darkened by eclipse. He hates himself and the light of day, gives over his soul to grief, to grief adds rage, and refuses to do service to the world. “Enough,” he says; “from time’s beginning has my lot been unrestful; I am weary of my endless and unrequited toils. Let any else who chooses drive the chariot of light. If no one will, and all the gods confess that it is beyond their power, let Jove himself do it, that, sometime at least, while he essays to grasp my reins, he may lay aside the bolts that are destined to rob fathers of their boys. Then will he know, when he has himself tried the strength of those fiery-footed steeds, that he who failed to guide them well did not deserve death.”

As he thus speaks all the gods stand around him, and beg him humbly not to plunge the world in darkness. Jove himself seeks to excuse the bolt he hurled, and to his prayers adds threats in royal style.

OVID

colligit amentes et adhuc terrore paventes
 Phoebus equos stimuloque dolens et verbere saevit;
 saevit, erum¹ natumque obiectat et inputat illis. 400

At pater omnipotens ingentia moenia caeli
 circuit et, ne quid labefactum viribus ignis
 corruat, explorat. quae postquam firma suique
 roboris esse videt, terras hominumque labores
 perspicit. Arcadiae tamen est inpensior illi 405
 cura suae: fontesque et nondum audentia labi
 flumina restituit, dat terrae gramina, frondes
 arboribus, laesasque iubet revirescere silvas.
 dum redit itque frequens, in virgine Nonacrina
 haesit, et accepti caluere sub ossibus ignes. 410

non erat huius opus lanam mollire trahendo
 nec positu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos;
 et modo leve manu iaculum, modo sumpserat
 arcum,

miles erat Phoebes: nec Maenalon attigit ulla 415
 gratior hac Triviae; sed nulla potentia longa est.

Ulterius medio spatium sol altus habebat,
 cum subit illa nemus, quod nulla ceciderat aetas;
 exuit hic umero pharetram lentosque retendit
 arcus inque solo, quod texerat herba, iacebat 420
 et pictam posita pharetram cervice premebat.
 Iuppiter ut vidit fessam et custode vacantem,
 “ hoc certe furtum coniunx mea nesciet ” inquit,
 “ aut si rescierit, sunt, o sunt iurgia tanti! ”

¹ erum *Merkel*: enim *MSS*.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

Then Phoebus yokes his team again, wild and trembling still with fear; and, in his grief, fiercely plies them with lash and goad, fiercely he plies them, reproaching and taxing them with the death of their master, his son.

But now the Almighty Father makes a round of the great battlements of heaven and examines to see if anything has been loosened by the might of fire. When he sees that these are firm with their immortal strength, he inspects the earth and the affairs of men. Yet Arcadia, above all, is his more earnest care. He restores her springs and rivers, which hardly dare as yet to flow; he gives grass again to the ground, leaves to the trees, and bids the damaged forests grow green again. And as he came and went upon his tasks he chanced to see a certain Arcadian nymph, and straightway the fire he caught grew hot to his very marrow. She had no need to spin soft wools nor to arrange her hair in studied elegance. A simple brooch fastened her gown and a white fillet held her loose-flowing hair. And in this garb, now with a spear, and now a bow in her hand, was she arrayed as one of Phoebe's warriors. Nor was any nymph who roamed over the slopes of Maenalus in higher favour with her goddess than was she. But no favour is of long duration.

The sun was high o'erhead, just beyond his zenith, when the nymph entered the forest that all years had left unfelled. Here she took her quiver from her shoulder, unstrung her tough bow, and lay down upon the grassy ground, with her head pillowed on her painted quiver. When Jove saw her there, tired out and unprotected: "Here, surely," he said, "my consort will know nothing of my guile; or if she learn it, well bought are taunts at such a price."

OVID

protinus induitur faciem cultumque Dianae 425
 atque ait: " o comitum, virgo, pars una mearum,
 in quibus es venata iugis? " de caespite virgo
 se levat et " salve numen, me iudice " dixit,
 " audiat ipse licet, maius Iove." ridet et audit
 et sibi praeferri se gaudet et oscula iungit, 430
 nec moderata satis nec sic a virgine danda.
 qua venata foret silva, narrare parantem
 inpedit amplexu nec se sine crimine prodit.
 illa quidem contra, quantum modo femina posset
 (adspiceres utinam, Saturnia, mitior esses), 435
 illa quidem pugnat, sed quem superare puella,
 quisve Iovem poterat? superum petit aethera victor
 Iuppiter: huic odio nemus est et conscia silva;
 unde pedem referens paene est oblita pharetram
 tollere cum telis et quem suspenderat arcum. 440
 Ecce, suo comitata choro Dictynna per altum
 Maenalon ingrediens et caede superba ferarum
 adspicit hanc visamque vocat: clamata refugit
 et timuit primo, ne Iuppiter esset in illa;
 sed postquam pariter nymphas incedere vidit, 445
 sensit abesse dolos numerumque accessit ad harum.
 heu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!
 vix oculos attollit humo nec, ut ante solebat,
 iuncta deae lateri nec toto est agmine prima,
 sed silet et laesi dat signa rubore pudoris; 450
 et, nisi quod virgo est, poterat sentire Diana
 mille notis culpam: nymphae sensisse feruntur.
 orbe resurgebant lunaria cornua nono,

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Straightway he put on the features and dress of Diana and said: "Dear maid, best loved of all my followers, where hast thou been hunting to-day?" The maiden arose from her grassy couch and said: "Hail thou, my goddess, greater far than Jove, I say, though he himself should hear." Jove laughed to hear her, rejoicing to be prized more highly than himself; and he kissed her lips, not modestly, nor as a maiden kisses. When she began to tell him in what woods her hunt had been, he broke in upon her story with an embrace, and by this outrage betrayed himself. She, in truth, struggled against him with all her girlish might—hadst thou been there to see, Saturnia, thy judgment were more kind!—but whom could a girl o'ercome, or who could prevail against Jove? Jupiter won the day, and went back to the sky; she loathed the forest and the woods that knew her secret. As she retraced her path she almost forgot to take up the quiver with its arrows, and the bow she had hung up.

But see, Diana, with her train of nymphs, approaches along the slopes of Maenalus, proud of her trophies of the chase. She sees our maiden and calls to her. At first she flees in fear, lest this should be Jove in disguise again. But when she sees the other nymphs coming too, she is reassured and joins the band. Alas, how hard it is not to betray a guilty conscience in the face! She walks with downcast eyes, not, as was her wont, close to her goddess, and leading all the rest. Her silence and her blushes give clear tokens of her plight; and, were not Diana herself a maid, she could know her guilt by a thousand signs; it is said that the nymphs knew it. Nine times since then the crescent moon had grown full orb'd, when the goddess, worn with the chase and

OVID

cum dea venatu fraternis languida flammis,
 nacta nemus gelidum, de quo cum murmure labens
 ibat et attritas versabat rivus harenas. 456

ut loca laudavit, summas pede contigit undas;
 his quoque laudatis "procul est" ait "arbiter omnis:
 nuda superfusis tinguamus corpora lymphis!"

Parrhasis erubuit; cunctae velamina ponunt; 460
 una moras quaerit: dubitanti vestis adempta est,
 qua posita nudo patuit cum corpore crimen.

attonitae manibusque uterum celare volenti
 "i procul hinc" dixit "nec sacros pollue fontis!"
 Cynthia deque suo iussit secedere coetu. 465

Senserat hoc olim magni matrona Tonantis
 distuleratque graves in idonea tempora poenas.
 causa morae nulla est, et iam puer Arcas (id ipsum
 indoluit Iuno) fuerat de paelice natus.

quo simul obvertit saevam cum lumine mentem, 470
 "scilicet hoc etiam restabat, adultera" dixit,
 "ut fecunda fores, fieretque iniuria partu
 nota, Iovisque mei testatum dedecus esset.

haud inpune feres: adimam tibi namque figuram,
 qua tibi, quaque places nostro, inportuna, marito."
 dixit et adversam prensis a fronte capillis 476

stravit humi pronam. tendebat bracchia supplex:
 bracchia coeperunt nigris horrescere villis
 curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in unguis
 officioque pedum fungi laudataque quondam 480
 ora Iovi lato fieri deformia rictu.

neve preces animos et verba precantia flectant,
 posse loqui eripitur: vox iracunda minaxque
 plenaque terroris rauco de gutture fertur;

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overcome by the hot sun's rays, came to a cool grove through which a gently murmuring stream flowed over its smooth sands. The place delighted her and she dipped her feet into the water. Delighted too with this, she said to her companions: "Come, no one is near to see; let us disrobe and bathe us in the brook." The Arcadian blushed, and, while all the rest obeyed, she only sought excuses for delay. But her companions forced her to comply, and there her shame was openly confessed. As she stood terror-stricken, vainly striving to hide her state, Diana cried: "Begone! and pollute not our sacred pool"; and so expelled her from her company.

The great Thunderer's wife had known all this long since; but she had put off her vengeance until a fitting time. And now that time was come; for, to add a sting to Juno's hate, a boy, Arcas, had been born of her rival. Whereto when she turned her angry mind and her angry eyes, "See there!" she cried, "nothing was left, adulteress, than to breed a son, and publish my wrong by his birth, a living witness to my lord's shame. But thou shalt suffer for it. Yea, for I will take away thy beauty wherewith thou dost delight thyself, forward girl, and him who is my husband." So saying, she caught her by the hair full in front and flung her face-foremost to the ground. And when the girl stretched out her arms in prayer for mercy, her arms began to grow rough with black shaggy hair; her hands changed into feet tipped with sharp claws; and her lips, which but now Jove had praised, were changed to broad, ugly jaws; and, that she might not move him with entreating prayers, her power of speech was taken from her, and only a harsh, terrifying growl came hoarsely from her throat. Still her human feelings remained, though

OVID

mens antiqua manet, (facta quoque mansit in ursa)
 adsiduoque suos gemitu testata dolores 486
 qualescumque manus ad caelum et sidera tollit
 ingratumque Iovem, nequeat cum dicere, sentit.

a! quotiens, sola non ausa quiescere silva,
 ante domum quondamque suis erravit in agris! 490
 a! quotiens per saxa canum latratibus acta est
 venatrixque metu venantum territa fugit!
 saepe feris latuit visis, oblita quid esset,
 ursaque conspectos in montibus horruit ursos
 pertimuitque lupos, quamvis pater esset in illis. 495

Ecce Lycaoniae proles ignara parentis,
 Arcas adest ter quinque fere natalibus actis;
 dumque feras sequitur, dum saltus eligit aptos
 nexilibusque plagis silvas Erymanthidas ambit,
 incidit in matrem, quae restitit Arcade viso 500
 et cognoscenti similis fuit: ille refugit
 inmotosque oculos in se sine fine tenentem
 nescius extimuit propiusque accedere aventi
 vulnifico fuerat fixurus pectora telo:
 arcuit omnipotens pariterque ipsosque nefasque 505
 sustulit et pariter raptos per inania vento
 inposuit caelo vicinaque sidera fecit.

Intumuit Iuno, postquam inter sidera paelex
 fulsit, et ad canam descendit in aequora Tethyn
 Oceanumque senem, quorum reverentia movit 510
 saepe deos, causamque viae scitantibus infit:
 “ quaeritis, aetheriis quare regina deorum

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

she was now a bear; with constant moanings she shows her grief, stretches up such hands as are left her to the heavens, and, though she cannot speak, still feels the ingratitude of Jove. Ah, how often, not daring to lie down in the lonely woods, she wandered before her home and in the fields that had once been hers! How often was she driven over the rocky ways by the baying of hounds and, huntress though she was, fled in affright before the hunters! Often she hid at sight of the wild beasts, forgetting what she was; and, though herself a bear, shuddered at sight of other bears which she saw on the mountain-slopes. She even feared the wolves, although her own father, Lycaon, ran with the pack.

And now Arcas, Lycaon's grandson, had reached his fifteenth year, ignorant of his mother's plight. While he was hunting the wild beasts, seeking out their favourite haunts, hemming the Arcadian woods with his close-wrought nets, he chanced upon his mother, who stopped still at sight of Arcas, and seemed like one that recognized him. He shrank back at those unmoving eyes that were fixed for ever upon him, and feared he knew not what; and when she tried to come nearer, he was just in the act of piercing her breast with his wound-dealing spear. But the Omnipotent stayed his hand, and together he removed both themselves and the crime, and together caught up through the void in a whirlwind, he set them in the heavens and made them neighbouring stars.

Then indeed did Juno's wrath wax hotter still when she saw her rival shining in the sky, and straight went down to Tethys, venerable goddess of the sea, and to old Ocean, whom oft the gods hold in reverence. When they asked her the cause of her coming, she began: "Do you ask me why I, the

OVID

sedibus huc adsim? pro me tenet altera caelum!
 mentior, obscurum nisi nox cum fecerit orbem,
 nuper honoratas summo, mea vulnera, caelo 515
 videritis stellas illic, ubi circulus axem
 ultimus extremum spatioque brevissimus ambit.
 et vero quisquam Iunonem laedere nolit
 offensamque tremat, quae prosum sola nocendo? 519
 o ego quantum egi! quam vasta potentia nostra est!
 esse hominem vetui: facta est dea! sic ego poenas
 sontibus inpono, sic est mea magna potestas!
 vindicet antiquam faciem vultusque ferinos
 detrahat, Argolica quod in ante Phoronide fecit
 cur non et pulsa ducit Iunone meoque 525
 collocat in thalamo socerumque Lycaona sumit?
 at vos si laesae tangit contemptus alumnae,
 gurgite caeruleo septem prohibete triones
 sideraque in caelo stupri mercede recepta
 pellite, ne puro tinguatur in aequore paelex! ” 530

Di maris adnuerant: habili Saturnia curru
 ingreditur liquidum pavonibus aethera pictis,
 tam nuper pictis caeso pavonibus Argo,
 quam tu nuper eras, cum candidus ante fuisses,
 corve loquax, subito nigrantis versus in alas. 535
 nam fuit haec quondam niveis argentea pennis
 ales, ut aequaret totas sine labe columbas,
 nec servaturis vigili Capitolia voce
 cederet anseribus nec amanti flumina cygno.
 lingua fuit damno: lingua faciente loquaci 540
 qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

queen of heaven, am here? Another queen has usurped my heaven. Count my word false if to-night, when darkness has obscured the sky, you see not new constellations fresh set, to outrage me, in the place of honour in highest heaven, where the last and shortest circle encompasses the utmost pole. And is there any reason now why anyone should hesitate to insult Juno and should fear my wrath, who do but help where I would harm? Oh, what great things have I accomplished! What unbounded power is mine! She whom I drove out of human form has now become a goddess. So do I punish those who wrong me! Such is my vaunted might! It only remains for him to release her from her bestial form and restore her former features, as he did once before in Argive Io's case. Why, now that I am deposed, should he not wed and set her in my chamber, and become Lycaon's son-in-law? But do you, if the insult to your foster-child moves you, debar these bears from your green pools, disown stars which have gained heaven at the price of shame, and let not that harlot bathe in your pure stream."

The gods of the sea granted her prayer, and Saturnia, mounting her swift chariot, was borne back through the yielding air by her gaily decked peacocks, peacocks but lately decked with the slain Argus' eyes, at the same time that thy plumage, talking raven, though white before, had been suddenly changed to black. For he had once been a bird of silvery-white plumage, so that he rivalled the spotless doves, nor yielded to the geese which one day were to save the Capitol with their watchful cries, nor to the river-loving swan. But his tongue was his undoing. Through his tongue's fault the talking bird, which once was white, was now the opposite of white.

OVID

Pulchrior in tota quam Larisaea Coronis
 non fuit Haemonia : placuit tibi, Delphice, certe,
 dum vel casta fuit vel inobservata, sed ales
 sensit adulterium Phoebeius, utque latentem 545
 detegeret culpam, non exorabilis index,
 ad dominum tendebat iter. quem garrula motis
 consequitur pennis, scitetur ut omnia, cornix
 auditaque viae causa “ non utile carpis ”
 inquit “ iter: ne sperne meae praesagia linguae! 550
 quid fuerim quid simque vide meritumque require :
 invenies nocuisse fidem. nam tempore quodam
 Pallas Erichthonium, prolem sine matre creatam,
 clauserat Actaeo texta de vimine cista
 virginibusque tribus gemino de Cecrope natis 555
 et legem dederat, sua ne secreta viderent.
 abdita fronde levi densa specularar ab ulmo,
 quid facerent : commissa duae sine fraude tuentur,
 Pandrosos atque Herse ; timidus vocat una sorores
 Aglauros nodosque manu diducit, et intus 560
 infantemque vident adporrectumque draconem.
 acta deae refero. pro quo mihi gratia talis
 redditur, ut dicar tutela pulsa Minervae
 et ponar post noctis avem ! mea poena volucres
 admonuisse potest, ne voce pericula quaerant. 565
 at, puto, non ultro nequiquam tale rogantem
 me petiit !—ipsa licet hoc a Pallade quaeras :
 quamvis irata est, non hoc irata negabit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

In all Thessaly there was no fairer maid than Coronis of Larissa. She surely found favour in thy eyes, O Delphic god, so long as she was chaste—or undetected. But the bird of Phoebus discovered her unchastity, and was posting with all speed, hard-hearted tell-tale, to his master to disclose the sin he had spied out. The gossiping crow followed him on flapping wings and asked the news. But when he heard the real object of the trip he said: “’Tis no profitable journey you are taking, my friend. Scorn not the forewarning of my tongue. See what I used to be and what I am now, and then ask the reason for it. You will find that good faith was my undoing. Once upon a time a child was born, named Erichthonius, a child without a mother. Him Pallas hid in a box woven of Actæan osiers, and gave this to the three daughters of double-shaped Cecrops, with the strict command not to look upon her secret. Hidden in the light leaves that grew thick over an elm, I set myself to watch what they would do. Two of the girls, Pandrosos and Herse, watched the box in good faith, but the third, Aglauros, called her sisters cowards, and with her hand undid the fastenings. And within they saw a baby-boy and a snake stretched out beside him. I went and betrayed them to the goddess, and for my pains I was turned out of my place as Minerva’s attendant and put after the bird of night! My punishment ought to be a warning to all birds not to invite trouble by talking too much. But perhaps (do you say?) she did not seek me out of her own accord, when I asked no such thing? Well, you may ask Pallas herself. Though she be angry with me now, she will not deny that, for all her anger. It is a well-known story. I once was a king’s daughter, child of the famous

OVID

nam me Phocaica clarus tellure Coroneus
 (nota loquor) genuit, fueramque ego regia virgo 570
 divitibusque procis (ne me contemne) petebar :
 forma mihi nocuit. nam cum per litora lentis
 passibus, ut soleo, summa spatiarer harena,
 vidit et incaluit pelagi deus, utque precando
 tempora cum blandis absumpsit inania verbis, 575
 vim parat et sequitur. fugio densumque relinquo
 litus et in molli nequiquam lassor harena.
 inde deos hominesque voco ; nec contigit ullum
 vox mea mortalem : mota est pro virgine virgo
 auxiliumque tulit. tendebam bracchia caelo : 580
 bracchia coeperunt levibus nigrescere pennis ;
 reicere ex umeris vestem molibar, at illa
 pluma erat inque cutem radices egerat imas ;
 plangere nuda meis conabar pectora palmis,
 sed neque iam palmas nec pectora nuda gerebam ;
 currebam, nec, ut ante, pedes retinebat harena, 586
 sed summa tollebar humo ; mox alta per auras
 evehor et data sum comes inculpata Minervae.
 quid tamen hoc prodest, si diro facta volucris
 crimine Nyctimene nostro successit honori ? 590
 an quae per totam res est notissima Lesbon,
 non audita tibi est, patrium temerasse cubile
 Nyctimenen ? avis illa quidem, sed conscia culpae
 conspectum lucemque fugit tenebrisque pudorem
 celat et a cunctis expellitur aethere toto.” 595
 Talia dicenti “ tibi ” ait “ revocamina ” corvus
 “ sint, precor, ista malo : nos vanum spernimus omen.”

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

Coroneus in the land of Phocis, and—nay, scorn me not—rich suitors sought me in marriage. But my beauty proved my bane. For once, while I paced, as is my wont, along the shore with slow steps over the sand's top, the god of the ocean saw me and grew hot. And when his prayers and coaxing words proved but waste of time, he offered force and pursued. I ran from him, leaving the hard-packed beach, and was quickly worn out, but all to no purpose, in the soft sand beyond. Then I cried out for help to gods and men, but my cries reached no mortal ear. But the virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer and came to my aid. I was stretching my arms to heaven, when my arms began to darken with light feathers. I strove to cast my mantle from my shoulders, but it was feathers, too, which had already struck their roots deep into my skin. I tried to beat my bare breasts with my hands, but I found I had now neither breasts nor hands. I would run; and now the sand did not retard my feet as before, but I skimmed lightly along the top of the ground, and soon I floated on the air, soaring high; and so I was given to Minerva to be her blameless comrade. But of what use was that to me, if, after all, Nyctimene, who was changed into a bird because of her vile sins, has been put in my place? Or have you not heard the tale all Lesbos knows too well, how Nyctimene outraged the sanctity of her father's bed? And, bird though she now is, still, conscious of her guilt, she flees the sight of men and light of day, and tries to hide her shame in darkness, outcast by all from the whole radiant sky."

In reply to all this the raven said: "On your own head, I pray, be the evil that warning portends; I scorn the idle presage," continued on his way to his

OVID

nec coeptum dimittit iter dominoque iacentem
 cum iuvene Haemonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
 laurea delapsa est audito crimine amantis, 600
 et pariter vultusque deo plectrumque colorque
 excidit, utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira,
 arma adsueta capit flexumque a cornibus arcum
 tendit et illa suo totiens cum pectore iuncta
 indevitato traiecit pectora telo. 605
 icta dedit gemitum tractoque a corpore ferro
 candida puniceo perfudit membra cruore
 et dixit: " potui poenas tibi, Phoebe, dedisse,
 sed peperisse prius; duo nunc moriemur in una."
 hactenus, et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit; 610
 corpus inane animae frigus letale secutum est.

Paenitet heu! sero poenae crudelis amantem,
 seque, quod audierit, quod sic exarserit, odit;
 odit avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi
 scire coactus erat, nec non arcumque manumque 615
 odit cumque manu temeraria tela sagittas
 conlapsamque fovet seraque ope vincere fata
 nititur et medicas exercet inaniter artes.
 quae postquam frustra temptata rogumque parari
 vidit et arsueros supremis ignibus artus, 620
 tum vero gemitus (neque enim caelestia tingui
 ora licet lacrimis) alto de corde petitos
 edidit, haud aliter quam cum spectante iuvenca
 lactentis vituli dextra libratus ab aure
 tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu. 625

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

master, and then told him that he had seen Coronis lying beside the youth of Thessaly. When that charge was heard the laurel glided from the lover's head; together countenance and colour changed, and the quill dropped from the hand of the god. And as his heart became hot with swelling anger he seized his accustomed arms, strung his bent bow from the horns, and transfixed with unerring shaft the bosom which had been so often pressed to his own. The smitten maid groaned in agony, and, as the arrow was drawn out, her white limbs were drenched with her red blood. " 'Twas right, O Phoebus," she said, " that I should suffer thus from you, but first I should have borne my child. But now two of us shall die in one." And while she spoke her life ebbed out with her streaming blood, and soon her body, its life all spent, lay cold in death.

The lover, alas! too late repents his cruel act; he hates himself because he listened to the tale and was so quick to break out in wrath. He hates the bird by which he has been compelled to know the offence that brought his grief; bow and hand he hates, and with that hand the hasty arrows too. He fondles the fallen girl, and too late tries to bring help and to conquer fate; but his healing arts are exercised in vain. When his efforts were of no avail, and he saw the pyre made ready with the funeral fires which were to consume her limbs, then indeed—for the cheeks of the heavenly gods may not be wet with tears—from his deep heart he uttered piteous groans; such groans as the young cow utters when before her eyes the hammer high poised from beside the right ear crashes with its resounding blow through the hollow temples of her suckling calf. The god pours fragrant incense on her unconscious breast, gives her

OVID

ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores
 et dedit amplexus iniustaque iusta peregit,
 non tulit in cineres labi sua Phoebus eosdem
 semina, sed natum flammis uteroque parentis
 eripuit geminique tulit Chironis in antrum, 630
 sperantemque sibi non falsae praemia linguae
 inter aves albas vetuit consistere corvum.

Semifer interea divinae stirpis alumno
 laetus erat mixtoque oneri gaudebat honore ;
 ecce venit rutilus umeros protecta capillis 635
 filia centauri, quam quandam nympa Chariclo
 fluminis in rapidi ripis enisa vocavit
 Ocyroen : non haec artes contenta paternas
 edidicisse fuit, fatorum arcana canebat.
 ergo ubi vaticinos concepit mente furores 640
 incaluitque deo, quem clausum pectore habebat,
 adspicit infantem “ toto ” que “ salutifer orbi
 cresce, puer ! ” dixit ; “ tibi se mortalia saepe
 corpora debebunt, animas tibi reddere ademptas
 fas erit, idque semel dis indignantibus ausus 645
 posse dare hoc iterum flamma prohibebere avita,
 eque deo corpus fies exsanguie deusque,
 qui modo corpus eras, et bis tua fata novabis.
 tu quoque, care pater, nunc immortalis et aevis
 omnibus ut maneat nascendi lege creatus, 650
 posse mori cupies, tum cum cruciabere dirae
 sanguine serpentis per saucia membra recepto ;
 teque ex aeterno patientem numina mortis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

the last embrace, and performs all the fit offices unfitly for the dead. But that his own son should perish in the same funeral fires he cannot brook. He snatched the unborn child from his mother's womb and from the devouring flames, and bore him for safe keeping to the cave of two-formed Chiron. But the raven, which had hoped only for reward from his truth-telling, he forbad to take their place among white birds.

Meantime the Centaur was rejoicing in his foster-child of heavenly stock, glad at the honour which the task brought with it, when lo! there comes his daughter, her shoulders overmantled with red-gold locks, whom once the nymph, Chariclo, bearing her to him upon the banks of the swift stream, had called thereafter Ocyrhoë. She was not satisfied to have learnt her father's art, but she sang prophecy. So when she felt in her soul the prophetic madness, and was warmed by the divine fire prisoned in her breast, she looked upon the child and cried: "O child, health-bringer to the whole world, speed thy growth. Often shall mortal bodies owe their lives to thee, and to thee shall it be counted right to restore the spirits of the departed. But having dared this once in scorn of the gods, from power to give life a second time thou shalt be stayed by thy grandsire's lightning. So, from a god shalt thou become but a lifeless corpse; but from this corpse shalt thou again become a god and twice renew thy fates. Thou also, dear father, who art now immortal and destined by the law of thy birth to last through all the ages, shalt some day long for power to die, when thou shalt be in agony with all thy limbs burning with the fatal Hydra's blood. But at last, from immortal the gods shall make thee capable

OVID

efficient, triplicesque deae tua fila resolvent.”
 restabat fatis aliquid: suspirat ab imis 655
 pectoribus, lacrimaeque genis labuntur abortae,
 atque ita “ praevertunt ” inquit “ me fata, vectorque
 plura loqui, vocisque meae praecluditur usus.
 non fuerant artes tanti, quae numinis iram
 contraxere mihi: mallet nescisse futura! 660
 iam mihi subduci facies humana videtur,
 iam cibus herba placet, iam latis currere campis
 impetus est: in equam cognataque corpora vertor.
 tota tamen quare? pater est mihi nempe biformis.”
 talia dicenti pars est extrema querellae 665
 intellecta parum confusaque verba fuerunt;
 mox nec verba quidem nec equae sonus ille videtur
 sed simulantis equam, parvoque in tempore certos
 edidit hinnitus et brachia movit in herbas.
 tum digiti coeunt et quinos alligat ungues 670
 perpetuo cornu levis ungula, crescit et oris
 et colli spatium, longae pars maxima pallae
 cauda fit, utque vagi crines per colla iacebant,
 in dextras abiere iubas, pariterque novata est
 et vox et facies; nomen quoque monstra dedere. 675

Flebat opemque tuam frustra Philyreius heros,
 Delphice, poscebat. nam nec rescindere magni
 iussa Iovis poteras, nec, si rescindere posses,
 tunc aderas: Elim Messeniaque arva colebas.
 illud erat tempus, quo te pastoria pellis 680
 textit, onusque fuit baculum silvestre sinistrae,
 alterius dispar septenis fistula cannis.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

of death, and the three goddesses shall loose thy thread." Still other fates remained to tell; but suddenly she sighed deeply, and with flowing tears said: "The fates forestall me and forbid me to speak more. My power of speech fails me. Not worth the cost were those arts which have brought down the wrath of heaven upon me. I would that I had never known the future. Now my human shape seems to be passing. Now grass pleases as food; now I am eager to race around the broad pastures. I am turning into a mare, my kindred shape. But why completely? Surely my father is half human." Even while she spoke, the last part of her complaint became scarce understood and her words were all confused. Soon they seemed neither words nor yet the sound of a horse, but as of one trying to imitate a horse. At last she clearly whinnied and her arms became legs and moved along the ground. Her fingers drew together and one continuous light hoof of horn bound together the five nails of her hand. Her mouth enlarged, her neck was extended, the train of her gown became a tail; and her locks as they lay roaming over her neck were become a mane on the right side. Now was she changed alike in voice and feature; and this new wonder gave her a new name as well.

The half-divine son of Philyra wept and vainly called on thee for aid, O lord of Delphi. For thou couldst not revoke the edict of mighty Jove, nor, if thou couldst, wast thou then at hand. In those days thou wast dwelling in Elis and the Messenian fields. Thy garment was a shepherd's cloak, thy staff a stout stick from the wood, and a pipe made of seven unequal reeds was in thy hand. And while thy thoughts were all of love, and while thou didst

OVID

dumque amor est curae, dum te tua fistula mulcet,
 incustoditae Pylios memorantur in agros
 processisse boves : videt has Atlantide Maia 685
 natus et arte sua silvis occultat abactas.
 senserat hoc furtum nemo nisi notus in illo
 rure senex ; Battum vicinia tota vocabat.
 divitis hic saltus herbosaque pascua Nelei
 nobiliumque greges custos servabat equarum. 690
 hunc timuit blandaque manu seduxit et illi
 “ quisquis es, hospes ” ait, “ si forte armenta requiret
 haec aliquis, vidisse nega neu gratia facto
 nulla rependatur, nitidam cape praemia vaccam ! ”
 et dedit. accepta voces hac reddidit hospes : 695
 “ tutus eas ! lapis iste prius tua furta loquetur, ”
 et lapidem ostendit. simulat Iove natus abire ;
 mox redit et versa pariter cum voce figura
 “ rustice, vidisti si quas hoc limite ” dixit
 “ ire boves, fer opem furtoque silentia deme ! 700
 iuncta suo pariter dabitur tibi femina tauro.”
 at senior, postquam est merces geminata, “ sub illis
 montibus ” inquit “ erunt, ” et erant sub montibus illis.
 risit Atlantiades et “ me mihi, perfide, prodis ?
 me mihi prodis ? ” ait periuraque pectora vertit 705
 in durum silicem, qui nunc quoque dicitur index,
 inque nihil merito vetus est infamia saxo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

discourse sweetly on the pipe, the cattle thou wast keeping strayed, 'tis said, all unguarded into the Pylian fields. There Maia's son spied them, and by his native craft drove them into the woods and hid them there. Nobody saw the theft except one old man well known in that neighbourhood, called Battus by all the countryside. He, as a hired servant of the wealthy Neleus, was watching a herd of blooded mares in the glades and rich pasture-fields thereabouts. Mercury feared his tattling and, drawing him aside with cajoling hand, said: "Whoever you are, my man, if anyone should chance to ask you if you have seen any cattle going by here, say that you have not; and, that your kindness may not go unrewarded, you may choose out a sleek heifer for your pay"; and he gave him the heifer forthwith. The old man took it and replied: "Go on, stranger, and feel safe. That stone will tell of your thefts sooner than I"; and he pointed out a stone. The son of Jove pretended to go away, but soon came back with changed voice and form, and said: "My good fellow, if you have seen any cattle going along this way, help me out, and don't refuse to tell about it, for they were stolen. I'll give you a cow and a bull into the bargain if you'll tell." The old man, tempted by the double reward, said: "You'll find them over there at the foot of that mountain." And there, true enough, they were. Mercury laughed him to scorn and said: "Would you betray me to myself, you rogue? me to my very face?" So saying, he turned the faithless fellow into a flinty stone, which even to this day is called touch-stone; and the old reproach still rests upon the undeserving flint.

OVID

Hinc se sustulerat paribus caducifer alis,
 Munychiosque volans agros gratamque Minervae
 despectabat humum cultique arbusta Lycei. 710
 illa forte die castae de more puellae
 vertice supposito festas in Palladis arces
 pura coronatis portabant sacra canistris.
 inde revertentes deus adspicit ales iterque
 non agit in rectum, sed in orbem curvat eundem : 715
 ut volucris visis rapidissima miluus extis,
 dum timet et densi circumstant sacra ministri,
 flectitur in gyrum nec longius audet abire
 spemque suam motis avidus circumvolat alis,
 sic super Actaeas agilis Cyllenius arces 720
 inclinat cursus et easdem circinat auras.
 quanto splendidior quam cetera sidera fulget
 Lucifer, et quanto quam Lucifer aurea Phoebe,
 tanto virginibus praestantior omnibus Herse
 ibat eratque decus pompae comitumque suarum. 725
 obstipuit forma Iove natus et aethere pendens
 non secus exarsit, quam cum Balearica plumbum
 funda iacit : volat illud et incandescit eundo
 et, quos non habuit, sub nubibus invenit ignes.
 vertit iter caeloque petit terrena relicto 730
 nec se dissimulat : tanta est fiducia formae.
 quae quamquam iusta est, cura tamen adiuvat illam
 permulcetque comas chlamydemque, ut pendeat apte,
 collocat, ut limbus totumque adpareat aurum,
 ut teres in dextra, qua somnos ducit et arcet, 735
 virga sit, ut tersis niteant talaria plantis.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

The god of the caduceus had taken himself hence on level wings and now as he flew he was looking down upon the Munychian fields, the land that Minerva loves, and the groves of the learned Lyceum. That day chanced to be a festival of Pallas when young maidens bore to their goddess' temple mystic gifts in flower-wreathed baskets on their heads. The winged god saw them as they were returning home and directed his way towards them, not straight down but sweeping in such a curve as when the swift kite has spied the fresh-slain sacrifice, afraid to come down while the priests are crowded around the victim, and yet not venturing to go quite away, he circles around in air and on flapping wings greedily hovers over his hoped-for prey; so did the nimble Mercury fly round the Athenian hill, sweeping in circles through the same spaces of air. As Lucifer shines more brightly than all the other stars and as the golden moon outshines Lucifer, so much was Herse more lovely than all the maidens round her, the choice ornament in the solemn procession of her comrades. The son of Jove was astounded at her beauty, and hanging in mid-air he caught the flames of love; as when a leaden bullet is thrown by a Balearic sling, it flies along, is heated by its motion, and finds heat in the clouds which it had not before. Mercury now turns his course, leaves the air and flies to earth, nor seeks to disguise himself; such is the confidence of beauty. Yet though that trust be lawful, he assists it none the less with pains; he smooths his hair, arranges his robe so that it may hang neatly and so that all the golden border will show. He takes care to have in his right hand his smooth wand with which he brings on sleep or drives it away, and to have his winged sandals glittering on his trim feet.

OVID

Pars secreta domus ebore et testudine cultos
 tres habuit thalamos, quorum tu, Pandrose, dextrum,
 Aglauros laevum, medium possederat Herse.
 quae tenuit laevum, venientem prima notavit 740
 Mercurium nomenque dei scitarier ausa est
 et causam adventus; cui sic respondit Atlantis
 Pleïonesque nepos " ego sum, qui iussa per auras
 verba patris porto; pater est mihi Iuppiter ipse.
 nec fingam causas, tu tantum fida sorori 745
 esse velis prolisque meae matertera dici:
 Herse causa viae; faveas oramus amanti."
 adspicit hunc oculis isdem, quibus abdita nuper
 viderat Aglauros flavae secreta Minervae,
 proque ministerio magni sibi ponderis aurum 750
 postulat: interea tectis excedere cogit.

Vertit ad hanc torvi dea bellica luminis orbem
 et tanto penitus traxit suspiria motu,
 ut pariter pectus positamque in pectore forti
 aegida concuteret: subit, hanc arcana profana 755
 detexisse manu, tum cum sine matre creatam
 Lemnicolae stirpem contra data foedera vidit,
 et gratamque deo fore iam gratamque sorori
 et ditem sumpto, quod avara poposcerat, auro.
 protinus Invidiae nigro squalentia tabo 760
 tecta petit: domus est imis in vallibus huius
 abdita, sole carens, non ulli pervia vento,
 tristis et ignavi plenissima frigoris et quae
 igne vacet semper, caligine semper abundet.
 huc ubi pervenit belli metuenda virago, 765

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

In a retired part of the house were three chambers, richly adorned with ivory and tortoise-shell. The right-hand room of these Pandrosos occupied, Aglauros the left, and Herse the room between. Aglauros first saw the approaching god and made so bold as to ask his name and the cause of his visit. He, grandson of Atlas and Pleione, replied: "I am he who carry my father's messages through the air. My father is Jove himself. Nor will I conceal why I am here. Only do you consent to be true to your sister, and to be called the aunt of my offspring. I have come here for Herse's sake. I pray you favour a lover's suit." Aglauros looked at him with the same covetous eyes with which she had lately peeped at the secret of the golden-haired Minerva, and demanded a mighty weight of gold as the price of her service; meantime, she compelled him to leave the palace.

The warrior goddess now turned her angry eyes upon her, and breathed sighs so deep and perturbed that her breast and the aegis that lay upon her breast shook with her emotion. She remembered that this was the girl who had with profaning hands uncovered the secret at the time when, contrary to her command, she looked upon the son of the Lemnian, without mother born. And now she would be in favour with the god and with her sister, and rich, besides, with the gold which in her greed she had demanded. Straightway Minerva sought out the cave of Envy, filthy with black gore. Her home was hidden away in a deep valley, where no sun shines and no breeze blows; a gruesome place and full of a numbing chill. No cheerful fire burns there, and the place is wrapped in thick, black fog. When the warlike maiden goddess came to the cave, she

OVID

constitit ante domum (neque enim succedere tectis
 fas habet) et postes extrema cuspide pulsat.
 concussae patuere fores. videt intus edentem
 vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,
 Invidiam visaque oculos avertit; at illa 770
 surgit humo pigre semesarumque relinquit
 corpora serpentum passuque incedit inertī.
 utque deam vidit formaque armisque decoram,
 ingemuit vultumque deae ad suspiria duxit.
 pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto. 775
 nusquam recta acies, livent robigine dentes,
 pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno;
 risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores;
 nec fruitur somno, vigilantibus excita curis,
 sed videt ingratos intabescitque videndo 780
 successus hominum carpitque et carpitur una
 suppliciumque suum est. quamvis tamen oderat illam,
 talibus adfata est breviter Tritonia dictis:
 “ infice tabe tua natarum Cecropis unam:
 sic opus est. Aglauros ea est.” haud plura locuta 785
 fugit et inpressa tellurem reppulit hasta.

Illa deam obliquo fugientem lumine cernens
 murmura parva dedit successurumque Minervae
 indoluit baculumque capit, quod spinea totum
 vincula cingebant, adopertaque nubibus atris, 790
 quacumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva
 exuritque herbas et summa cacumina carpit
 adflatuque suo populos urbesque domosque
 polluit et tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

stood without, for she might not enter that foul abode, and beat upon the door with end of spear. The battered doors flew open; and there, sitting within, was Envy, eating snakes' flesh, the proper food of her venom. At the horrid sight the goddess turned away her eyes. But that other rose heavily from the ground, leaving the snakes' carcasses half consumed, and came forward with sluggish step. When she saw the goddess, glorious in form and armour, she groaned aloud and shaped her countenance to match the goddess' sigh. Pallor o'erspreads her face and her whole body seems to shrivel up. Her eyes are all awry, her teeth are foul with mould; green, poisonous gall o'erflows her breast, and venom drips down from her tongue. She never smiles, save at the sight of another's troubles; she never sleeps, disturbed with wakeful cares; unwelcome to her is the sight of men's success, and with the sight she pines away; she gnaws and is gnawed, herself her own punishment. Although she detested the loathsome thing, yet in curt speech Tritonia spoke to her: "Infect with your venom one of Cecrops' daughters. Such the task I set. I mean Aglauros." Without more words she fled the creature's presence and, pushing her spear against the ground, sprang lightly back to heaven.

The hag, eyeing her askance as she flees, mutters awhile, grieving to think on the goddess' joy of triumph. Then she takes her staff, thick-set with thorns, and, wrapped in a mantle of dark cloud, sets forth. Wherever she goes, she tramples down the flowers, causes the grass to wither, blasts the high waving trees, and taints with the foul pollution of her breath whole peoples, cities, homes. At last she spies Tritonia's city, splendid with art and wealth

OVID

ingeniis opibusque et festa pace virentem 795
 vixque tenet lacrimas, quia nil lacrimabile cernit.
 sed postquam thalamos intravit Cecrope natae,
 iussa facit pectusque manu ferrugine tincta
 tangit et hamatis praecordia sentibus inplet
 inspiratque nocens virus piceumque per ossa 800
 dissipat et medio spargit pulmone venenum,
 neve mali causae spatium per latius errent,
 germanam ante oculos fortunatumque sororis
 coniugium pulchraque deum sub imagine ponit
 cunctaque magna facit; quibus irritata dolore 805
 Cecropis occulto mordetur et anxia nocte
 anxia luce gemit lentaque miserrima tabe
 liquitur, et glacies incerto saucia sole,
 felicisque bonis non lenius uritur Hersedes,
 quam cum spinosis ignis supponitur herbis, 810
 quae neque dant flammam lenique tepore cremantur.
 saepe mori voluit, ne quicquam tale videret,
 saepe velut crimen rigido narrare parenti;
 denique in adverso venientem limine sedit
 exclusura deum. cui blandimenta precesque 815
 verbaque iactanti mitissima “ desine! ” dixit,
 “ hinc ego me non sum nisi te motura repulso.”
 “ stemus ” ait “ pacto ” velox Cyllenius “ isto!”
 caelestique fores virga patefecit: at illi
 surgere conanti partes, quascumque sedendo 820
 flectitur, ignava nequeunt gravitate moveri:
 illa quidem pugnat recto se attollere trunco,
 sed genuum iunctura riget, frigusque per unguis
 labitur, et pallent amisso sanguine venae;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

and peaceful joy; and she can scarce restrain her tears at the sight, because she sees no cause for others' tears. But, having entered the chamber of Cecrops' daughter, she performed the goddess' bidding, touched the girl's breast with her festering hand and filled her heart with pricking thorns. Then she breathed pestilential, poisonous breath into her nostrils and spread black venom through her very heart and bones. And, to fix a cause for her grief, Envy pictured to her imagination her sister, her sister's blest marriage and the god in all his beauty, magnifying the excellence of everything. Maddened by this, Aglauros eats her heart out in secret misery; careworn by day, careworn by night, she groans and wastes away most wretchedly with slow decay, like ice touched by the fitful sunshine. She is consumed by envy of Herse's happiness; just as when a fire is set under a pile of weeds, which give out no flames and waste away with slow consumption. She often longed to die that she might not behold such happiness; often to tell it, as 'twere a crime, to her stern father. At last she sat down at her sister's threshold, to prevent the god's entrance when he should come. And when he coaxed and prayed with his most honeyed words, "Have done," she said, "for I shall never stir from here till I have foiled your purpose." "We'll stand by that bargain," Mercury quickly replied, and with a touch of his heavenly wand he opened the door. At this the girl struggled to get up, but found the limbs she bends in sitting made motionless with dull heaviness; she strove to stand erect, but her knees had stiffened; a numbing chill stole through her limbs, and her flesh was pale and bloodless. And, as an incurable cancer spreads its evil roots ever more widely and involves sound

OVID

utque malum late solet inmedicabile cancer 825
 serpere et inlaesas vitiatis addere partes,
 sic letalis hiems paullatim in pectora venit
 vitalesque vias et respiramina clausit,
 nec conata loqui est nec, si conata fuisset,
 vocis habebat iter: saxum iam colla tenebat, 830
 oraque duruerant, signumque exsanguie sedebat;
 nec lapis albus erat: sua mens infecerat illam.

Has ubi verborum poenas mentisque profanae
 cepit Atlantiades, dictas a Pallade terras
 linquit et ingreditur iactatis aethera pennis. 835

sevocat hunc genitor nec causam fassus amoris
 " fide minister " ait " iussorum, nate, meorum,
 pelle moram solitoque celer delabere cursu,
 quaeque tuam matrem tellus a parte sinistra
 suspicit (indigenae Sidonida nomine dicunt), 840

hanc pete, quodque procul montano gramine pasci
 armentum regale vides, ad litora verte! "

 dixit, et expulsi iamdudum monte iuveni
 litora iussa petunt, ubi magni filia regis
 ludere virginibus Tyriis comitata solebat. 845

non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
 maiestas et amor; sceptri gravitate relicta
 ille pater rectorque deum, cui dextra trisulcis
 ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit orbem,
 induitur faciem tauri mixtusque iuvenis 850

mugit et in teneris formosus obambulat herbis.
 quippe color nivis est, quam nec vestigia duri
 calcavere pedis nec solvit aquaticus auster.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

with infected parts, so did a deadly chill little by little creep to her breast, stopping all vital functions and choking off her breath. She no longer tried to speak, and, if she had tried, her voice would have found no way of utterance. Her neck was changed to stone, her features had hardened—there she sat, a lifeless statue. Nor was the stone white in colour; her soul had stained it black.

When Mercury had inflicted this punishment on the girl for her impious words and spirit, he left the land of Pallas behind him, and flew to heaven on outflung pinions. Here his father calls him aside; and not revealing his love affair as the real reason, he says: “My son, always faithful to perform my bidding, delay not, but swiftly in accustomed flight glide down to earth and seek out the land that looks up at your mother’s star from the left. The natives call it the land of Sidon. There you are to drive down to the sea-shore the herd of the king’s cattle which you will see grazing at some distance on the mountain-side.” He spoke, and quickly the cattle were driven from the mountain and headed for the shore, as Jove had directed, to a spot where the great king’s daughter was accustomed to play in company with her Tyrian maidens. Majesty and love do not go well together, nor tarry long in the same dwelling-place. And so the father and ruler of the gods, who wields in his right hand the three-forked lightning, whose nod shakes the world, laid aside his royal majesty along with his sceptre, and took upon him the form of a bull. In this form he mingled with the cattle, lowed like the rest, and wandered around, beautiful to behold, on the young grass. His colour was white as the untrodden snow, which has not yet been melted by the rainy south-wind. The muscles stood rounded

OVID

colla toris exstant, armis palearia pendent,
 cornua parva quidem, sed quae contendere possis 855
 facta manu, puraque magis perlucida gemma.
 nullae in fronte minae, nec formidabile lumen :
 pacem vultus habet. miratur Agenore nata,
 quod tam formosus, quod proelia nulla minetur ;
 sed quamvis mitem metuit contingere primo, 860
 mox adit et flores ad candida porrigit ora.
 gaudet amans et, dum veniat sperata voluptas,
 oscula dat manibus ; vix iam, vix cetera differt ;
 et nunc adludit viridique exsultat in herba,
 nunc lates in fulvis niveum deponit harenis ; 865
 paullatimque metu dempto modo pectora praebet
 virginea plaudenda ¹ manu, modo cornua sertis
 inpedienda novis ; ausa est quoque regia virgo
 nescia, quem premeret, tergo considerare tauri,
 cum deus a terra siccoque a litore sensim 870
 falsa pedum primo vestigia ponit in undis ;
 inde abit ulterius mediique per aequora ponti
 fert praedam : pavet haec litusque ablata relictum
 respicit et dextra cornum tenet, altera dorso
 inposita est ; tremulae sinuantur flamine vestes. 875

¹ *Some MSS. read palpanda.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

upon his neck, a long dewlap hung down in front; his horns were small, but perfect in shape as if carved by an artist's hand, cleaner and more clear than pearls. His brow and eyes would inspire no fear, and his whole expression was peaceful. Agenor's daughter looked at him in wondering admiration, because he was so beautiful and friendly. But, although he seemed so gentle, she was afraid at first to touch him. Presently she drew near, and held out flowers to his snow-white lips. The disguised lover rejoiced and, as a foretaste of future joy, kissed her hands. Even so he could scarce restrain his passion. And now he jumps sportively about on the grass, now lays his snowy body down on the yellow sands; and, when her fear has little by little been allayed, he yields his breast for her maiden hands to pat and his horns to entwine with garlands of fresh flowers. The princess even dares to sit upon his back, little knowing upon whom she rests. The god little by little edges away from the dry land, and sets his borrowed hoofs in the shallow water; then he goes further out and soon is in full flight with his prize on the open ocean. She trembles with fear and looks back at the receding shore, holding fast a horn with one hand and resting the other on the creature's back. And her fluttering garments stream behind her in the wind.

BOOK III

LIBER III

IAMQVE deus posita fallacis imagine tauri
se confessus erat Dictaeaeque rura tenebat,
cum pater ignarus Cadmo perquirere raptam
imperat et poenam, si non invenerit, addit
exilium, factor pius et sceleratus eodem. 5
orbe pererrato (quis enim deprendere possit
furta Iovis?) profugus patriamque iramque parentis
vitat Agenorides Phoebique oracula supplex
consulit et, quae sit tellus habitanda, requirit.
“ bos tibi ” Phoebus ait “ solis occurret in arvis, 10
nullum passa iugum curvique immunis aratri.
hac duce carpe vias et, qua requieverit herba,
moenia fac condas Boeotiaque illa vocato.”
vix bene Castalio Cadmus descenderat antro,
incustoditam lente videt ire iuvenecam 15
nullum servitii signum cervice gerentem.
subsequitur pressoque legit vestigia passu
auctoremque viae Phoebum taciturnus adorat.
iam vada Cephisi Panopesque evaserat arva :
bos stetit et tollens speciosam cornibus altis 20

BOOK III

AND now the god, having put off disguise of the bull, owned himself for what he was, and reached the fields of Crete. But the maiden's father, ignorant of what had happened, bids his son, Cadmus, go and search for the lost girl, and threatens exile as a punishment if he does not find her—pious and guilty by the same act. After roaming over all the world in vain (for who could search out the secret loves of Jove?) Agenor's son becomes an exile, shunning his father's country and his father's wrath. Then in suppliant wise he consults the oracle of Phoebus, seeking thus to learn in what land he is to settle. Phoebus replies: "A heifer will meet you in the wilderness, one who has never worn the yoke or drawn the crooked plough. Follow where she leads, and where she lies down to rest upon the grass there see that you build your city's walls and call the land Boeotia."¹ Hardly had Cadmus left the Castalian grotto when he saw a heifer moving slowly along, all unguarded and wearing on her neck no mark of service. He follows in her track with deliberate steps, silently giving thanks the while to Phoebus for showing him the way. And now the heifer had passed the fords of Cephisus and the fields of Panope, when she halted and, lifting towards the heavens her beautiful head

¹ *i.e.* "the land of the heifer."

OVID

ad caelum frontem mugitibus inpulit auras
atque ita respiciens comites sua terga sequentis
procubuit teneraque latus submitit in herba.
Cadmus agit grates peregrinaeque oscula terrae
figit et ignotos montes agrosque salutat. 25

Sacra Iovi facturus erat : iubet ire ministros
et petere e vivis libandas fontibus undas.
silva vetus stabat nulla violata securi,
et specus in media virgis ac vimine densus
efficiens humilem lapidum conpagibus arcum 30
uberibus fecundus aquis ; ubi conditus antro
Martius anguis erat, cristis praesignis et auro ;
igne micant oculi, corpus tumet omne venenis,
tres vibrant linguae, triplici stant ordine dentes.
quem postquam Tyria lucum de gente profecti 35
infausto tetigere gradu, demissaque in undas
urna dedit sonitum, longo caput extulit antro
caeruleus serpens horrendaque sibila misit.
effluxere urnae manibus sanguisque reliquit
corpus et attonitos subitus tremor occupat artus. 40
ille volubilibus squamosos nexibus orbis
torquet et immensos saltu sinuatur in arcus
ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras
despicit omne nemus tantoque est corpore, quanto,
si totum spectes, geminas qui separat arctos. 45
nec mora, Phoenicas, sive illi tela parabant
sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

with its spreading horns, she filled the air with her lowings; and then, looking back upon those who were following close behind, she kneeled and let her flank sink down upon the fresh young grass. Cadmus gave thanks, reverently pressed his lips upon this stranger land, and greeted the unknown mountains and the plains.

With intent to make sacrifice to Jove, he bade his attendants hunt out a spring of living water for libation. There was a primeval forest there, scarred by no axe; and in its midst a cave thick set about with shrubs and pliant twigs. With well-fitted stones it fashioned a low arch, whence poured a full-welling spring, and deep within dwelt a serpent sacred to Mars. The creature had a wondrous golden crest; fire flashed from his eyes; his body was all swollen with venom; his triple tongue flickered out and in and his teeth were ranged in triple row. When with luckless steps the wayfarers of the Tyrian race had reached this grove, they let down their vessels into the spring, breaking the silence of the place. At this the dark serpent thrust forth his head out of the deep cave, hissing horribly. The urns fell from the men's hands, their blood ran cold, and, horror-struck, they were seized with a sudden trembling. The serpent twines his scaly coils in rolling knots and with a spring curves himself into a huge bow; and, lifted high by more than half his length into the unsubstantial air, he looks down upon the whole wood, as huge, could you see him all, as is that serpent in the sky that lies outstretched between the twin bears. He makes no tarrying, but seizes on the Phoenicians, whether they are preparing for fighting or for flight or whether very fear holds both in check. Some he slays with his fangs, some

OVID

occupat: hos morsu, longis complexibus illos,
 hos necat adflatu funesti tabe veneni

Fecerat exiguas iam sol altissimus umbras: 50
 quae mora sit sociis, miratur Agenore natus
 vestigatque viros. tegumen derepta leoni
 pellis erat, telum splendenti lancea ferro
 et iaculum teloque animus praestantior omni.
 ut nemus intravit letataque corpora vidit 55
 victoremque supra spatiosi corporis hostem
 tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua,
 “ aut ultor vestrae, fidissima corpora, mortis,
 aut comes ” inquit “ ero. ” dixit dextraque molarem
 sustulit et magnum magno conamine misit. 60
 illius impulsu cum turribus ardua celsis
 moenia mota forent, serpens sine vulnere mansit
 loricaeque modo squamis defensus et atrae
 duritia pellis validos cute reppulit ictus;
 at non duritia iaculum quoque vicit eadem, 65
 quod medio lentae spinae curvamine fixum
 constitit et totum descendit in ilia ferrum.
 ille dolore ferox caput in sua terga retorsit
 vulneraque adspexit fixumque hastile momordit,
 idque ubi vi multa partem labefecit in omnem, 70
 vix tergo eripuit; ferrum tamen ossibus haesit.
 tum vero postquam solitas accessit ad iras
 causa recens, plenis tumuerunt guttura venis,
 spumaque pestiferos circumfluit albida rictus,
 terraque rasa sonat squamis, quique halitus exit 75
 ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras.
 ipse modo immensum spiris facientibus orbem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

he crushes in his constricting folds, and some he stifles with the deadly corruption of his poisoned breath.

The sun had reached the middle heavens and drawn close the shadows. And now Cadmus, wondering what has delayed his companions, starts out to trace them. For shield, he has a lion's skin; for weapon, a spear with glittering iron point and a javelin; and, better than all weapons, a courageous soul. When he enters the wood and sees the corpses of his friends all slain, and victorious above them their huge-bodied foe licking their piteous wounds with bloody tongue, he cries: "O ye poor forms, most faithful friends, either I shall avenge your death or be your comrade in it." So saying, he heaved up a massive stone with his right hand and with mighty effort hurled its mighty bulk. Under such a blow, high ramparts would have fallen, towers and all; but the serpent went unscathed, protected against that strong stroke by his scales as by an iron doublet and by his hard, dark skin. But that hard skin cannot withstand the javelin too, which now is fixed in the middle fold of his tough back and penetrates with its iron head deep into his flank. The creature, mad with pain, twists back his head, views well his wound, and bites at the spear-shaft fixed therein. Then, when by violent efforts he had loosened this all round, with difficulty he tore it out; but the iron head remained fixed in the backbone. Then indeed fresh fuel was added to his native wrath; his throat swells with full veins, and white foam flecks his horrid jaws. The earth resounds with his scraping scales, and such rank breath as exhales from the Stygian cave befouls the tainted air. Now he coils in huge spiral folds; now shoots up, straight

OVID

cingitur, interdum longa trabe rectior exstat,
 inpete nunc vasto ceu concitus imbribus amnis
 fertur et obstantis proturbat pectore silvas. 80
 cedit Agenorides paullum spolioque leonis
 sustinet incursus instantiaque ora retardat
 cuspidem praetenta : furit ille et inania duro
 vulnera dat ferro figitque in acumine dentes.
 iamque venenifero sanguis manare palato 85
 coeperat et virides adspergine tinxerat herbas ;
 sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu
 laesaque colla dabat retro plagamque sedere
 cedendo arcebat nec longius ire sinebat,
 donec Agenorides coniectum in gutture ferrum 90
 usque sequens pressit, dum retro quercus eunti
 obstitit et fixa est pariter cum robore cervix.
 pondere serpentis curvata est arbor et ima
 parte flagellari gemuit sua robora cauda.
 Dum spatium victor victi considerat hostis, 95
 vox subito audita est ; neque erat cognoscere
 promptum,
 unde, sed audita est : “ quid, Agenore nate,
 peremptum
 serpentem spectas ? et tu spectabere serpens.”
 ille diu pavidus pariter cum mente colorem
 perdiderat, gelidoque comae terrore rigeabant : 100
 ecce viri fautrix superas delapsa per auras
 Pallas adest motaeque iubet supponere terrae
 vipereos dentes, populi incrementa futuri.
 paret et, ut presso sulcum patefecit aratro,
 spargit humi iussos, mortalia semina, dentes. 105
 inde (fide maius) glabrae coepere moveri,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

and tall as a tree ; now he moves on with huge rush, like a stream in flood, sweeping down with his breast the trees in his path. Cadmus gives way a little, receiving his foe's rushes on the lion's skin, and holds in check the ravening jaws with his spear-point thrust well forward. The serpent is furious, bites vainly at the hard iron and catches the sharp spear-head between his teeth. And now from his venomous throat the blood begins to trickle and stains the green grass with spattered gore. But the wound is slight, because the serpent keeps backing from the thrust, drawing away his wounded neck, and by yielding keeps the stroke from being driven home nor allows it to go deeper. But Cadmus follows him up and presses the planted point into his throat ; until at last an oak-tree stays his backward course and neck and tree are pierced together. The oak bends beneath the serpent's weight and the stout trunk groans beneath the lashings of his tail.

While the conqueror stands gazing on the huge bulk of his conquered foe, suddenly a voice sounds in his ears. He cannot tell whence it comes, but he hears it saying : " Why, O son of Agenor, dost thou gaze on the serpent thou hast slain ? Thou too shalt be a serpent for men to gaze on." Long he stands there, with quaking heart and pallid cheeks, and his hair rises up on end with chilling fear. But behold, the hero's helper, Pallas, gliding down through the high air, stands beside him, and she bids him plow the earth and plant therein the dragon's teeth, destined to grow into a nation. He obeys and, having opened up the furrows with his deep-sunk plow, he sows in the ground the teeth as he is bid, a man-producing seed. Then, a thing beyond belief, the plowed ground begins to stir ; and first there

OVID

primaque de sulcis acies adparuit hastae,
tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
mox umeri pectusque onerataque bracchia telis
existunt, crescitque seges clipeata virorum : 110
sic, ubi tolluntur festis aulaea theatris,
surgere signa solent primumque ostendere vultus,
cetera paullatim, placidoque educta tenore
tota patent imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

Territus hoste novo Cadmus capere arma
parabat : 115

“ ne cape ! ” de populo, quem terra creaverat, unus
exclamat “ ne te civilibus insere bellis ! ”
atque ita terrigenis rigido de fratribus unum
comminus ense ferit, iaculo cadit eminus ipse ;
hunc quoque qui leto dederat, non longius illo 120
vivit et exspirat modo quas acceperat auras,
exemploque pari furit omnis turba, suoque
Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres,
iamque brevis vitae spatium sortita iuventus
sanguineam tepido plangebat pectore matrem, 125
quinque superstibus, quorum fuit unus Echion.
is sua iecit humo monitu Tritonidis arma
fraternaeque fidem pacis petiitque deditque :
hos operis comites habuit Sidonius hospes,
cum posuit iussus Phoebis sortibus urbem. 130

Iam stabant Thebae, poteras iam, Cadme, videri
exilio felix : soceri tibi Marsque Venusque
contigerant ; huc adde genus de coniuge tanta,
tot natas natosque et, pignora cara, nepotes,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

spring up from the furrows the points of spears, then helmets with coloured plumes waving; next shoulders of men and breasts and arms laden with weapons come up, and the crop grows with the shields of warriors. So when on festal days the curtain in the theatre is raised, figures of men rise up, showing first their faces, then little by little all the rest; until at last, drawn up with steady motion, the entire forms stand revealed, and plant their feet upon the curtain's edge.

Frightened by this new foe, Cadmus was preparing to take his arms. "Take not your arms," one of the earth-sprung brood cried out, "and take no part in our fratricidal strife." So saying, with his hard sword he clave one of his earth-born brothers, fighting hand to hand; and instantly he himself was felled by a javelin thrown from far. But he also who had slain this last had no longer to live than his victim, and breathed forth the spirit which he had but now received. The same dire madness raged in them all, and in mutual strife by mutual wounds these brothers of an hour perished. And now the youth, who had enjoyed so brief a span of life, lay writhing on their mother earth warm with their blood—all save five. One of these five was Echion, who, at Pallas' bidding, dropped his weapons to the ground and sought and made peace with his surviving brothers. These the Sidonian wanderer had as comrades in his task when he founded the city granted him by Phoebus' oracle.

And now Thebes stood complete; now thou couldst seem, O Cadmus, even in exile, a happy man. Thou hast obtained Mars and Venus, too, as parents of thy bride; add to this blessing children worthy of so noble a wife, so many sons and daughters, the pledges of thy love, and grandsons, too, now grown to budding

OVID

hos quoque iam iuvenes ; sed scilicet ultima semper
expectanda dies hominis, dicitque beatus 136
ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

Prima nepos inter tot res tibi, Cadme, secundas
causa fuit luctus, alienaque cornua fronti
addita, vosque canes satiatae sanguine erili. 140
at bene si quaeras, Fortunae crimen in illo,
non scelus invenies ; quod enim scelus error
habebat ?

Mons erat infectus variarum caede ferarum,
iamque dies medius rerum contraxerat umbras
et sol ex aequo meta distabat utraque, 145
cum iuvenis placido per devia lustra vagantes
participes operum compellat Hyantius ore :
“ lina madent, comites, ferrumque cruore ferarum,
fortunamque dies habuit satis ; altera lucem
cum croceis invecta rotis Aurora reducet, 150
propositum repetemus opus : nunc Phoebus utraque
distat idem terra finditque vaporibus arva.
sistite opus praesens nodosaque tollite lina ! ”
iussa viri faciunt intermittuntque laborem.

Vallis erat piceis et acuta densa cupressu, 155
nomine Gargaphie succinctae sacra Dianae,
cuius in extremo est antrum nemorale recessu
arte laboratum nulla : simulaverat artem
ingenio natura suo ; nam pumice vivo
et levibus tofis nativum duxerat arcum ; 160
fons sonat a dextra tenui perlucidus unda,
margine gramineo patulos incinctus hiatus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

manhood. But of a surety man's last day must ever be awaited, and none be counted happy till his death, till his last funeral rites are paid.

One grandson of thine, Actaeon, midst all thy happiness first brought thee cause of grief, upon whose brow strange horns appeared, and whose dogs greedily lapped their master's blood. But if you seek the truth, you will find the cause of this in fortune's fault and not in any crime of his. For what crime had mere mischance?

'Twas on a mountain stained with the blood of many slaughtered beasts; midday had shortened every object's shade, and the sun was at equal distance from either goal. Then young Actaeon with friendly speech thus addressed his comrades of the chase as they fared through the trackless wastes: "Both nets and spears, my friends, are dripping with our quarry's blood, and the day has given us good luck enough. When once more Aurora, borne on her saffron car, shall bring back the day, we will resume our proposed task. Now Phoebus is midway in his course and cleaves the very fields with his burning rays. Cease then your present task and bear home the well-wrought nets." The men performed his bidding and ceased their toil.

There was a vale in that region, thick grown with pine and cypress with their sharp needles. 'Twas called Gargaphie, the sacred haunt of high-girt Diana. In its most secret nook there was a well-shaded grotto, wrought by no artist's hand. But Nature by her own cunning had imitated art; for she had shaped a native arch of the living rock and soft tufa. A sparkling spring with its slender stream babbled on one side and widened into a pool girt with grassy banks. Here the goddess of the wild woods, when weary with

OVID

hic dea silvarum venatu fessa solebat
 virgineos artus liquido perfundere rore.
 quo postquam subiit, nympharum tradidit uni 165
 armigeræ iaculum pharetramque arcusque retentos,
 altera depositæ subiecit bracchia pallæ,
 vincla duæ pedibus demunt; nam doctior illis
 Ismenis Crocale sparsos per colla capillos
 colligit in nodum, quamvis erat ipsa solutis. 170
 excipiunt laticem Nepheleque Hyaleque Rhanisque
 et Psecas et Phiale funduntque capacibus urnis.
 dumque ibi perluitur solita Titania lympha,
 ecce nepos Cadmi dilata parte laborum
 per nemus ignotum non certis passibus errans 175
 pervenit in lucum: sic illum fata ferebant.
 qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra,
 sicut erant nudaæ, viso sua pectora nymphæ
 percussere viro subitisque ululatibus omne
 inplevere nemus circumfusæque Dianam 180
 corporibus texere suis; tamen altior illis
 ipsa dea est colloque tenus supereminet omnis.
 qui color infectis adversi solis ab ictu
 nubibus esse solet aut purpureæ Auroræ,
 is fuit in vultu visæ sine veste Dianæ. 185
 quæ, quamquam comitum turba stipata suarum,
 in latus obliquum tamen adstitit oraque retro
 flexit et, ut vellet promptas habuisse sagittas,
 quas habuit sic hausit aquas vultumque virilem
 perfudit spargensque comas ultricibus undis 190
 addidit hæc cladis prænuntia verba futuræ:
 “ nunc tibi me posito visam velamine narres,
 sit poteris narrare, licet! ” nec plura minata

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

the chase, was wont to bathe her maiden limbs in the crystal water. On this day, having come to the grotto, she gives to the keeping of her armour-bearer among her nymphs her hunting spear, her quiver, and her unstrung bow; another takes on her arm the robe she has laid by; two unbind her sandals from her feet. But Theban Crocale, defter than the rest, binds into a knot the locks which have fallen down her mistress' neck, her own locks streaming free the while. Others bring water, Nephele, Hyale and Rhanis, Psecas and Phiale, and pour it out from their capacious urns. And while Titania is bathing there in her accustomed pool, lo! Cadmus' grandson, his day's toil deferred, comes wandering through the unfamiliar woods with unsure footsteps, and enters Diana's grove; for so fate would have it. As soon as he entered the grotto bedewed with fountain spray, the naked nymphs smote upon their breasts at sight of the man, and filled all the grove with their shrill, sudden cries. Then they thronged around Diana, seeking to hide her body with their own; but the goddess stood head and shoulders over all the rest. And red as the clouds which flush beneath the sun's slant rays, red as the rosy dawn, were the cheeks of Diana as she stood there in view without her robes. Then, though the band of nymphs pressed close about her, she stood turning aside a little and cast back her gaze; and though she would fain have had her arrows ready, what she had she took up, the water, and flung it into the young man's face. And as she poured the avenging drops upon his hair, she spoke these words foreboding his coming doom: "Now you are free to tell that you have seen me all unrobed—if you can tell." No more than this she spoke; but on the head which she had sprinkled she caused to grow the

OID

dat sparso capiti vivacis cornua cervi,
 dat spatium collo summasque cacuminat aures 195
 cum pedibusque manus, cum longis bracchia mutat
 cruribus et velat maculoso vellere corpus;
 additus et pavor est: fugit Autonoeius heros
 et se tam celerem cursu miratur in ipso.
 ut vero vultus et cornua vidit in unda, 200
 "me miserum!" dicturus erat: vox nulla secuta est!
 ingemuit: vox illa fuit, lacrimaeque per ora
 non sua fluxerunt; mens tantum pristina mansit.
 quid faciat? repetatne domum et regalia tecta
 an lateat silvis? pudor hoc, timor inpedit illud. 205
 Dum dubitat, videre canes, primique Melampus
 Ichnobatesque sagax latratu signa dedere,
 Gnosius Ichnobates, Spartana gente Melampus.
 inde ruunt alii rapida velocius aura, 209
 Pamphagos et Dorceus et Oribasus, Arcades omnes,
 Nebrophonusque valens et trux cum Laelape Theron
 et pedibus Pterelas et naribus utilis Agre
 Hylaeusque fero nuper percussus ab apro
 deque lupo concepta Nape pecudesque secuta
 Poemenis et natis comitata Harpyia duobus 215
 et substricta gerens Sicyonius ilia Ladon
 et Dromas et Canace Sticteque et Tigris et Alce
 et niveis Leucon et villis Asbolus atris
 praevalidusque Lacon et cursu fortis Aello
 et Thous et Cyprio velox cum fratre Lycisce 220
 et medio nigram frontem distinctus ab albo
 Harpalos et Melaneus hirsutaque corpore Lachne
 et patre Dictaeo, sed matre Laconide nati
 Labros et Agriodius et acutae vocis Hylactor

¹ The English names of these hounds in their order would be: *Black-foot, Trail-follower, Voracious, Gazelle, Mountain-ranger, Faun-killer, Hurricane, Hunter, Winged, Hunter, Sylvan, Glen, Shepherd, Seizer, Catcher, Runner, Gnasher, Spot,*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

horns of the long-lived stag, stretched out his neck, sharpened his ear-tips, gave feet in place of hands, changed his arms into long legs, and clothed his body with a spotted hide. And last of all she planted fear within his heart. Away in flight goes Autoonoe's heroic son, marvelling to find himself so swift of foot. But when he sees his features and his horns in a clear pool, "Oh, woe is me!" he tries to say; but no words come. He groans—the only speech he has—and tears course down his changeling cheeks. Only his mind remains unchanged. What is he to do? Shall he go home to the royal palace, or shall he stay skulking in the woods? Shame blocks one course and fear the other.

But while he stands perplexed he sees his hounds.¹ And first come Melampus and keen-scented Ichnobates, baying loud on the trail—Ichnobates a Cretan dog, Melampus a Spartan; then others come rushing on swifter than the wind: Pamphagus, Dorceus, and Oribasus, Arcadians all; staunch Nebrophonus, fierce Theron and Laelaps; Pterelas, the swift of foot, and keen-scented Agre; savage Hylaeus, but lately ripped up by a wild boar; the wolf-dog Nape and the trusty shepherd Poemenis; Harpyia with her two pups; Sicyonian Ladon, thin in the flanks; Dromas, Canace, Sticte, Tigris, Alce; white-haired Leucon, black Asbolus; Lacon, renowned for strength, and fleet Aëllö; Thoüs and swift Lycisce with her brother Cyprius; Harpalos, with a white spot in the middle of his black forehead; Melaneus and shaggy Lachne; two dogs from a Cretan father and a Spartan mother, Labros and Agriodus; shrill-tongued Hylactor, and others

Tigress, Might, White, Soot, Spartan, Whirlwind, Swift, Cyprian, Wolf, Grasper, Black, Shag, Fury, White-tooth, Barker, Black-hair, Beast-killer, Mountaineer.

OVID

quosque referre mora est : ea turba cupidine praedae
 per rupes scopulosque adituque carentia saxa, 226
 quaque est difficilis quaque est via nulla, feruntur.
 ille fugit per quae fuerat loca saepe secutus,
 heu ! famulos fugit ipse suos. clamare libebat :
 " Actaeon ego sum : dominum cognoscite vestrum ! "

verba animo desunt ; resonat latratibus aether. 231
 prima Melanchaetes in tergo vulnera fecit,
 proxima Theridamas, Oresitrophus haesit in armo :
 tardius exierant, sed per compendia montis
 anticipata via est ; dominum retinentibus illis, 235
 cetera turba coit confertque in corpore dentes.
 iam loca vulneribus desunt ; gemit ille sonumque,
 etsi non hominis, quem non tamen edere possit
 cervus, habet maestisque replet iuga nota querellis
 et genibus pronis supplex similisque roganti 240
 circumfert tacitos tamquam sua bracchia vultus.
 at comites rapidum solitis hortatibus agmen
 ignari instigant oculisque Actaeona quaerunt
 et velut absentem certatim Actaeona clamant
 (ad nomen caput ille refert) et abesse queruntur. 245
 nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae.
 vellet abesse quidem, sed adest ; velletque videre,
 non etiam sentire canum fera facta suorum.
 undique circumstant, mersisque in corpore rostris
 dilacerant falsi dominum sub imagine cervi, 250

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whom it were too long to name. The whole pack, keen with the lust of blood, over crags, over cliffs, over trackless rocks, where the way is hard, where there is no way at all, follow on. He flees over the very ground where he has oft-times pursued; he flees (the pity of it!) his own faithful hounds. He longs to cry out: "I am Actaeon! Recognize your own master!" But words fail his desire. All the air resounds with their baying. And first Melanchaetes fixes his fangs in his back, Theridamas next; Oresitrophus has fastened on his shoulder. They had set out later than the rest, but by a short-cut across the mountain had outstripped their course. While they hold back their master's flight, the whole pack collects, and all together bury their fangs in his body till there is no place left for further wounds. He groans and makes a sound which, though not human, is still one no deer could utter, and fills the heights he knows so well with mournful cries. And now, down on his knees in suppliant attitude, just like one in prayer, he turns his face in silence towards them, as if stretching out beseeching arms. But his companions, ignorant of his plight, urge on the fierce pack with their accustomed shouts, looking all around for Actaeon, and call, each louder than the rest, for Actaeon, as if he were far away—he turns his head at the sound of his name—and complain that he is absent and is missing through sloth the sight of the quarry brought to bay. Well, indeed, might he wish to be absent, but he is here; and well might he wish to see, not to feel, the fierce doings of his own hounds. They throng him on every side and, plunging their muzzles in his flesh, mangle their master under the deceiving form of the deer. Nor, as they say, till he had been done to death by many

OVID

nec nisi finita per plurima vulnera vita
ira pharetratae fertur satiata Dianae.

Rumor in ambiguo est ; aliis violentior aequo
visa dea est, alii laudant dignamque severa
virginitate vocant : pars invenit utraque causas. 255
sola Iovis coniunx non tam, culpetne probetne,
eloquitur, quam clade domus ab Agenore ductae
gaudet et a Tyria collectum paelice transfert
in generis socios odium ; subit ecce priori 259
causa recens, gravidamque dolet de semine magni
esse Iovis Semelen ; dum linguam ad iurgia solvit,
“ profeci quid enim totiens per iurgia ? ” dixit,
“ ipsa petenda mihi est ; ipsam, si maxima Iuno
rite vocor, perdam, si me gemmantia dextra
sceptra tenere decet, si sum regina Iovisque 265
et soror et coniunx, certe soror. at, puto, furto est
contenta, et thalami brevis est iniuria nostri.
concipit : id deerat ; manifesta que crimina pleno
fert utero et mater, quod vix mihi contigit, uno
de Iove vult fieri : tanta est fiducia formae. 270
fallat eam faxo ; nec sum Saturnia, si non
ab Iove mersa suo Stygias penetrabit in undas.”

· Surgit ab his solio fulvaeque recondita nube
limen adit Semeles nec nubes ante removit
quam simulavit anum posuitque ad tempora canos
sulcavitque cutem rugis et curva trementi 276

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wounds, was the wrath of the quiver-bearing goddess appeased.

Common talk wavered this way and that : to some the goddess seemed more cruel than was just ; others called her act worthy of her austere virginity ; both sides found good reasons for their judgment. Jove's wife alone spake no word either in blame or praise, but rejoiced in the disaster which had come to Agenor's house ; for she had now transferred her anger from her Tyrian rival¹ to those who shared her blood. And lo ! a fresh pang was added to her former grievance and she was smarting with the knowledge that Semele was pregnant with the seed of mighty Jove. Words of reproach were rising to her lips, but " What," she cried, " have I ever gained by reproaches ? 'Tis she must feel my wrath. Herself, if I am duly called most mighty Juno, must I attack if I am fit to wield in my hand the jewelled sceptre, if I am queen of heaven, the sister and the wife of Jove—at least his sister. And yet, methinks, she is content with this stolen love, and the insult to my bed is but for a moment. But she has conceived—that still was lacking—and bears plain proof of her guilt in her full womb, and seeks—a fortune that has scarce been mine—to be made a mother from Jove. So great is her trust in beauty ! But I will cause that trust to mock her : I am no daughter of Saturn if she go not down to the Stygian pool plunged thither by her Jupiter himself."

On this she rose from her seat, and, wrapped in a saffron cloud, she came to the home of Semele. But before she put aside her concealing cloud she feigned herself an old woman, whitening her hair at the temples, furrowing her skin with wrinkles, and

¹ *i.e.* Europa, whose story has already been told.

OVID

membra tulit passu ; vocem quoque fecit anilem,
 ipsaque erat Beroe, Semeles Epidauria nutrix.
 ergo ubi captato sermone diuque loquendo
 ad nomen venere Iovis, suspirat et “ opto, 280
 Iuppiter ut sit ” ait ; “ metuo tamen omnia : multi
 nomine divorum thalamos iniere pudicos.
 nec tamen esse Iovem satis est : det pignus amoris,
 si modo verus is est ; quantusque et qualis ab alta
 Iunone excipitur, tantus talisque, rogato, 285
 det tibi complexus suaque ante insignia sumat ! ”

Talibus ignaram Iuno Cadmeida dictis
 formarat : rogat illa Iovem sine nomine munus.
 cui deus “ elige ! ” ait “ nullam patiere repulsam,
 quoque magis credas, Stygii quoque conscia sunt
 numina torrentis : timor et deus ille deorum est.” 291
 laeta malo nimiumque potens perituraque amantis
 obsequio Semele “ qualem Saturnia ” dixit
 “ te solet amplecti, Veneris cum foedus initis,
 da mihi te talem ! ” voluit deus ora loquentis 295
 opprimere : exierat iam vox properata sub auras.
 ingemuit ; neque enim non haec optasse, neque ille
 non iurasse potest. ergo maestissimus altum
 aethera conscendit vultuque sequentia traxit
 nubila, quis nimbos inmixtaque fulgura ventis 300
 addidit et tonitrus et inevitabile fulmen ;
 qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere temptat
 nec, quo centimanum deiecerat igne Typhoea,

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walking with bowed form and tottering steps. She spoke also in the voice of age and became even as Beroë, the Epidaurian nurse of Semele. When, after gossiping about many things, they came to mention of Jove's name, the old woman sighed and said: "I pray that it be Jupiter; but I am afraid of all such doings. Many, pretending to be gods, have found entrance into modest chambers. But to be Jove is not enough; make him prove his love if he is true Jove; as great and glorious as he is when welcomed by heavenly Juno, so great and glorious, pray him grant thee his embrace, and first don all his splendours."

In such wise did Juno instruct the guileless daughter of Cadmus. She in her turn asked Jove for a boon, unnamed. The god replied: "Choose what thou wilt, and thou shalt suffer no refusal. And that thou mayst be more assured, I swear it by the divinity of the seething Styx, whose godhead is the fear of all the gods." Rejoicing in her evil fortune, too much prevailing and doomed to perish through her lover's compliance, Semele said: "In such guise as Saturnia beholds thee when thou seekest her arms in love, so show thyself to me." The god would have checked her even as she spoke; but already her words had sped forth into uttered speech. He groans; for neither can she recall her wish, nor he his oath. And so in deepest distress he ascends the steeps of heaven, and with his beck drew on the mists that followed, then mingling clouds and lightnings and blasts of wind, he took last the thunder and that fire that none can escape. And yet whatever way he can he essays to lessen his own might, nor arms himself now with that bolt with which he had hurled down from heaven Typhoeus

OVID

nunc armatur eo : nimium feritatis in illo est.
 est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra cyclosum 305
 saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit irae :
 tela secunda vocant superi ; capit illa domumque
 intrat Agenoream. corpus mortale tumultus
 non tulit aetheros donisque iugalibus arsit.
 imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo 310
 eripitur patrioque tener (si credere dignum est)
 insuitur femori maternaque tempora complet.
 furtim illum primis Ino matertera cunis
 educat, inde datum nymphae Nyseides antris
 occuluere suis lactisque alimenta dedere. 315

Dumque ea per terras fatali lege geruntur
 tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi,
 forte Iovem memorant diffusum nectare curas
 seposuisse graves vacuaque agitasse remissos
 cum Iunone iocos et “ maior vestra profector est, 320
 quam quae contingit maribus ” dixisse “ voluptas.”
 illa negat. placuit quae sit sententia docti
 quaerere Tiresiae : Venus huic erat utraque nota.
 nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia silva
 corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu 325
 deque viro factus (mirabile) femina septem
 egerat autumnos ; octavo rursus eosdem
 vidit, et “ est vestrae si tanta potentia plagae ”
 dixit, “ ut auctoris sortem in contraria mutet,
 nunc quoque vos feriam.” percussis anguibus isdem
 forma prior rediit, genetivaque venit imago. 331
 arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

of the hundred hands, for that weapon were too deadly; but there is a lighter bolt, to which the Cyclops' hands had given a less devouring flame, a wrath less threatening. The gods call them his "Second Armoury." With these in hand he enters the palace of Agenor's son, the home of Semele. Her mortal body bore not the onrush of heavenly power, and by that gift of wedlock she was consumed. The babe still not wholly fashioned is snatched from the mother's womb and (if report may be believed) sewed up in his father's thigh, there to await its full time of birth. In secret his mother's sister, Ino, watched over his infancy; thence he was confided to the nymphs of Nysa, who hid him in their cave and nurtured him with milk.

Now while these things were happening on the earth by the decrees of fate, when the cradle of Bacchus, twice born, was safe, it chanced that Jove (as the story goes), while warmed with wine, put care aside and bandied good-humoured jests with Juno in an idle hour. "I maintain," said he, "that your pleasure in love is greater than that which we enjoy." She held the opposite view. And so they decided to ask the judgment of wise Tiresias. He knew both sides of love. For once, with a blow of his staff he had outraged two huge serpents mating in the green forest; and, wonderful to relate, from man he was changed into a woman, and in that form spent seven years. In the eighth year he saw the same serpents again and said: "Since in striking you there is such magic power as to change the nature of the giver of the blow, now will I strike you once again." So saying, he struck the serpents and his former state was restored and he became as he had been born. He therefore, being asked to arbitrate the playful dispute of

OVID

dicta Iovis firmat: gravius Saturnia iusto
 nec pro materia fertur doluisse suique
 iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte; 335
 at pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita cuiquam
 facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto
 scire futura dedit poenamque levavit honore.

Ille per Aonias fama celeberrimus urbes
 inreprehensa dabat populo responsa petenti; 340
 prima fide vocisque ratae temptamina sumpsit
 caerula Liriope, quam quondam flumine curvo
 implicuit clausaeque suis Cephisos in undis
 vim tulit: enixa est utero pulcherrima pleno
 infantem nymphe, iam tunc qui posset amari, 345
 Narcissumque vocat. de quo consultus, an esset
 tempora maturae visurus longa senectae,
 fatidicus vates " si se non noverit " inquit.
 vana diu visa est vox auguris: exitus illam
 resque probat letique genus novitasque furoris. 350
 namque ter ad quinos unum Cephisius annum
 addiderat poteratque puer iuvenisque videri:
 multi illum iuvenes, multae cupiere puellae;
 sed fuit in tenera tam dura superbia forma,
 nulli illum iuvenes, nullae tetigere puellae. 355
 adspicit hunc trepidos agitantem in retia cervos
 vocalis nymphe, quae nec reticere loquenti
 nec prior ipsa loqui didicit, resonabilis Echo.

Corpus adhuc Echo, non vox erat et tamen usum
 garrula non alium, quam nunc habet, oris habebat,
 reddere de multis ut verba novissima posset. 361
 fecerat hoc Iuno, quia, cum deprendere posset

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

the gods, took sides with Jove. Saturnia, they say, grieved more deeply than she should and than the issue warranted, and condemned the arbitrator to perpetual blindness. But the Almighty Father (for no god may undo what another god has done) in return for his loss of sight gave Tiresias the power to know the future, lightening the penalty by the honour.

He, famed far and near through all the Boeotian towns, gave answers that none could censure to those who sought his aid. The first to make trial of his truth and assured utterances was the nymph, Liriope, whom once the river-god, Cephisus, embraced in his winding stream and ravished, while imprisoned in his waters. When her time came the beauteous nymph brought forth a child, whom a nymph might love even as a child, and named him Narcissus. When asked whether this child would live to reach well-ripened age, the seer replied: "If he ne'er know himself." Long did the saying of the prophet seem but empty words. But what befell proved its truth—the event, the manner of his death, the strangeness of his infatuation. For Narcissus had reached his sixteenth year and might seem either boy or man. Many youths and many maidens sought his love; but in that slender form was pride so cold that no youth, no maiden touched his heart. Once as he was driving the frightened deer into his nets, a certain nymph of strange speech beheld him, resounding Echo, who could neither hold her peace when others spoke, nor yet begin to speak till others had addressed her.

Up to this time Echo had form and was not a voice alone; and yet, though talkative, she had no other use of speech than now—only the power out of many words to repeat the last she heard. Juno had made her thus; for often when she might have

OVID

sub Iove saepe suo nymphas in monte iacentis,
 illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat,
 dum fugerent nymphae. postquam hoc Saturnia
 sensit, 365
 “ huius ” ait “ linguae, qua sum delusa, potestas
 parva tibi dabitur vocisque brevissimus usus,”
 reque minas firmat. tamen haec in fine loquendi
 ingeminat voces auditaque verba reportat.
 ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem 370
 vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim,
 quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calescit,
 non aliter quam cum summis circumlita taedis
 admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammis.
 a quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis 375
 et mollis adhibere preces! natura repugnat
 nec sinit, incipiat, sed, quod sinit, illa parata est
 exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat.
 forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido
 dixerat: “ ecquis adest? ” et “ adest ” responderat
 Echo. 380
 hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis,
 voce “ veni! ” magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem.
 respicit et rursus nullo veniente “ quid ” inquit
 “ me fugis? ” et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit.
 perstat et alternae deceptus imagine vocis 385
 “ huc coeamus ” ait, nullique libentius umquam
 responsura sono “ coeamus ” rettulit Echo
 et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva
 ibat, ut iniceret sperato bracchia collo;
 ille fugit fugiensque “ manus complexibus aufer! 390
 ante ” ait “ emoriar, quam sit tibi copia nostri ”;

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surprised the nymphs in company with her lord upon the mountain-sides, Echo would cunningly hold the goddess in long talk until the nymphs were fled. When Saturnia realized this, she said to her: "That tongue of thine, by which I have been tricked, shall have its power curtailed and enjoy the briefest use of speech." The event confirmed her threat. Nevertheless she does repeat the last phrases of a speech and returns the words she hears. Now when she saw Narcissus wandering through the fields, she was inflamed with love and followed him by stealth; and the more she followed, the more she burned by a nearer flame; as when quick-burning sulphur, smeared round the tops of torches, catches fire from another fire brought near. Oh, how often does she long to approach him with alluring words and make soft prayers to him! But her nature forbids this, nor does it permit her to begin; but as it allows, she is ready to await the sounds to which she may give back her own words. By chance the boy, separated from his faithful companions, had cried: "Is anyone here?" and "Here!" cried Echo back. Amazed, he looks around in all directions and with loud voice cries "Come!"; and "Come!" she calls him calling. He looks behind him and, seeing no one coming, calls again: "Why do you run from me?" and hears in answer his own words again. He stands still, deceived by the answering voice, and "Here let us meet," he cries. Echo, never to answer other sound more gladly, cries: "Let us meet"; and to help her own words she comes forth from the woods that she may throw her arms around the neck she longs to clasp. But he flees at her approach and, fleeing, says: "Hands off! embrace me not! May I die before I give you power o'er

OVID

rettulit illa nihil nisi “ sit tibi copia nostri! ”
 spreta latet silvis pudibundaque frondibus ora
 protegit et solis ex illo vivit in antris;
 sed tamen haeret amor crescitque dolore repulsae;
 et tenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae 396
 adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus
 corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa super-
 sunt:

vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.
 inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur, 400
 omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa.

Sic hanc, sic alias undis aut montibus ortas
 luserat hic nymphas, sic coetus ante viriles;
 inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens
 “ sic amet ipse licet, sic non potiatur amato! ” 405
 dixerat: adsensit precibus Rhamnusia iustis.
 fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
 quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellae
 contigerant aliudve pecus, quem nulla volucris
 nec fera turbarat nec lapsus ab arbore ramus; 410
 gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat,
 silvaque sole locum passura tepescere nullo.
 hic puer et studio venandi lassus et aestu
 procubuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus,
 dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit, 415
 dumque bibit, visae correptus imagine formae
 spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod
 umbra est.

adstupet ipse sibi vultuque inmotus eodem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

me!" "I give you power o'er me!" she says, and nothing more. Thus spurned, she lurks in the woods, hides her shamed face among the foliage, and lives from that time on in lonely caves. But still, though spurned, her love remains and grows on grief; her sleepless cares waste away her wretched form; she becomes gaunt and wrinkled and all moisture fades from her body into the air. Only her voice and her bones remain: then, only voice; for they say that her bones were turned to stone. She hides in woods and is seen no more upon the mountain-sides; but all may hear her, for voice, and voice alone, still lives in her.

Thus had Narcissus mocked her, thus had he mocked other nymphs of the waves or mountains; thus had he mocked the companies of men. At last one of these scorned youth, lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed: "So may he himself love, and not gain the thing he loves!" The goddess, Nemesis, heard his righteous prayer. There was a clear pool with silvery bright water, to which no shepherds ever came, or she-goats feeding on the mountain-side, or any other cattle; whose smooth surface neither bird nor beast nor falling bough ever ruffled. Grass grew all around its edge, fed by the water near, and a coppice that would never suffer the sun to warm the spot. Here the youth, worn by the chase and the heat, lies down, attracted thither by the appearance of the place and by the spring. While he seeks to slake his thirst another thirst springs up, and while he drinks he is smitten by the sight of the beautiful form he sees. He loves an unsubstantial hope and thinks that substance which is only shadow. He looks in speechless wonder at himself and hangs there motionless in the same expression,

OVID

haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum ;
 spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus 420
 et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines
 inpubesque genas et eburnea colla decusque
 oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,
 cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse :
 se cupit imprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur, 425
 dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet.
 irrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti,
 in medias quotiens visum captantia collum
 bracchia mersit aquas nec se deprendit in illis !
 quid videat, nescit ; sed quod videt, uritur illo, 430
 atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.
 credule, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas ?
 quod petis, est nusquam ; quod amas, avertere, perdes !
 ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est :
 nil habet ista sui ; tecum venitque manetque ; 435
 tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis !

Non illum Cereris, non illum cura quietis
 abstrahere inde potest, sed opaca fusus in herba
 spectat inexpleto mendacem lumine formam
 perque oculos perit ipse suos ; paullumque levatus
 ad circumstantes tendens sua bracchia silvas 441
 “ ecquis, io silvae, crudelius ” inquit “ amavit ?
 scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuistis.
 ecquem, cum vestrae tot agantur saecula vitae,
 qui sic tabuerit, longo meministis in aevo ? 445
 et placet et video ; sed quod videoque placetque,
 non tamen invenio : tantus tenet error amantem.
 quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

like a statue carved from Parian marble. Prone on the ground, he gazes at his eyes, twin stars, and his locks, worthy of Bacchus, worthy of Apollo; on his smooth cheeks, his ivory neck, the glorious beauty of his face, the blush mingled with snowy white: all things, in short, he admires for which he is himself admired. Unwittingly he desires himself; he praises, and is himself what he praises; and while he seeks, is sought; equally he kindles love and burns with love. How often did he offer vain kisses on the elusive pool? How often did he plunge his arms into the water seeking to clasp the neck he sees there, but did not clasp himself in them! What he sees he knows not; but that which he sees he burns for, and the same delusion mocks and allures his eyes. O fondly foolish boy, why vainly seek to clasp a fleeting image? What you seek is nowhere; but turn yourself away, and the object of your love will be no more. That which you behold is but the shadow of a reflected form and has no substance of its own. With you it comes, with you it stays, and it will go with you—if you can go.

No thought of food or rest can draw him from the spot; but, stretched on the shaded grass, he gazes on that false image with eyes that cannot look their fill and through his own eyes perishes. Raising himself a little, and stretching his arms to the trees, he cries: “Did anyone, O ye woods, ever love more cruelly than I? You know, for you have been the convenient haunts of many lovers. Do you in the ages past, for your life is one of centuries, remember anyone who has pined away like this? I am charmed, and I see; but what I see and what charms me I cannot find—so great a delusion holds my love. And, to make me grieve the more, no mighty ocean separates us, no

OVID

nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis ;
 exigua prohibemur aqua ! cupit ipse teneri : 450
 nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis,
 hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore.
 posse putes tangi : minimum est, quod amantibus
 obstat.

quisquis es, huc exi ! quid me, puer unice, fallis
 quove petitus abis ? certe nec forma nec aetas 455
 est mea, quam fugias, et amarunt me quoque
 nymphae !

spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico,
 cumque ego porrexi tibi bracchia, porrigis ultro,
 cum risi, adrides ; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi
 me lacrimante tuas ; nutu quoque signa remittis 460
 et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,
 verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras !
 iste ego sum : sensi, nec me mea fallit imago ;
 uror amore mei : flammam moveoque feroque.
 quid faciam ? rogem ane rogem ? quid deinde rogabo ?
 quod cupio mecum est : inopem me copia fecit. 466
 o utinam a nostro secedere corpore possem !
 votum in amante novum, vellem, quod amamus, abesset.
 iamque dolor vires adimit, nec tempora vitae
 longa meae superant, primoque exstinguor in aevo.
 nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores, 471
 hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset ;
 nunc duo concordem anima moriemur in una.”

Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem
 et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto 475

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

long road, no mountain ranges, no city walls with close-shut gates; by a thin barrier of water we are kept apart. He himself is eager to be embraced. For, often as I stretch my lips towards the lucent wave, so often with upturned face he strives to lift his lips to mine. You would think he could be touched—so small a thing it is that separates our loving hearts. Whoever you are, come forth hither! Why, O peerless youth, do you elude me? or whither do you go when I strive to reach you? Surely my form and age are not such that you should shun them, and me too the nymphs have loved. Some ground for hope you offer with your friendly looks, and when I have stretched out my arms to you, you stretch yours too. When I have smiled, you smile back; and I have often seen tears, when I weep, on your cheeks. My becks you answer with your nod; and, as I suspect from the movement of your sweet lips, you answer my words as well, but words which do not reach my ears.—Oh, I am he! I have felt it, I know now my own image. I burn with love of my own self; I both kindle the flames and suffer them. What shall I do? Shall I be wooed or woo? Why woo at all? What I desire, I have; the very abundance of my riches beggars me. Oh, that I might be parted from my own body! and, strange prayer for a lover, I would that what I love were absent from me! And now grief is sapping my strength; but a brief space of life remains to me and I am cut off in my life's prime. Death is nothing to me, for in death I shall leave my troubles; I would he that is loved might live longer; but as it is, we two shall die together in one breath."

He spoke and, half distraught, turned again to the same image. His tears ruffled the water, and dimly

OVID

reddita forma lacu est; quam cum vidisset abire,
 “ quo refugis? remane nec me, crudelis, amantem
 desere!” clamavit; “ liceat, quod tangere non est,
 adspicere et misero praeberere alimenta furori!”
 dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora 480
 nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.
 pectora traxerunt roseum percussa ruborem,
 non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte,
 parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis
 ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem. 485
 quae simul adspexit liquefacta rursus in unda,
 non tulit ulterius, sed ut intabescere flavae
 igne levi cerae matutinaeque pruinae
 sole tepente solent, sic attenuatus amore
 liquitur et tecto paullatim carpitur igni; 490
 et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,
 nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant,
 nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.
 quae tamen ut vidit quamvis irata memorque
 indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis “ eheu ” 495
 dixerat, haec resonis iterabat vocibus “ eheu ”;
 cumque suos manibus percusserat ille lacertos,
 haec quoque reddebat sonitum plangoris eundem.
 ultima vox solitam fuit haec spectantis in undam:
 “ heu frustra dilecte puer!” totidemque remisit 500
 verba locus, dictoque vale “ vale ” inquit et Echo.
 ille caput viridi fessum submitit in herba,
 lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam:
 tum quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus,
 in Stygia spectabat aqua. planxere sorores 505
 naides et sectos fratri posuere capillos,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

the image came back from the troubled pool. As he saw it thus depart, he cried: "Oh, whither do you flee? Stay here, and desert not him who loves thee, cruel one! Still may it be mine to gaze on what I may not touch, and by that gaze feed my unhappy passion." While he thus grieves, he plucks away his tunic at its upper fold and beats his bare breast with pallid hands. His breast when it is struck takes on a delicate glow; just as apples sometimes, though white in part, flush red in other part, or as grapes hanging in clusters take on a purple hue when not yet ripe. As soon as he sees this, when the water has become clear again, he can bear no more; but, as the yellow wax melts before a gentle heat, as hoar frost melts before the warm morning sun, so does he, wasted with love, pine away, and is slowly consumed by its hidden fire. No longer has he that ruddy colour mingling with the white, no longer that strength and vigour, and all that lately was so pleasing to behold; scarce does his form remain which once Echo had loved so well. But when she saw it, though still angry and unforgetful, she felt pity; and as often as the poor boy says "Alas!" again with answering utterance she cries "Alas!" and as his hands beat his shoulders she gives back the same sounds of woe. His last words as he gazed into the familiar spring were these: "Alas, dear boy, vainly beloved!" and the place gave back his words. And when he said "Farewell!" "Farewell!" said Echo too. He drooped his weary head on the green grass and death sealed the eyes that marvelled at their master's beauty. And even when he had been received into the infernal abodes, he kept on gazing on his image in the Stygian pool. His naiad-sisters beat their breasts and shore their locks in sign of grief for their dear

OVID

planxerunt dryades; plangentibus adsonat Echo.
iamque rogum quassasque faces feretrumque
parabant:

nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem
inveniunt foliis medium cingentibus albis. 510

Cognita res meritam vati per Achaidas urbes
attulerat famam, nomenque erat auguris ingens;
spernit Echionides tamen hunc ex omnibus unus
contemptor superum Pentheus praesagaque ridet
verba senis tenebrasque et cladem lucis ademptae 515
obicit. ille movens albertia tempora canis

“quam felix esses, si tu quoque luminis huius
orbis” ait “fieres, ne Bacchica sacra videres!
namque dies aderit, quam non procul auguror
esse,

qua novus huc veniat, proles Semeleia, Liber, 520
quem nisi templorum fueris dignatus honore,
mille lacer spargere locis et sanguine silvas
foedabis matremque tuam matrisque sorores.
eveniet! neque enim dignabere numen honore,
meque sub his tenebris nimium vidisse quereris.” 525
taliam dicentem proturbat Echione natus;
dicta fides sequitur, responsaque vatis aguntur.

Liber adest, festisque fremunt ululatibus agri:
turba ruit, mixtaeque viris matresque nurusque
vulgusque proceresque ignota ad sacra feruntur. 530
“Quis furor, anguigenae, proles Mavortia, vestras
attonuit mentes?” Pentheus ait; “aerane tantum
aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

brother; the dryads, too, lamented, and Echo gave back their sounds of woe. And now they were preparing the funeral pile, the brandished torches and the bier; but his body was nowhere to be found. In place of his body they find a flower, its yellow centre girt with white petals.

When this story was noised abroad it spread the well-deserved fame of the seer throughout the cities of Greece, and great was the name of Tiresias. Yet Echion's son, Pentheus, the scoffer at gods, alone of all men flouted the seer, laughed at the old man's words of prophecy, and taunted him with his darkness and loss of sight. But he, shaking his hoary head in warning, said: "How fortunate wouldst thou be if this light were dark to thee also, so that thou mightst not behold the rites of Bacchus! For the day will come—nay, I foresee 'tis near—when the new god shall come hither, Liber, son of Semele. Unless thou worship him as is his due, thou shalt be torn into a thousand pieces and scattered everywhere, and shalt with thy blood defile the woods and thy mother and thy mother's sisters. So shall it come to pass; for thou shalt refuse to honour the god, and shalt complain that in my blindness I have seen all too well." Even while he speaks the son of Echion flings him forth; but his words did indeed come true and his prophecies were accomplished.

The god is now come and the fields resound with the wild cries of revellers. The people rush out of the city in throngs, men and women, old and young, nobles and commons, all mixed together, and hasten to celebrate the new rites. "What madness, ye sons of the serpent's teeth, ye seed of Mars, has dulled your reason?" Pentheus cries. "Can clashing cymbals, can the pipe of crooked horn, can

OVID

et magicae fraudes, ut, quos non bellicus ensis,
 non tuba terruerit, non strictis agmina telis, 535
 femineae voces et mota insania vino
 obscenique greges et inania tympana vincant?
 vosne, senes, mirer, qui longa per aequora vecti
 hac Tyron, hac profugos posuistis sede penates,
 nunc sinitis sine Marte capi? vosne, acrior aetas, 540
 o iuvenes, propiorque meae, quos arma tenere,
 non thyrsos, galeaque tegi, non fronde decebat?
 este, precor, memores, qua sitis stirpe creati,
 illiusque animos, qui multus perdidit unus,
 sumite serpentis! pro fontibus ille lacuque 545
 interiit: at vos pro fama vincite vestra!
 ille dedit leto fortes: vos pellite molles
 et patrium retinete decus! si fata vetabant
 stare diu Thebas, utinam tormenta virique
 moenia diruerent, ferrumque ignisque sonarent! 550
 essemus miseri sine crimine, sorsque querenda,
 non celanda foret, lacrimaeque pudore carerent;
 at nunc a puero Thebae capientur inermi,
 quem neque bella iuvant nec tela nec usus equorum,
 sed madidus murra crinis mollesque coronae 555
 purpuraque et pictis intextum vestibus aurum,
 quem quidem ego actutum (modo vos absistite) cogam
 adsumptumque patrem commentaque sacra fateri.
 an satis Acrisio est animi, contemnere vanum
 numen et Argolicas venienti claudere portas: 560
 Penthea terrebit cum totis advena Thebis?
 ite citi ” (famulis hoc imperat), “ ite ducemque

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

shallow tricks of magic, women's shrill cries, wine-heated madness, vulgar throngs and empty drums—can all these vanquish men, for whom real war, with its drawn swords, the blare of trumpets, and lines of glittering spears, had no terrors? You, ye elders, should I give you praise, who sailed the long reaches of the sea and planted here your Tyre, here your wandering Penates, and who now permit them to be taken without a struggle? Or you, ye young men of fresher age and nearer to my own, for whom once 'twas seemly to bear arms and not the thyrsus, to be sheltered by helmets and not garlands? Be mindful, I pray, from what seed you are sprung, and show the spirit of the serpent, who in his single strength killed many foes. For his fountain and his pool he perished; but do you conquer for your glory's sake! He did to death brave men: do you but put to flight unmanly men and save your ancestral honour. If it be the fate of Thebes not to endure for long, I would the enginery of war and heroes might batter down her walls and that sword and fire might roar around her: then should we be unfortunate, but our honour without stain; we should bewail, not seek to conceal, our wretched state; then our tears would be without shame. But now our Thebes shall fall before an untried boy, whom neither arts of war assist nor spears nor horsemen, but whose weapons are scented locks, soft garlands, purple and gold inwoven in embroidered robes. But forthwith—only do you stand aside—I will force him to confess that his father's name is borrowed and his sacred rites a lie. Did Acrisius have spirit enough to despise his empty god-head, and to shut the gates of Argos in his face, and shall Pentheus and all Thebes tremble at this wanderer's approach? Go quickly"—this to his

OVID

attrahite huc vinctum! iussis mora segnis abesto!"
 hunc avus, hunc Athamas, hunc cetera turba suorum
 corripiunt dictis frustra que inhibere laborant. 565
 acrior admonitu est inritaturque retenta
 et crescit rabies moderaminaque ipsa nocebant:
 sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti,
 lenius et modico strepitu decurrere vidi;
 at quacumque trabes obstructaque saxa tenebant, 570
 spumeus et fervens et ab obice saevior ibat.

Ecce cruentati redeunt et, Bacchus ubi esset,
 quaerenti domino Bacchum vidisse negarunt;
 "hunc" dixere "tamen comitem famulumque
 sacrorum
 cepimus" et tradunt manibus post terga ligatis 575
 sacra dei quendam Tyrrhena gente secutum.
 Adspicit hunc Pentheus oculis, quos ira tremendos
 fecerat, et quamquam poenae vix tempora differt,
 "o periture tuaque aliis documenta dature
 morte," ait, "ede tuum nomen nomenque parentum
 et patriam, morisque novi cur sacra frequentes!" 581
 ille metu vacuus "nomen mihi" dixit "Acoetes,
 patria Maeonia est, humili de plebe parentes.
 non mihi quae duri colerent pater arva iuveni,
 lanigerosve greges, non ulla armenta reliquit; 585
 pauper et ipse fuit linoque solebat et hamis
 decipere et calamo salientis ducere pisces.
 ars illi sua census erat; cum traderet artem,
 'accipe, quas habeo, studii successor et heres,'
 dixit 'opes' moriensque mihi nihil ille reliquit 590

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

slaves—" go, bring this plotter hither, and in chains ! Let there be no dull delay to my bidding." His grandsire addresses him in words of reprimand, and Athamas, and all his counsellors, and they vainly strive to curb his will. He is all the more eager for their warning ; his mad rage is fretted by restraint and grows apace, and their very efforts at control but make him worse. So have I seen a river, where nothing obstructed its course, flow smoothly on with but a gentle murmur ; but, where it was held in check by dams of timber and stone set in its way, foaming and boiling it went, fiercer for the obstruction.

But now the slaves come back, all covered with blood, and, when their master asks where Bacchus is, they say that they have not seen him ; " but this companion of his," they say, " this priest of his sacred rites, we have taken," and they deliver up, his hands bound behind his back, one of Etruscan stock, a votary of Bacchus. Him Pentheus eyes awhile with gaze made terrible by his wrath ; and, with difficulty withholding his hand from punishment, he says : " Thou fellow, doomed to perish and by thy death to serve as a warning to others, tell me thy name, thy parents, and thy country ; and why thou dost devote thyself to this new cult." He fearlessly replies : " My name is Acoetes, and my country is Maeonia ; my parents were but humble folk. My father left me no fields or sturdy bullocks to till them ; no woolly sheep, no cattle. He himself was poor and used to catch fish with hook and line and rod and draw them leaping from the stream. His craft was all his wealth ; and when he passed it on to me he said : ' Take this craft ; 'tis all my fortune. Be you my heir and successor in it.' And in dying he left me nothing but the waters. This alone can

OVID

praeter aquas : unum hoc possum adpellare paternum.
 mox ego, ne scopulis, haererem semper in isdem,
 addidici regimen dextra moderante carinae
 flectere et Oleniae sidus pluviale capellae
 Taygetenque Hyadasque oculis Arctonque notavi 595
 ventorumque domos et portus puppibus aptos.
 forte petens Delum Chiae telluris ad oras
 adplicor et dextris adducor litora remis
 doque levis saltus udaeque inmittor harenae :
 nox ibi consumpta est ; aurora rubescere prima 600
 coeperat : exsurgo laticesque inferre recentis
 admoneo monstroque viam, quae ducat ad undas ;
 ipse quid aura mihi tumulo promittat ab alto
 prospicio comitesque voco repetoque carinam.
 ‘ adsumus en ’ inquit sociorum primus Opheltes, 605
 utque putat, praedam deserto nactus in agro,
 virginea puerum ducit per litora forma.
 ille mero somnoque gravis titubare videtur
 vixque sequi ; specto cultum faciemque gradumque :
 nil ibi, quod credi posset mortale, videbam. 610
 et sensi et dixi sociis : ‘ quod numen in isto
 corpore sit, dubito ; sed corpore numen in isto est !
 quisquis es, o faveas nostrisque laboribus adsis ;
 his quoque des veniam ! ’ ‘ pro nobis mitte precari ! ’
 Dictys ait, quo non alius conscendere summas 615
 ocior antemnas prenoque rudente relabi.
 hoc Libys, hoc flavus, prorae tutela, Melanthus,
 hoc probat Alcimedon et, qui requiemque modumque
 voce dabat remis, animorum hortator, Epopeus,
 hoc omnes alii : praedae tam caeca cupido est. 620

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

I call my heritage. Soon, that I might not always stay planted on the selfsame rocks, I learned to steer ships with guiding hand; I studied the stars; the rainy constellation of the Olenian Goat, Taygete, the Hyades, the Bears; I learned the winds and whence they blow; I learned what harbours are best for ships. It chanced that while making for Delos I was driven out of my course to the shore of Chios and made the land with well-skilled oars. Light leaping, we landed on the wet shore and spent the night. As soon as the eastern sky began to redden I rose and bade my men go for fresh water, showing them the way that led to the spring. For my own task, from a high hill I observed the direction of the wind; then called my comrades and started back on board. 'Lo, here we are!' cried Opheltes, first of all the men, bringing with him a prize (so he considered it) which he had found in a deserted field, a little boy with form beautiful as a girl's. He seemed to stagger, as if o'ercome with wine and sleep, and could scarce follow him who led. I gazed on his garb, his face, his walk; and all I saw seemed more to me than mortal. This I perceived, and said to my companions: 'What divinity is in that mortal body I know not; but assuredly a divinity is therein. Whoever thou art, be gracious unto us and prosper our undertakings. Grant pardon also to these men.' 'Pray not for us,' said Dictys, than whom none was more quick to climb the topmost yard and slide down on firm-grasped rope. Libys seconded this speech; so did yellow-haired Melanthus, the look-out, and Alcimedon and Epopeus, who by his voice marked the time for the rowers and urged on their flagging spirits. And all the rest approved, so blind and heedless was their greed for booty. 'And yet I

OVID

' non tamen hanc sacro violari pondere pinum
 perpetiar ' dixi: ' pars hic mihi maxima iuris '
 inque aditu obsisto: furit audacissimus omni
 de numero Lycabas, qui Tusca pulsus ab urbe
 exilium dira poenam pro caede luebat; 625
 is mihi, dum resto, iuvenali guttura pugno
 rupit et excussum misisset in aequora, si non
 haessem, quamvis amens, in fune retentus.
 in pia turba probat factum; tum denique Bacchus
 (Bacchus enim fuerat), veluti clamore solutus 630
 sit sopor aque mero redeant in pectora sensus,
 ' quid facitis? quis clamor? ' ait ' qua, dicite, nautae,
 huc ope perveni? quo me deferre paratis? '
 ' pone metum ' Proreus, ' et quos contingere portus
 ede velis! ' dixit; ' terra sistere petita.' 635
 ' Naxon ' ait Liber ' cursus advertite vestros!
 illa mihi domus est, vobis erit hospita tellus.'
 per mare fallaces perque omnia numina iurant
 sic fore meque iubent pictae dare vela carinae.
 dextera Naxos erat: dextra mihi lintea danti 640
 ' quid facis, o demens? quis te furor—? ' inquit
 Opheltes;
 pro se quisque, ' tenet? ¹ laevam pete! ' maxima nutu
 pars mihi significat, pars quid velit aure susurrat.
 obstipui ' capiat ' que ' aliquis moderamina! ' dixi
 meque ministerio scelerisque artisque removi. 645

¹ pro se quisque, ' tenet? *Heinsius*: ' persequiturve timor '
Burman: pro se quisque timet *MSS*.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

shall not permit this ship to be defiled by such sacrilege,' I said; 'here must my authority have greater weight.' And I resisted their attempt to come on board. Then did Lycabas break out into wrath, the most reckless man of the crew, who, driven from Tuscany, was suffering exile as a punishment for the foul crime of murder. He, while I withstood him, tore at my throat with his strong hands and would have hurled me overboard, if, scarce knowing what I did, I had not clung to a rope that held me back. The godless crew applauded Lycabas. Then at last Bacchus—for it was he—as if aroused from slumber by the outcry, and as if his wine-dimmed senses were coming back, said: 'What are you doing? Why this uproar? And tell me, ye sailor-men, how did I get here and whither are you planning to take me?' 'Be not afraid,' said Proreus, 'tell me what port you wish to make, and you shall be set off at any place you choose.' 'Then turn your course to Naxos,' said Liber; 'that is my home, and there shall you find, yourselves, a friendly land.' By the sea and all its gods the treacherous fellows swore that they would do this, and bade me get the painted vessel under sail. Naxos lay off upon the right; and as I was setting my sails towards the right Opheltes said: 'What are you doing, you fool? what madness—' and each one for himself supplied the words—'holds you? Take the left tack.' The most of them by nods and winks let me know what they wanted, and some whispered in my ear. I could not believe my senses and I said to them: 'Then let someone else take the helm'; and declared that I would have nor part nor lot in their wicked scheme. They all cried

OVID

increpor a cunctis, totumque inmurmurat agmen ;
 e quibus Aethalion ‘ te scilicet omnis in uno
 nostra salus posita est ! ’ ait et subit ipse meumque
 explet opus Naxoque petit diversa relictā.
 tum deus inludens, tamquam modo denique
 fraudem 650
 senserit, e puppi pontum prospectat adunca
 et flenti similis ‘ non haec mihi litora, nautae,
 promisistis ’ ait, ‘ non haec mihi terra rogata est !
 quo merui poenam facto ? quae gloria vestra est,
 si puerum iuvenes, si multi fallitis unum ? ’ 655
 iamdudum flebam : lacrimas manus in pia nostras
 ridet et inpellit properantibus aequora remis.
 per tibi nunc ipsum (nec enim praesentior illo
 est deus) adiuro, tam me tibi vera referre
 quam veri maiora fide : stetit aequore puppis 660
 haud aliter, quam si siccum navale teneret.
 illi admirantes remorum in verbere perstant
 velaque deducunt geminaque ope currere temptant :
 inpediunt hederæ remos nexuque recurvo
 serpunt et gravidis distinguunt vela corymbis. 665
 ipse racemiferis frontem circumdatus uvis
 pampineis agitât velatam frondibus hastam ;
 quem circa tigres simulacraque inania lyncum
 pictarumque iacent fera corpora pantherarum.
 exsiluere viri, sive hoc insania fecit 670
 sive timor, primusque Medon nigrescere coepit
 corpore et expresso spinæ curvamine flecti.
 incipit huic Lycabas : ‘ in quae miracula ’ dixit
 ‘ verteris ? ’ et lati rictus et panda loquenti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

out upon me and kept up their wrathful mutterings. And one of them, Aethalion, broke out: 'I'd have you know, the safety of us all does not depend on you alone!' So saying, he came and took my place at the helm and, leaving the course for Naxos, steered off in another direction. Then the god, in mockery of them, as if he had just discovered their faithlessness, looked out upon the sea from the curved stern, and in seeming tears cried out: 'These are not the shores you promised me, you sailor-men; and this is not the land I sought. What have I done to be so treated? And what glory will you gain if you, grown men, deceive a little boy? if you, so many, overcome just one?' I was long since in tears; but the godless crew mocked my tears and swept the seas with speeding oars. Now by the god himself I swear (for there is no god more surely near than he) that what I speak is truth, though far beyond belief. The ship stands still upon the waves, as if a dry-dock held her. The sailors in amaze redouble their striving at the oars and make all sail, hoping thus to speed their way by twofold power. But ivy twines and clings about the oars, creeps upward with many a back-flung, catching fold, and decks the sails with heavy, hanging clusters. The god himself, with his brow garlanded with clustering berries, waves a wand wreathed with ivy-leaves. Around him lie tigers, the forms (though empty all) of lynxes and of fierce spotted panthers. The men leap overboard, driven on by madness or by fear. And first Medon's body begins to grow dark and his back to be bent in a well-marked curve. Lycabas starts to say to him: 'Into what strange creature are you turning?' But as he speaks his own jaws spread wide, his nose becomes hooked, and his skin

OVID

naris erat, squamamque cutis durata trahebat. 675
 at Libys obstantis dum vult obvertere remos,
 in spatium resilire manus breve vidit et illas
 iam non esse manus, iam pinnas posse vocari.
 alter ad intortos cupiens dare bracchia funes
 bracchia non habuit truncoque repandus in undas 680
 corpore desiluit: falcata novissima cauda est,
 qualia dimidia sinuantur cornua lunae.
 undique dant saltus multaque adspergine rorant
 emerguntque iterum redeuntque sub aequora rursus
 inque chori ludunt speciem lascivaque iactant 685
 corpora et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant.
 de modo viginti (tot enim ratis illa ferebat)
 restabam solus: pavidum gelidumque trementi
 corpore vixque meum firmat deus 'excute' dicens
 'corde metum Diamque tene!' delatus in illam 690
 accessi sacris Baccheaque sacra frequento."

"Praebuimus longis" Pentheus "ambagibus aures,"
 inquit "ut ira mora vires absumere posset.
 praecipitem, famuli, rapite hunc cruciataque diris
 corpora tormentis Stygiae demittite nocti!" 695
 protinus abstractus solidis Tyrrhenus Acoetes
 clauditur in tectis; et dum crudelia iussae
 instrumenta necis ferrumque ignesque parantur,
 sponte sua patuisse fores lapsasque lacertis
 sponte sua fama est nullo solvente catenas. 700

Perstat Echionides, nec iam iubet ire, sed ipse
 vadit, ubi electus facienda ad sacra Cithaeron
 cantibus et clara bacchantum voce sonabat.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

becomes hard and covered with scales. But Libys, while he seeks to ply the sluggish oars, sees his hands suddenly shrunk in size to things that can no longer be called hands at all, but fins. Another, catching at a twisted rope with his arms, finds he has no arms and goes plunging backwards with limbless body into the sea: the end of his tail is curved like the horns of a half-moon. They leap about on every side, sending up showers of spray; they emerge from the water, only to return to the depths again; they sport like a troupe of dancers, tossing their bodies in wanton sport and drawing in and blowing out the water from their broad nostrils. Of but now twenty men—for the ship bore so many—I alone remained. And, as I stood quaking and trembling with cold fear, and hardly knowing what I did, the god spoke words of cheer to me and said: ‘Be of good courage, and hold on your course to Naxos.’ Arrived there, I have joined the rites and am one of the Bacchanalian throng.”

Then Pentheus said: “We have lent ear to this long, rambling tale, that by such delay our anger might lose its might. Ye slaves, now hurry him away, rack his body with fearsome tortures, and so send him down to Stygian night.” Straightway Acoetes, the Tyrrhenian, was dragged out and shut up in a strong dungeon. And while the slaves were getting the cruel instruments of torture ready, the iron, the fire—of their own accord the doors flew open wide; of their own accord, with no one loosing them, the chains fell from the prisoner’s arms.

But Pentheus stood fixed in his purpose. He no longer sent messengers, but went himself to where Cithaeron, the chosen seat for the god’s sacred rites, was resounding with songs and the shrill cries of wor-

OVID

ut fremit acer equus, cum bellicus aere canoro
 signa dedit tubicen pugnaeque adsumit amorem, 705
 Penthea sic ictus longis ululatibus aether
 movit, et audito clamore recanduit ira.

Monte fere medio est, cingentibus ultima silvis,
 purus ab arboribus, spectabilis undique, campus :
 his oculis illum cernentem sacra profanis 710
 prima videt, prima est insano concita cursu,
 prima suum misso violavit Penthea thyrso
 mater et “ o geminae ” clamavit “ adeste sorores !
 ille aper, in nostris errat qui maximus agris,
 ille mihi feriendus aper.” ruit omnis in unum 715
 turba furens ; cunctae coeunt trepidumque sequuntur,
 iam trepidum, iam verba minus violenta loquentem,
 iam se damnantem, iam se peccasse fatentem.
 saucius ille tamen “ fer opem, matertera ” dixit
 “ Autonoe ! moveant animos Actaeonis umbrae ! ” 720
 illa, quis Actaeon, nescit dextramque precantis
 abstulit, Inoo lacerata est altera raptu.
 non habet infelix quae matri bracchia tendat,
 trunca sed ostendens deiectis vulnera membris
 “ adspice, mater ! ” ait. visis ululavit Agaue 725
 collaque iactavit movitque per aera crinem
 avulsumque caput digitis complexa cruentis
 clamat : “ io comites, opus haec victoria nostrum est ! ”
 non citius frondes autumnii frigore tactas
 iamque male haerentes alta rapit arbore ventus, 730
 quam sunt membra viri manibus direpta nefandis.
 talibus exemplis monitae nova sacra frequentant
 turaque dant sanctasque colunt Ismenides aras.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

shippers. As a spirited horse snorts when the brazen trumpet with tuneful voice sounds out the battle and his eagerness for the fray waxes hot, so did the air, pulsing with the long-drawn cries, stir Pentheus, and the wild uproar in his ears heated his wrath white-hot.

About midway of the mountain, bordered with thick woods, was an open plain, free from trees, in full view from every side. Here, as Pentheus was spying with profane eyes upon the sacred rites, his mother was the first to see him, first to rush madly on him, first with hurled thyrsus to smite her son. "Ho, there, my sisters, come!" she cried, "see that huge boar prowling in our fields. Now must I rend him." The whole mad throng rush on him; from all sides they come and pursue the frightened wretch—yes, frightened now, and speaking milder words, cursing his folly and confessing that he has sinned. Sore wounded, he cries out: "Oh help, my aunt, Autoñoë! Let the ghost of Actæon move your heart." She knows not who Actæon is, and tears the suppliant's right arm away; Ino in frenzy rends away his left. And now the wretched man has no arms to stretch out in prayer to his mother; but, showing his mangled stumps where his arms have been torn away, he cries: "Oh, mother, see!" Agave howls madly at the sight and tosses her head with wildly streaming hair. Off she tears his head, and holding it in bloody hands, she yells: "See, comrades, see my toil and its reward of victory!" Not more quickly are leaves, when touched by the first cold of autumn and now lightly clinging, whirled from the lofty tree by the wind than is Pentheus torn limb from limb by those impious hands. Taught by such a warning, the Thebans throng the new god's sacred rites, burn incense, and bow down before his shrines.

BOOK IV

LIBER IV

AT non Alcithoe Minyeias orgia censet
accipienda dei, sed adhuc temeraria Bacchum
progeniem negat esse Iovis sociasque sorores
impietatis habet. festum celebrare sacerdos
inmunesque operum famulas dominasque suorum 5
pectora pelle tegi, crinales solvere vittas,
serta coma, manibus frondentis sumere thyrsos
iusserat et saevam laesi fore numinis iram
vaticinatus erat: parent matresque nurusque
telasque calathosque infectaque pensa reponunt 10
turaque dant Bacchumque vocant Bromiumque
Lyaeumque
ignigenamque satumque iterum solumque bimatrem;
additur his Nyseus indetonsusque Thyoneus
et cum Lenaeo genialis consitor uvae
Nyteliusque Eleleusque parens et Iacchus et Euhan,
et quae praeterea per Graias plurima gentes 16
nomina, Liber, habes. tibi enim inconsumpta iuventa
est,

¹ "The noisy one."

² "The deliverer from care."

³ "Of Nysa," a city in India, connected traditionally with the infancy of Bacchus.

⁴ "Son of Thyone," the name given to his mother, Semele, after her translation to the skies.

⁵ "God of the wine-press."

⁶ So named from the fact that his orgies were celebrated in the night.

BOOK IV

BUT not Minyas' daughter Alcithoë; she will not have the god's holy revels admitted; nay, so bold is she that she denies Bacchus to be Jove's son! And her sisters are with her in the impious deed. The priest had bidden the people to celebrate a Bacchic festival: all serving-women must be excused from toil; with their mistresses they must cover their breasts with the skins of beasts, they must loosen the ribands of their hair, and with garlands upon their heads they must hold in their hands the vine-wreathed thyrsus. And he had prophesied that the wrath of the god would be merciless if he were disregarded. The matrons and young wives all obey, put by weaving and work-baskets, leave their tasks unfinished; they burn incense, calling on Bacchus, naming him also Bromius,¹ Lyaeus,² son of the thunderbolt, twice born, child of two mothers; they hail him as Nyseus³ also, Thyoneus⁴ of the unshorn locks, Lenaeus,⁵ planter of the joy-giving vine, Nyctelius,⁶ father Eleleus,⁷ Iacchus,⁸ and Euhan, and all the many names besides by which thou art known, O Liber,⁹ throughout the towns of Greece.

⁷ From the wild cries uttered by his worshippers in the orgies.

⁸ A name identified with Bacchus.

⁹ Either from *liber*, "the free," or from *libo*, "he to whom libations of wine are poured."

OVID

tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto
 conspiceris caelo; tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas,
 virgineum caput est; Oriens tibi victus, adusque 20
 decolor extremo qua tinguitur India Gange.
 Penthea tu, venerande, bipenniferumque Lycurgum
 sacrilegos mactas, Tyrrhenaque mittis in aequor
 corpora, tu bliugum pictis insignia frenis
 colla premis lyncum. bacchae satyrique sequuntur, 25
 quique senex ferula titubantis ebrius artus
 sustinet et pando non fortiter haeret asello.
 quacumque ingrederis, clamor iuvenalis et una
 femineae voces inpulsaque tympana palmis
 concavaque aera sonant longoque foramine buxus. 30
 “ Placatus mitisque ” rogant Ismenides “ adsis,”
 iussaque sacra colunt; solae Minyeides intus
 intempestiva turbantes festa Minerva
 aut ducunt lanas aut stamina pollice versant
 aut haerent telae famulasque laboribus urgent. 35
 e quibus una levi deducens pollice filum
 “ dum cessant aliae commentaque sacra frequentant,
 nos quoque, quas Pallas, melior dea, detinet ” inquit,
 “ utile opus manuum vario sermone levemus
 perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri 40
 non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures! ”
 dicta probant primamque iubent narrare sorores.
 illa, quid e multis referat (nam plurima norat),
 cogitat et dubia est, de te, Babylonia, narret,
 Derceti, quam versa squamis velantibus artus 45
 stagna Palaestini credunt motasse figura,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

For thine is unending youth, eternal boyhood; thou art the most lovely in the lofty sky; thy face is virgin-seeming, if without horns thou stand before us. The Orient owns thy sway, even to the bounds where remotest Ganges laves swart India. Pentheus thou didst destroy, thou awful god, and Lycurgus, armed with the two-edged battle-axe (impious were they both), and didst hurl the Tuscan sailors into the sea. Lynxes, with bright reins harnessed, draw thy car; bacchant women and satyrs follow thee, and that old man who, drunk with wine, supports his staggering limbs on his staff, and clings weakly to his misshapen ass. Where'er thou goest, glad shouts of youths and cries of women echo round, with drum of tambourine, the cymbals' clash, and the shrill piping of the flute.

“ Oh, be thou with us, merciful and mild! ” the Theban women cry; and perform the sacred rites as the priest bids them. The daughters of Minyas alone stay within, marring the festival, and out of due time ply their household tasks, spinning wool, thumbing the turning threads, or keep close to the loom, and press their maidens with work. Then one of them, drawing the thread the while with deft thumb, says: “ While other women are deserting their tasks and thronging this so-called festival, let us also, who keep to Pallas, a truer goddess, lighten with various talk the serviceable work of our hands, and to beguile the tedious hours, let us take turns in telling stories, while all the others listen.” The sisters agree and bid her be first to speak. She mused awhile which she should tell of many tales, for very many she knew. She was in doubt whether to tell of thee, Dercetis of Babylon, who, as the Syrians believe, changed to a fish, all covered with

OVID

an magis, ut sumptis illius filia pennis
 extremos albis in turribus egerit annos,
 nais an ut cantu nimiumque potentibus herbis
 verterit in tacitos iuvenalia corpora pisces, 50
 donec idem passa est, an, quae poma alba ferebat
 ut nunc nigra ferat contactu sanguinis arbor :
 hoc placet, haec quoniam vulgaris fabula non est ;
 talibus orsa modis lana sua fila sequente :

“ Pyramus et Thisbe, iuvenum pulcherrimus alter,
 altera, quas Oriens habuit, praelata puellis, 56
 contiguas tenuere domos, ubi dicitur altam
 coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.
 notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,
 tempore crevit amor ; taedae quoque iure coissent, 60
 sed vetuere patres : quod non potuere vetare,
 ex aequo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
 conscius omnis abest ; nutu signisque loquuntur,
 quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis aestuat ignis.
 fissus erat tenui rima, quam duxerat olim, 65
 cum fieret, paries domui communis utrique.
 id vitium nulli per saecula longa notatum—
 quid non sentit amor ?—primi vidistis amantes
 et vocis fecistis iter, tutaeque per illud
 murmure blanditiae minimo transire solebant. 70
 saepe, ubi constiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,
 inque vices fuerat captatus anhelitus oris,
 ‘ invide ’ dicebant ‘ paries, quid amantibus obstas ?
 quantum erat, ut sineres toto nos corpore iungi
 aut, hoc si nimium est, vel ad oscula danda pateres ?

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

scales, and swims in a pool; or how her daughter, changed to a pure white dove, spent her last years perched on high battlements; or how a certain nymph, by incantation and herbs too potent, changed the bodies of some boys into mute fishes, and at last herself became a fish; or how the mulberry-tree, which once had borne white fruit, now has fruit dark red, from the bloody stain. The last seems best. This tale, not commonly known as yet, she tells, spinning her wool the while.

“Pyramus and Thisbe—he, the most beautiful youth, and she, loveliest maid of all the East—dwelt in houses side by side, in the city which Semiramis is said to have surrounded with walls of brick. Their nearness made the first steps of their acquaintance. In time love grew, and they would have been joined in marriage, too, but their parents forbade. Still, what no parents could forbid, sore smitten in heart they burned with mutual love. They had no go-between, but communicated by nods and signs; and the more they covered up the fire, the more it burned. There was a slender chink in the party-wall of the two houses, which it had at some former time received when it was building. This chink, which no one had ever discovered through all these years—but what does love not see?—you lovers first discovered and made it the channel of speech. Safe through this your loving words used to pass in tiny whispers. Often, when they had taken their positions, on this side Thisbe, and Pyramus on that, and when each in turn had listened eagerly for the other’s breath, ‘O envious wall,’ they would say, ‘why do you stand between lovers? How small a thing ’twould be for you to permit us to embrace each other, or, if this be too much, to open for our kisses! But we are

OVID

nec sumus ingrati: tibi nos debere fatemur, 76
 quod datus est verbis ad amicas transitus auris.
 talia diversa nequiquam sede locuti
 sub noctem dixere 'vale' partique dedere
 oscula quisque suae non pervenientia contra. 80
 postera nocturnos Aurora removerat ignes,
 solque pruinosas radiis siccaverat herbas:
 ad solitum coiere locum. tum murmure parvo
 multa prius questi statuunt, ut nocte silenti
 fallere custodes foribusque excedere temptent, 85
 cumque domo exierint, urbis quoque tecta relinquunt,
 neve sit errandum lato spatiantibus arvo,
 conveniant ad busta Nini lateantque sub umbra
 arboris: arbor ibi niveis uberrima pomis
 (ardua morus erat) gelido contermina fonti. 90
 pacta placent; et lux, tarde discedere visa,
 praecipitatur aquis, et aquis nox exit ab isdem.
 " Callida per tenebras versato cardine Thisbe
 egreditur fallitque suos adopertaque vultum
 pervenit ad tumulum dictaque sub arbore sedit. 95
 audacem faciebat amor. venit ecce recenti
 caede leaena boum spumantis oblita rictus
 depositura sitim vicini fontis in unda;
 quam procul ad lunae radios Babylonia Thisbe
 vidit et obscurum timido pede fugit in antrum, 100
 dumque fugit, tergo velamina lapsa reliquit.
 ut lea saeva sitim multa conpescuit unda,
 dum redit in silvas, inventos forte sine ipsa
 ore cruentato tenues laniavit amictus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

not ungrateful. We owe it to you, we admit, that a passage is allowed by which our words may go through to loving ears.' So, separated all to no purpose, they would talk, and as night came on they said good-bye and printed, each on his own side of the wall, kisses that did not go through. The next morning had put out the starry beacons of the night, and the sun's rays had dried the frosty grass; they came together at the accustomed place. Then first in low whispers they lamented bitterly, then decided when all had become still that night to try to elude their guardians' watchful eyes and steal out of doors; and, when they had gotten out, they would leave the city as well; and that they might not run the risk of missing one another, as they wandered in the open country, they were to meet at Ninus' tomb and hide in the shade of a tree. Now there was a tree there hanging full of snow-white berries, a tall mulberry, and not far away was a cool spring. They liked the plan, and slow the day seemed to go. But at last the sun went plunging down beneath the waves, and from the same waves the night came up.

“ Now Thisbe, carefully opening the door, steals out through the darkness, seen of none, and arrives duly at the tomb with her face well veiled and sits down under the trysting-tree. Love made her bold. But see! here comes a lioness, her jaws all dripping with the blood of fresh-slain cattle, to slake her thirst at the neighbouring spring. Far off under the rays of the moon Babylonian Thisbe sees her, and flees with trembling feet into the deep cavern, and as she flees she leaves her cloak on the ground behind her. When the savage lioness has quenched her thirst by copious draughts of water, returning to the woods she comes by chance upon the light garment (but without the

OVID

serius egressus vestigia vidit in alto 105
 pulvere certa ferae totoque expalluit ore
 Pyramus; ut vero vestem quoque sanguine tinctam
 repperit, ' una duos ' inquit ' nox perdet amantes,
 e quibus illa fuit longa dignissima vita;
 nostra nocens anima est. ego te, miseranda, peremi,
 in loca plena metus qui iussi nocte venires 111
 nec prior huc veni. nostrum divellite corpus
 et scelerata fero consumite viscera morsu,
 o quicumque sub hac habitatis rupe leones!
 sed timidi est optare necem.' velamina Thisbes 115
 tollit et ad pactae secum fert arboris umbram,
 utque dedit notae lacrimas, dedit oscula vesti,
 ' accipe nunc ' inquit ' nostri quoque sanguinis
 haustus! '
 quoque erat accinctus, demisit in ilia ferrum,
 nec mora, ferventi moriens e vulnere traxit. 120
 ut iacuit resupinus humo, cruor emicat alte,
 non aliter quam cum vitiato fistula plumbo
 scinditur et tenui stridente foramine longas
 eiaculatur aquas atque ictibus aera rumpit.
 arborei fetus adspergine caedis in atram 125
 vertuntur faciem, madefactaque sanguine radix
 purpureo tinguit pendentia mora colore.
 " Ecce metu nondum posito, ne fallat amantem,
 illa redit iuvenemque oculis animoque requirit,
 quantaque vitarit narrare pericula gestit; 130
 utque locum et visa cognoscit in arbore formam,
 sic facit incertam pomi color: haeret, an haec sit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

girl herself!) and tears it with bloody jaws. Pyramus, coming out a little later, sees the tracks of the beast plain in the deep dust and grows deadly pale at the sight. But when he saw the cloak too, smeared with blood, he cried: 'One night shall bring two lovers to death. But she of the two was more worthy of long life; on my head lies all the guilt. Oh, I have been the cause of your death, poor girl, in that I bade you come forth by night into this dangerous place, and did not myself come hither first. Come, rend my body and devour my guilty flesh with your fierce fangs, O all ye lions who have your lairs beneath this cliff! But 'tis a coward's part merely to pray for death.' He picks up Thisbe's cloak and carries it to the shade of the trysting-tree. And while he kisses the familiar garment and bedews it with his tears he cries: 'Drink now my blood too.' So saying, he drew the sword which he wore girt about him, plunged the blade into his side, and straightway, with his dying effort, drew the sword from his warm wound. As he lay stretched upon the earth the spouting blood leaped high; just as when a pipe has broken at a weak spot in the lead and through the small hissing aperture sends spurting forth long streams of water, cleaving the air with its jets. The fruit of the tree, sprinkled with the blood, was changed to a dark red colour; and the roots, soaked with his gore, also tinged the hanging berries with the same purple hue.

"And now comes Thisbe from her hiding-place, still trembling, but fearful also that her lover will miss her; she seeks for him both with eyes and soul, eager to tell him how great perils she has escaped. And while she recognizes the place and the shape of the well-known tree, still the colour

OVID

dum dubitat, tremebunda videt pulsare cruentum
 membra solum, retroque pedem tulit, oraque buxo
 pallidiora gerens exhorruit aequoris instar, 135
 quod tremit, exigua cum summum stringitur aura.
 sed postquam remorata suos cognovit amores,
 percutit indignos claro plangore lacertos
 et laniata comas amplexaque corpus amatum
 vulnera supplevit lacrimis fletumque cruori 140
 miscuit et gelidis in vultibus oscula figens
 ‘ Pyrame,’ clamavit, ‘ quis te mihi casus ademit?
 Pyrame, responde! tua te carissima Thisbe
 nominat; exaudi vultusque attolle iacentes!’
 ad nomen Thisbes oculos a morte gravatos 145
 Pyramus erexit visaque recondidit illa.

“Quae postquam vestemque suam cognovit et ense
 vidit ebur vacuum, ‘ tua te manus ’ inquit ‘ amorque
 perdidit, infelix! est et mihi fortis in unum
 hoc manus, est et amor: dabit hic in vulnera vires.
 persequar extinctum letique miserrima dicar 151
 causa comesque tui: quique a me morte revelli
 heu sola poteras, poteris nec morte revelli.
 hoc tamen amborum verbis estote rogati,
 o multum miseri meus illiusque parentes, 155
 ut, quos certus amor, quos hora novissima iunxit,
 componi tumulo non invideatis eodem;
 at tu quae ramis arbor miserabile corpus
 nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum,
 signa tene caedis pullosque et luctibus aptos 160
 semper habe fetus, gemini monimenta cruoris.’

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

of its fruit mystifies her. She doubts if it be this. While she hesitates, she sees somebody's limbs writhing on the bloody ground, and starts back, paler than boxwood, and shivering like the sea when a slight breeze ruffles its surface. But when after a little while she recognizes her lover, she smites her innocent arms with loud blows of grief, and tears her hair; and embracing the well-beloved form, she fills his wounds with tears, mingling these with his blood. And as she kissed his lips, now cold in death, she wailed: 'O my Pyramus, what mischance has reft you from me? Pyramus! answer me. 'Tis your dearest Thisbe calling you. Oh, listen, and lift your drooping head!' At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus lifted his eyes, now heavy with death, and having looked upon her face, closed them again.

"Now when she saw her own cloak and the ivory scabbard empty of the sword, she said: ' 'Twas your own hand and your love, poor boy, that took your life. I, too, have a hand brave for this one deed; I, too, have love. This shall give me strength for the fatal blow. I will follow you in death, and men shall say that I was the most wretched cause and comrade of your fate. Whom death alone had power to part from me, not even death shall have power to part from me. O wretched parents, mine and his, be ye entreated of this by the prayers of us both, that you begrudge us not that we, whom faithful love, whom the hour of death has joined, should be laid together in the same tomb. And do you, O tree, who now shade with your branches the poor body of one, and soon will shade two, keep the marks of our death and always bear your fruit of a dark colour, meet for mourning, as a memorial of our double death.'

OVID

dixit et aptato pectus mucrone sub imum
 incubuit ferro, quod adhuc a caede tepebat.
 vota tamen tetigere deos, tetigere parentes;
 nam color in pomo est, ubi permaturuit, ater, 165
 quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna."

Desierat: mediumque fuit breve tempus, et orsa est
 dicere Leuconoe: vocem tenuere sorores.

"hunc quoque, siderea qui temperat omnia luce,
 cepit amor Solem: Solis referemus amores. 170

primus adulterium Veneris cum Marte putatur
 hic vidisse deus; videt hic deus omnia primus.
 indoluit facto Iunonigenaeque marito
 furta tori furtique locum monstravit, at illi
 et mens et quod opus fabrilis dextra tenebat 175

excidit: extemplo graciles ex aere catenas
 retiaque et laqueos, quae lumina fallere possent,
 elimat. non illud opus tenuissima vincant
 stamina, non summo quae pendet aranea tigno;
 utque levis tactus momentaque parva sequantur, 180
 efficit et lecto circumdata collocat arte.

ut venere torum coniunx et adulter in unum,
 arte viri vinclisque nova ratione paratis
 in mediis ambo deprensi amplexibus haerent.
 Lemnius extemplo valvas patefecit eburnas 185

inmisitque deos; illi iacuere ligati
 turpiter, atque aliquis de dis non tristibus optat
 sic fieri turpis; superi risere, diuque
 haec fuit in toto notissima fabula caelo.

"Exigit indicii memorem Cythereia poenam 190

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She spoke, and fitting the point beneath her breast, she fell forward on the sword which was still warm with her lover's blood. Her prayers touched the gods and touched the parents; for the colour of the mulberry fruit is dark red when it is ripe, and all that remained from both funeral pyres rests in a common urn."

The tale was done. Then, after a brief interval, Leuconoë began, while her sisters held their peace. "Even the Sun, who with his central light guides all the stars, has felt the power of love. The Sun's loves we will relate. This god was first, 'tis said, to see the shame of Mars and Venus; this god sees all things first. Shocked at the sight, he revealed her sin to the goddess' husband, Vulcan, Juno's son, and where it was committed. Then Vulcan's mind reeled and the work upon which he was engaged fell from his hands. Straightway he fashioned a net of fine links of bronze, so thin that they would escape detection of the eye. Not the finest threads of wool would surpass that work; no, not the web which the spider lets down from the ceiling beam. He made the web in such a way that it would yield to the slightest touch, the least movement, and then he spread it deftly over the couch. Now when the goddess and her paramour had come thither, by the husband's art and by the net so cunningly prepared they were both caught and held fast in each other's arms. Straightway Vulcan, the Lemnian, opened wide the ivory doors and invited in the other gods. There lay the two in chains, disgracefully, and some one of the merry gods prayed that he might be so disgraced. The gods laughed, and for a long time this story was the talk of heaven.

"But the goddess of Cythera did not forget the one

OVID

inque vices illum, tectos qui laesit amores,
 laedit amore pari. quid nunc, Hyperione nate,
 forma colorque tibi radiataque lumina prosunt?
 nempe, tuis omnes qui terras ignibus uris,
 ureris igne novo; quique omnia cernere debes, 195
 Leucothoen spectas et virgine figis in una,
 quos mundo debes, oculos. modo surgis Eoo
 temperius caelo, modo serius incidis undis,
 spectandique mora brumalis porrigis horas;
 deficis interdum, vitiumque in lumina mentis 200
 transit et obscurus mortalia pectora terres.
 nec tibi quod lunae terris propioris imago
 obstiterit, palles: facit hunc amor iste colorem.
 diligis hanc unam, nec te Clymeneque Rhodosque
 nec tenet Aeetae genetrix pulcherrima Circes 205
 quaeque tuos Clytie quamvis despecta petebat
 concubitus ipsoque illo grave vulnus habebat
 tempore: Leucothoe multarum oblivia fecit,
 gentis odoriferae quam formosissima partu
 edidit Eurynome; sed postquam filia crevit, 210
 quam mater cunctas, tam matrem filia vicit.
 rexit Achaemenias urbes pater Orchamus isque
 septimus a prisco numeratur origine Belo.

“Axe sub Hesperio sunt pascua Solis equorum:
 ambrosiam pro gramine habent; ea fessa diurnis 215
 membra ministeriis nutrit reparatque labori.
 dumque ibi quadrupedes caelestia pabula carpunt
 noxque vicem peragit, thalamos deus intrat
 amatos,

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who had spied on her, and took fitting vengeance on him; and he that betrayed her stolen love was equally betrayed in love. What now avail, O son of Hyperion, thy beauty and brightness and radiant beams? For thou, who dost inflame all lands with thy fires, art thyself inflamed by a strange fire. Thou who shouldst behold all things, dost gaze on Leucothoë alone, and on one maiden dost thou fix those eyes which belong to the whole world. Anon too early dost thou rise in the eastern sky, and anon too late dost thou sink beneath the waves, and through thy long lingering over her dost prolong the short wintry hours. Sometimes thy beams fail utterly, thy heart's darkness passing to thy rays, and darkened thou dost terrify the hearts of men. Nor is it that the moon has come 'twixt thee and earth that thou art dark; 'tis that love of thine alone that makes thy face so wan. Thou delightest in her alone. Now neither Clymene seems fair to thee, nor the maid of Rhodes, nor Aeaean Circes' mother, though most beautiful, nor Clytie, who, although scorned by thee, still seeks thy love and even now bears its deep wounds in her heart. Leucothoë makes thee forgetful of them all, she whom most fair Eurynome bore in the land of spices. But, after the daughter came to womanhood, as the mother surpassed all in loveliness, so did the daughter surpass her. Her father, Orchamus, ruled over the cities of Persia, himself the seventh in line from ancient Belus.

“Beneath the western skies lie the pastures of the Sun's horses. Here not common grass, but ambrosia is their food. On this their bodies, weary with their service of the day, are refreshed and gain new strength for toil. While here his horses crop their celestial pasturage and Night takes her turn of toil, the

OVID

versus in Eurynomes faciem genetricis, et inter
 bis sex Leucothoen famulas ad lumina cernit 220
 levia versato ducentem stamina fuso.
 ergo ubi ceu mater carae dedit oscula natae,
 ' res ' ait ' arcana est : famulae, discedite neve
 eripite arbitrium matri secreta loquendi.'
 paruerant, thalamoque deus sine teste relicto 225
 ' ille ego sum ' dixit, ' qui longum metior annum,
 omnia qui video, per quem videt omnia tellus,
 mundi oculus : mihi, crede, places.' pavet illa
 metuque
 et colus et fusus digitis cecidere remissis.
 ipse timor decuit. nec longius ille moratus 230
 in veram rediit speciem solitumque nitorem ;
 at virgo quamvis inopino territa visu
 victa nitore dei posita vim passa querella est.
 " Invidit Clytie (neque enim moderatus in illa
 Solis amor fuerat) stimulataque paelicis ira 235
 vulgat adulterium diffamatumque parenti
 indicat. ille ferox inmansuetusque precantem
 tendentemque manus ad lumina Solis et ' ille
 vim tulit invitae ' dicentem defodit alta
 crudus humo tumulumque super gravis addit
 harenae. 240
 dissipat hunc radiis Hyperione natus iterque
 dat tibi, qua possis defossos promere vultus ;
 nec tu iam poteras enectum pondere terrae
 tollere, nympa, caput corpusque exsanguie iacebas :
 nil illo fertur volucrum moderator equorum 245

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god enters the apartments of his love, assuming the form of Eurynome, her mother. There he discovers Leucothoë, surrounded by her twelve maidens, spinning fine wool with whirling spindle. Then having kissed her, just as her mother would have kissed her dear daughter, he says: 'Mine is a private matter. Retire, ye slaves, and let not a mother want the right to a private speech.' The slaves obey; and now the god, when the last witness has left the room, declares: 'Lo, I am he who measure out the year, who behold all things, by whom the earth beholds all things—the world's eye. I tell thee thou hast found favour in my sight.' The nymph is filled with fear; distaff and spindle fall unheeded from her limp fingers. Her very fear becomes her. Then he, no longer tarrying, resumes his own form and his wonted splendour. But the maiden, though in terror at this sudden apparition, yet, overwhelmed by his radiance, at last without protest suffers the ardent wooing of the god.

“Clytie was jealous, for love of the Sun still burned uncontrolled in her. Burning now with wrath at the sight of her rival, she spread abroad the story, and especially to the father did she tell his daughter's shame. He, fierce and merciless, unheeding her prayers, unheeding her arms stretched out to the Sun, and unheeding her cry, 'He overbore my will,' with brutal cruelty buried her deep in the earth, and heaped on the spot a heavy mound of sand. The son of Hyperion rent this with his rays, and made a way by which you might put forth your buried head; but too late, for now, poor nymph, you could not lift your head, crushed beneath the heavy earth, and you lay there, a lifeless corpse. Naught more pitiful than that sight, they say, did the driver of the swift steeds

OVID

post Phaethonteos vidisse dolentius ignes.
 ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus
 si queat in vivum temptat revocare calorem ;
 sed quoniam tantis fatum conatibus obstat,
 nectare odorato sparsit corpusque locumque 250
 multaue praequestus ‘ tanges tamen aethera ’ dixit.
 protinus inbutum caelesti nectare corpus
 dilicuit terramque suo madefecit odore,
 virgaque per glaebas sensim radicibus actis
 turea surrexit tumulumque cacumine rupit. 255

“ At Clytien, quamvis amor excusare dolorem
 indiciumque dolor poterat, non amplius auctor
 lucis adit Venerisque modum sibi fecit in illa.
 tabuit ex illo dementer amoribus usa ;
 nympharum inpatiens et sub Iove nocte dieque 260
 sedit humo nuda nudis incompta capillis,
 perque novem luces expers undaeque cibique
 rore mero lacrimisque suis ieiunia pavit
 nec se movit humo ; tantum spectabat euntis
 ora dei vultusque suos flectebat ad illum. 265
 membra ferunt haesisse solo, partemque coloris
 luridus exsanguis pallor convertit in herbas ;
 est in parte rubor violaeque simillimus ora
 flos tegit. illa suum, quamvis radice tenetur,
 vertitur ad Solem mutataque servat amorem.” 270

Dixerat, et factum mirabile ceperat auris ;
 pars fieri potuisse negant, pars omnia veros
 posse deos memorant : sed non est Bacchus in illis.
 poscitur Alcithoe, postquam siluere sorores.

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see since Phaëthon's burning death. He tried, indeed, by his warm rays to recall those death-cold limbs to the warmth of life. But since grim fate opposed all his efforts, he sprinkled the body and the ground with fragrant nectar, and prelude with many words of grief, he said: 'In spite of fate shalt thou reach the upper air.' Straightway the body, soaked with the celestial nectar, melted away and filled the earth around with its sweet fragrance. Then did a shrub of frankincense, with deep-driven roots, rise slowly through the soil and its top cleaved the mound.

"But Clytie, though love could excuse her grief, and grief her tattling, was sought no more by the great light-giver, nor did he find aught to love in her. For this cause she pined away, her love turned to madness. Unable to endure her sister nymphs, beneath the open sky, by night and day, she sat upon the bare ground, naked, bareheaded, unkempt. For nine whole days she sat, tasting neither drink nor food, her hunger fed by naught save pure dew and tears, and moved not from the ground. Only she gazed on the face of her god as he went his way, and turned her face towards him. They say that her limbs grew fast to the soil and her deathly pallor changed in part to a bloodless plant; but in part 'twas red, and a flower, much like a violet, came where her face had been. Still, though roots hold her fast, she turns ever towards the sun and, though changed herself, preserves her love unchanged."

The story-teller ceased; the wonderful tale had held their ears. Some of the sisters say that such things could not happen; others declare that true gods can do anything. But Bacchus is not one of these. Alcithoë is next called for when the sisters

OVID

quae radio stantis percurrens stamina telae 275
 “ vulgatos taceo ” dixit “ pastoris amores
 Daphnidis Idaei, quem nymphe paelicis ira
 contulit in saxum : tantus dolor urit amantes ;
 nec loquor, ut quondam naturae iure novato
 ambiguus fuerit modo vir, modo femina Sithon. 280
 te quoque, nunc adamas, quondam fidissime parvo,
 Celmi, Iovi largoque satos Curetas ab imbri
 et Crocon in parvos versum cum Smilace flores
 praetereo dulcique animos novitate tenebo.

“ Unde sit infamis, quare male fortibus undis 285
 Salmacis enervet tactosque remolliat artus,
 discite. causa latet, vis est notissima fontis.
 Mercurio puerum diva Cythereide natum
 naides Idaeis enutrivere sub antris,
 cuius erat facies, in qua materque paterque 290
 cognosci possent ; nomen quoque traxit ab illis.
 is tria cum primum fecit quinquennia, montes
 deseruit patrios Idaque altrice relicta
 ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
 flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem. 295
 ille etiam Lycias urbes Lyciaeque propinquos
 Caras adit : videt hic stagnum lucentis ad imum
 usque solum lymphae ; non illic canna palustris
 nec steriles ulvae nec acuta cuspide iunci ;
 perspicuus liquor est ; stagni tamen ultima vivo 300
 caespite cinguntur semperque virentibus herbis.
 nymphea colit, sed nec venatibus apta nec arcus
 flectere quae soleat nec quae contendere cursu,

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have become silent again. Running her shuttle swiftly through the threads of her loom, she said: "I will pass by the well-known love of Daphnis, the shepherd-boy of Ida, whom a nymph, in anger at her rival, changed to stone: so great is the burning smart which jealous lovers feel. Nor will I tell how once Sithon, the natural laws reversed, lived of changing sex, now woman and now man. How you also, Celmis, now adamant, were once most faithful friend of little Jove; how the Curetes sprang from copious showers; how Crocus and his beloved Smilax were changed into tiny flowers. All these stories I will pass by and will charm your minds with a tale that is pleasing because new.

"How the fountain of Salmacis is of ill-repute, how it enervates with its enfeebling waters and renders soft and weak all men who bathe therein, you shall now hear. The cause is hidden; but the enfeebling power of the fountain is well known. A little son of Hermes and of the goddess of Cythera the naiads nursed within Ida's caves. In his fair face mother and father could be clearly seen; his name also he took from them. When fifteen years had passed, he left his native mountains and abandoned his foster-mother, Ida, delighting to wander in unknown lands and to see strange rivers, his eagerness making light of toil. He came even to the Lycian cities and to the Carians, who dwell hard by the land of Lycia. Here he saw a pool of water crystal clear to the very bottom. No marshy reeds grew there, no unfruitful swamp-grass, nor spiky rushes; it is clear water. But the edges of the pool are bordered with fresh grass, and herbage ever green. A nymph dwells in the pool, one that loves not hunting, nor is wont to bend the bow or strive with speed of foot. She

OVID

solaque naiadum celeri non nota Dianae.
 saepe suas illi fama est dixisse sorores 305
 ‘ Salmaci, vel iaculum vel pictas sume pharetras
 et tua cum duris venatibus otia misce ! ’
 nec iaculum sumit nec pictas illa pharetras,
 nec sua cum duris venatibus otia miscet,
 sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus, 310
 saepe Cytoriaco deducit pectine crines
 et, quid se deceat, spectatas consulit undas ;
 nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu
 mollibus aut foliis aut mollibus incubat herbis,
 saepe legit flores. et tum quoque forte legebat, 315
 cum puerum vidit visumque optavit habere.

“ Nec tamen ante adiit, etsi properabat adire,
 quam se composuit, quam circumspexit amictus
 et finxit vultum et meruit formosa videri.
 tunc sic orsa loqui : ‘ puer o dignissime credi 320
 esse deus, seu tu deus es, potes esse Cupido,
 sive es mortalis, qui te genuere, beati,
 et frater felix, et fortunata profecto,
 si qua tibi soror est, et quae dedit ubera nutrix ;
 sed longe cunctis longeque beatior illa, 325
 si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere taeda.
 haec tibi sive aliqua est, mea sit furtiva voluptas,
 seu nulla est, ego sim, thalamumque ineamus
 eundem.’

nais ab his tacuit. pueri rubor ora notavit ;
 nescit, enim, quid amor ; sed et erubuisse decebat :
 hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis 331
 aut ebori tincto est aut sub candore rubenti,
 cum frustra resonant aera auxiliaria, lunae.
 poscenti nymphae sine fine sororia saltem

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only of the naiads follows not in swift Diana's train. Often, 'tis said, her sisters would chide her: 'Salmacis, take now either hunting-spear or painted quiver, and vary your ease with the hardships of the hunt.' But she takes no hunting-spear, no painted quiver, nor does she vary her ease with the hardships of the hunt; but at times she bathes her shapely limbs in her own pool; often combs her hair with a boxwood comb, often looks in the mirror-like waters to see what best becomes her. Now, wrapped in a transparent robe, she lies down to rest on the soft grass or the soft herbage. Often she gathers flowers; and on this occasion, too, she chanced to be gathering flowers when she saw the boy and longed to possess what she saw.

"Not yet, however, did she approach him, though she was eager to do so, until she had calmed herself, until she had arranged her robes and composed her countenance, and taken all pains to appear beautiful. Then did she speak: 'O youth, most worthy to be believed a god, if thou art indeed a god, thou must be Cupid; or if thou art mortal, happy are they who gave thee birth, blest is thy brother, fortunate indeed any sister of thine and thy nurse who gave thee suck. But far, oh, far happier than they all is she, if any be thy promised bride, if thou shalt deem any worthy to be thy wife. If there be any such, let mine be stolen joy; if not, may I be thine, thy bride, and may we be joined in wedlock.' The maiden said no more. But the boy blushed rosy red; for he knew not what love is. But still the blush became him well. Such colour have apples hanging in sunny orchards, or painted ivory; such has the moon, eclipsed, red under white, when brazen vessels clash vainly for her relief. When the nymph begged and prayed for at least a sister's kiss,

OVID

oscula iamque manus ad eburnea colla ferenti 335
 ' desinis? aut fugio tecumque ' ait ' ista relinquo.'
 Salmacis extimuit ' loca ' que ' haec tibi libera
 trado,
 hospes ' ait simulatque gradu discedere verso,
 tum quoque respiciens, fruticumque recondita
 silva
 delituit flexuque genu submitit; at ille, 340
 scilicet ut vacuis et inobservatus in herbis,
 huc it et hinc illuc et in adludentibus undis
 summa pedum taloque tenus vestigia tinguit;
 nec mora, temperie blandarum captus aquarum
 mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit. 345
 tum vero stupuit nudaeque cupidine formae
 Salmacis exarsit, flagrant quoque lumina nymphae,
 non aliter quam cum puro nitidissimus orbe
 opposita speculi referitur imagine Phoebus;
 vixque moram patitur, vix iam sua gaudia differt, 350
 iam cupit amplecti, iam se male continet amens.
 ille cavis velox adplauso corpore palmis
 desilit in latices alternaque bracchia ducens
 in liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea si quis
 signa tegat claro vel candida lilia vitro. 355
 ' vicimus et meus est ' exclamat nais, et omni
 veste procul iacta mediis inmittitur undis,
 pugnantemque tenet, luctantiaque oscula carpit,
 subiectatque manus, invitaque pectora tangit,
 et nunc hac iuveni, nunc circumfunditur illac; 360
 denique nitentem contra elabique volentem
 implicat ut serpens, quam regia sustinet ales
 sublimemque rapit: pendens caput illa pedesque
 adligat et cauda spatiantes implicat alas;
 utve solent hederæ longos intexere truncos, 365
 utque sub aequoribus deprensus polypus hostem

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and was in act to throw her arms round his snowy neck, he cried: 'Have done, or I must flee and leave this spot—and you.' Salmacis trembled at this threat and said: 'I yield the place to you, fair stranger,' and turning away, pretended to depart. But even so she often looked back, and deep in a neighbouring thicket she hid herself, crouching on bended knees. But the boy, freely as if unwatched and alone, walks up and down on the grass, dips his toes in the lapping waters, and his feet. Then quickly, charmed with the coolness of the soothing stream, he threw aside the thin garments from his slender form. Then was the nymph as one spellbound, and her love kindled as she gazed at the naked form. Her eyes shone bright as when the sun's dazzling face is reflected from the surface of a glass held opposite his rays. Scarce can she endure delay, scarce bear her joy postponed, so eager to hold him in her arms, so madly incontinent. He, clapping his body with hollow palms, dives into the pool, and swimming with alternate strokes flashes with gleaming body through the transparent flood, as if one should encase ivory figures or white lilies in translucent glass. 'I win, and he is mine!' cries the naiad, and casting off all her garments dives also into the waters: she holds him fast though he strives against her, steals reluctant kisses, fondles him, touches his unwilling breast, clings to him on this side and on that. At length, as he tries his best to break away from her, she wraps him round with her embrace, as a serpent, when the king of birds has caught her and is bearing her on high: which, hanging from his claws, wraps her folds around his head and feet and entangles his flapping wings with her tail; or as the ivy oft-times embraces great trunks of trees, or as the sea-polyp holds its enemy caught

OVID

continet ex omni dimissis parte flagellis.
 perstat Atlantiades sperataque gaudia nymphae
 denegat, illa premit commissaque corpore toto
 sicut inhaerebat, ' pugnes licet, inprobe,' dixit, 370
 ' non tamen effugies. ita di iubeatis, et istum
 nulla dies a me nec me deducat ab isto.'

vota suos habuere deos; nam mixta duorum
 corpora iunguntur, faciesque inducitur illis
 una. velut, si quis conducat cortice ramos, 375
 crescendo iungi pariterque adolescere cernit,
 sic ubi complexu coierunt membra tenaci,
 nec duo sunt et forma duplex, nec femina dici
 nec puer ut possit, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.

" Ergo ubi se liquidas, quo vir descenderat, undas
 semimarem fecisse videt mollitaque in illis 381
 membra, manus tendens, sed iam non voce virili
 Hermaphroditus ait: ' nato date munera vestro,
 et pater et genetrix, amborum nomen habenti:
 quisquis in hos fontes vir venerit, exeat inde 385
 semivir et tactis subito mollescat in undis! '
 motus uterque parens nati rata verba biformis
 fecit et incesto fontem medicamine tinxit."

Finis erat dictis, sed adhuc Minyeia proles
 urguet opus spernitque deum festumque profanat,
 tympana cum subito non adparentia raucis 391
 obstrepuere sonis, et adunco tibia cornu
 tinnulaque aera sonant; redolent murraeque crocique,
 resque fide maior, coepere virescere telae
 inque hederæ faciem pendens frondescere vestis; 395
 pars abit in vites, et quae modo fila fuerunt,

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beneath the sea, its tentacles embracing him on every side. The son of Atlas resists as best he may and denies the nymph the joy she craves; but she holds on, and clings as if grown fast to him. 'Strive as you may, wicked boy,' she cries, 'still shall you not escape me. Grant me this, ye gods, and may no day ever come that shall separate him from me or me from him.' The gods heard her prayer. For their two bodies, joined together as they were, were merged in one, with one face and form for both. As when one grafts a twig on some tree, he sees the branches grow one, and with common life come to maturity, so were these two bodies knit in close embrace: they were no longer two, nor such as to be called, one, woman, and one, man. They seemed neither, and yet both.

"When now he saw that the waters into which he had plunged had made him but half-man, and that his limbs had become enfeebled there, stretching out his hands and speaking, though not with manly tones, Hermaphroditus cried: 'Oh, grant this boon, my father and my mother, to your son who bears the names of both: whoever comes into this pool as man may he go forth half-man, and may he weaken at touch of the water.' His parents heard the prayer of their two-formed son and charged the waters with that uncanny power."

Alcithoë was done; but still did the daughters of Minyas ply their tasks, despising the god and profaning his holy day: when suddenly unseen timbrels sounded harshly in their ears, and flutes, with curving horns, and tinkling cymbals; the air was full of the sweet scent of saffron and of myrrh; and, past all belief, their weft turned green, the hanging cloth changed into vines of ivy; part became grape-vines, and what were but now threads became clinging

OVID

palmite mutantur ; de stamine pampinus exit ;
 purpura fulgorem pictis adcommodat uvis.
 iamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat,
 quod tu nec tenebras nec possis dicere lucem, 400
 sed cum luce tamen dubiae confinia noctis :
 tecta repente quati pinguesque ardere videntur
 lampades et rutilus conlucere ignibus aedes
 falsaque saevarum simulacra ululare ferarum,
 fumida iamdudum latitant per tecta sorores 405
 diversaeque locis ignes ac lumina vitant,
 dumque petunt tenebras, parvos membrana per artus
 porrigitur tenuique includit bracchia pinna ;
 nec qua perdidierint veterem ratione figuram,
 scire sinunt tenebrae : non illas pluma levavit, 410
 sustinuerunt tamen se perlucentibus alis
 conataeque loqui minimam et pro corpore vocem
 emittunt peraguntque levi stridore querellas.
 tectaque, non silvas celebrant lucemque perosae
 nocte volant seroque tenent a vespere nomen. 415

Tum vero totis Bacchi memorabile Thebis
 numen erat, magnasque novi matertera vires
 narrat ubique dei de totque sororibus expers
 una doloris erat, nisi quem fecere sorores :
 adspicit hanc natis thalamoque Athamantis habentem
 sublimes animos et alumno numine Iuno 421
 nec tulit et secum : “ potuit de paelice natus

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

tendrils; vine-leaves sprang out along the warp, and bright-hued clusters matched the purple tapestry. And now the day was ended, and the time was come when you could not say 'twas dark or light; it was the borderland of night, yet with a gleam of day. Suddenly the whole house seemed to tremble, the oil-fed lamps to flare up, and all the rooms to be ablaze with ruddy fires, while ghostly beasts howled round. Meanwhile the sisters are seeking hiding-places through the smoke-filled rooms, in various corners trying to avoid the flames and glare of light. And while they seek to hide, a skinny covering overspreads their slender limbs, and thin wings enclose their arms. And in what fashion they have lost their former shape they know not for the darkness. No feathered pinions uplift them, yet they sustain themselves on transparent wings. They try to speak, but utter only the tiniest sound as befits their shrivelled forms, and give voice to their grief in thin squeaks. Houses, not forests, are their favourite haunts; and, hating the light of day, they flit by night and from late eventide derive their name.¹

Then, truly, was the divinity of Bacchus acknowledged throughout all Thebes, and his mother's sister, Ino, would be telling of the wonderful powers of the new god everywhere. She alone of all her sisters knew naught of grief, except what she felt for them. She, proud of her children, of her husband, Athamas, and proud above all of her divine foster-son, is seen by Juno, who could not bear the sight. "That child of my rival," she said, communing with herself, "had power to change the

¹ *i.e. vesperiliones*, "creatures that flit about in the twilight," *i.e. bats*.

OVID

vertere Maeonios pelagoque inmergere nautas
 et laceranda suae nati dare viscera matri
 et triplices operire novis Minyeidas alis : 425
 nil poterit Iuno nisi inultos flere dolores?
 idque mihi satis est? haec una potentia nostra est?
 ipse docet, quid agam (fas est et ab hoste doceri),
 quidque furor valeat, Penthea caede satisque
 ac super ostendit: cur non stimuletur eatque 430
 per cognata suis exempla furoribus Ino? ”

Est via declivis funesta nubila taxo:
 ducit ad infernas per muta silentia sedes;
 Styx nebulas exhalat iners, umbraeque recentes
 descendunt illac simulacraque functa sepulcris: 435
 pallor hiemsque tenent late loca senta, novique,
 qua sit iter, manes, Stygiam quod ducat ad urbem,
 ignorant, ubi sit nigri fera regia Ditis.
 mille capax aditus et apertas undique portas
 urbs habet, utque fretum de tota flumina terra, 440
 sic omnes animas locus accipit ille nec ulli
 exiguus populo est turbamve accedere sentit.
 errant exsanguis sine corpore at ossibus umbrae,
 parsque forum celebrant, pars imi tecta tyranni,
 pars aliquas artes, antiquae imitamina vitae.¹ 445

Sustinet ire illuc caelesti sede relicta 447
 (tantum odiis iraeque dabat) Saturnia Iuno;
 quo simul intravit sacroque a corpore pressum
 ingemuit limen, tria Cerberus extulit ora 450

¹ 446 exercent, aliam partem sua poena coercent. *This line, included in some manuscripts, is rejected by most editors.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

Maeonian sailors and plunge them in the sea, to cause the flesh of a son to be torn in pieces by his own mother, and to enwrap the three daughters of Minyas with strange wings; and shall naught be given to Juno, save to bemoan her wrongs still unavenged? Does that suffice me? Is this my only power? But he himself teaches me what to do. 'Tis proper to learn even from an enemy. To what length madness can go he has proved enough and to spare by the slaughter of Pentheus. Why should not Ino be stung to madness too, and, urged by her fury, go where her kinswomen have led the way?"

There is a down-sloping path, by deadly yew-trees shaded, which leads through dumb silence to the infernal realms. The sluggish Styx there exhales its vaporous breath; and by that way come down the spirits of the new-dead, shades of those who have received due funeral rites. This is a wide-extending waste, wan and cold; and the shades newly arrived know not where the road is which leads to the Stygian city where lies the dread palace of black Dis. This city has a thousand wide approaches and gates open on all sides; and as the ocean receives the rivers that flow down from all the earth, so does this place receive all souls; it is not too small for any people, nor does it feel the accession of a throng. There wander the shades bloodless, without body and bone. Some throng the forum, some the palace of the underworld king; others ply some craft in imitation of their former life.

Thither, leaving her abode in heaven, Saturnian Juno endured to go; so much did she grant to her hate and wrath. When she made entrance there, and the threshold groaned beneath the weight of her sacred form, Cerberus reared up his threefold head

OVID

et tres latratus simul edidit; illa sorores
 Nocte vocat genitas, grave et inplacabile numen:
 carceris ante fores clausas adamante sedebant
 deque suis atros pectebant crinibus angues.
 quam simul agnorunt inter caliginis umbras, 455
 surrexere deae; sedes scelerata vocatur:
 viscera praebebat Tityos lanianda novemque
 iugeribus distentus erat; tibi, Tantale, nullae
 deprenduntur aquae, quaeque inminet, effugit
 arbos;
 aut petis aut urges rediturum, Sisyphe saxum; 460
 volvitur Ixion et se sequiturque fugitique,
 molirique suis letum patruelibus ausae
 adsiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas.
 Quos omnes acie postquam Saturnia torva
 vidit et ante omnes Ixiona, rursus ab illo 465
 Sisyphon adspiciens "cur hic e fratribus" inquit
 "perpetuas patitur poenas, Athamanta superbum
 regia dives habet, qui me cum coniuge semper
 sprexit?" et exponit causas odiique viaeque,
 quidque velit: quod vellet, erat, ne regia Cadmi 470
 staret, et in facinus traherent Athamanta sorores.
 imperium, promissa, preces confundit in unum
 sollicitatque deas: sic haec Iunone locuta,
 Tisiphone canos, ut erat, turbata capillos
 movit et obstantes reiecit ab ore colubras 475
 atque ita "non longis opus est ambagibus," inquit;
 "facta puta, quaecumque iubes; inamabile regnum
 desere teque refer caeli melioris ad auras."

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and uttered his threefold baying. The goddess summoned the Furies, sisters born of Night, divinities deadly and implacable. Before hell's closed gates of adamant they sat, combing the while black snakes from their hair. When they recognized Juno approaching through the thick gloom, the goddesses arose. This place is called the Accursed Place. Here Tityos offered his vitals to be torn, lying stretched out over nine broad acres. Thy lips can catch no water, Tantalus, and the tree that overhangs ever eludes thee. Thou, Sisyphus, dost either push or chase the rock that must always be rolling down the hill again. There whirls Ixion on his wheel, both following himself and fleeing, all in one; and the Belides, for daring to work destruction on their cousin-husbands, with unremitting toil seek again and again the waters, only to lose them.

On all these Saturnia looks with frowning eyes, but especially on Ixion; then, turning her gaze from him to Sisyphus, she says: "Why does this of all the brothers suffer unending pains, while Athamas dwells proudly in a rich palace—Athamas, who with his wife has always scorned my godhead?" And she explains the causes of her hatred and of her journey hither, and what she wants. What she wanted was that the house of Cadmus should fall, and that the Fury-sisters should drive Athamas to madness. Commands, promises, prayers she poured out all in one, and begged the goddesses to aid her. When Juno had done, Tisiphone, just as she was, shook her tangled grey locks, tossed back the straggling snakes from her face, and said: "There is no need of long explanations; consider done all that you ask. Leave this unlovely realm and go back to the sweeter airs of your native skies." Juno went back rejoicing;

OVID

laeta redit Iuno, quam caelum intrare parantem
roratis lustravit aquis Thaumantias Iris. 480

Nec mora, Tisiphone madefactam sanguine sumit
inportuna facem, fluidoque cruore rubentem
induitur pallam, tortoque incingitur angue
egrediturque domo. Luctus comitatur euntem
et Pavor et Terror trepidoque Insania vultu. 485

limine constiterat: postes tremuisse feruntur
Aeolii pallorque fores infecit acernas ¹
solque locum fugit. monstris exterrita coniunx,
territus est Athamas, tectoque exire parabant:
obstitit infelix aditumque obsedit Erinys, 490

nexaque vipereis distendens bracchia nodis
caesariem excussit: motae sonuere colubrae
parsque iacent umeris, pars circum pectora lapsae
sibila dant saniemque vomunt linguisque coruscant.
inde duos mediis abrumpit crinibus angues 495

pestiferaque manu raptos inmisit, at illi
Inoosque sinus Athamanteosque pererrant
inspirantque graves animos; nec vulnera membris
ulla ferunt: mens est, quae diros sentiat ictus.
attulerat secum liquidi quoque monstra veneni, 500

oris Cerberei spumas et virus Echidnae
erroresque vagos caecaeque obliviae mentis
et scelus et lacrimas rabiemque et caedis amorem,
omnia trita simul, quae sanguine mixta recenti
coxerat aere cavo viridi versata cicuta; 505

dumque pavent illi, vergit furiale venenum
pectus in amborum praecordiaque intima movit.

¹ acernas *MSS.*: Avernus *Merkel.*

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and as she was entering heaven, Iris, the daughter of Thaumus, sprinkled her o'er with purifying water.

Straightway the fell Tisiphone seized a torch which had been steeped in gore, put on a robe red with dripping blood, girt round her waist a writhing snake, and started forth. Grief went along with her, Terror and Dread and Madness, too, with quivering face. She stood upon the doomed threshold. They say the very door-posts of the house of Aeolus¹ shrank away from her; the polished oaken doors grew dim and the sun hid his face. Ino was mad with terror at the monstrous sight, and her husband, Athamas, was filled with fear. They made to leave their palace, but the baleful Fury stood in their way and blocked their exit. And stretching her arms, wreathed with vipers, she shook out her locks: disturbed, the serpents hissed horribly. A part lay on her shoulders, part twined round her breast, hissing, vomiting venomous gore, and darting out their tongues. Then she tears away two serpents from the midst of her tresses, and with deadly aim hurls them at her victims. The snakes go gliding over the breasts of Ino and of Athamas and breathe upon them their pestilential breath. No wounds their bodies suffer; 'tis their minds that feel the deadly stroke. The Fury, not content with this, had brought horrid poisons too—froth of Cerberus' jaws, the venom of the Hydra, strange hallucinations and utter forgetfulness, crime and tears, mad love of slaughter, all mixed together with fresh blood and green hemlock juice, and brewed in a brazen cauldron. And while they stood quaking there, over the breasts of both she poured this maddening poison brew, and made it sink to their being's core.

¹ The father of Athamas.

OVID

tum face iactata per eundem saepius orbem
 consequitur motis velociter ignibus ignes.
 sic victrix iussique potens ad inania magni 510
 regna redit Ditis sumptumque recingitur anguem.

Protinus Aeolides media furibundus in aula
 clamat " io, comites, his retia tendite silvis!
 hic modo cum gemina visa est mihi prole leaena "
 utque ferae sequitur vestigia coniugis amens 515
 deque sinu matris ridentem et parva Learchum
 brachia tendentem rapit et bis terque per auras
 more rotat fundae rigidoque infantia saxo
 discutit ora ferox ; tum denique concita mater,
 seu dolor hoc fecit seu sparsi causa veneni, 520
 exululat passisque fugit male sana capillis
 teque ferens parvum nudis, Melicerta, lacertis
 " euhoe Bacche " sonat : Bacchi sub nomine Iuno
 risit et " hos usus praestet tibi " dixit " alumnus ! "
 inminet aequoribus scopulus : pars ima cavatur 525
 fluctibus et tectas defendit ab imbribus undas,
 summa riget frontemque in apertum porrigit
 aequor ;

occupat hunc (vires insania fecerat) Ino
 seque super pontum nullo tardata timore
 mittit onusque suum ; percussa recanduit unda. 530

At Venus, inmeritae neptis miserata labores,
 sic patruo blandita suo est " o numen aquarum,
 proxima cui caelo cessit, Neptune, potestas,

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Then, catching up her torch, she whirled it rapidly round and round and kindled fire by the swiftly moving fire. So, her task accomplished and her victory won, she retraced her way to the unsubstantial realm of mighty Dis, and there laid off the serpents she had worn.

Straightway cried Athamas, the son of Aeolus, madly raving in his palace halls: "Ho! my comrades, spread the nets here in these woods! I saw here but now a lioness with her two cubs"; and madly pursued his wife's tracks as if she were a beast of prey. His son, Learchus, laughing and stretching out his little hands in glee, he snatched from the mother's arms, and whirling him round and round through the air like a sling, he madly dashed the baby's head against a rough rock. Then the mother, stung to madness too, either by grief or by the sprinkled poison's force, howled wildly, and, quite bereft of sense, with hair streaming, she fled away, bearing thee, little Melicerta, in her naked arms, and shouting "Ho! Bacchus!" as she fled. At the name of Bacchus, Juno laughed in scorn and said: "So may your foster-son ever bless you!" A cliff o'erhung the sea, the lower part of which had been hollowed out by the beating waves, and sheltered the waters underneath from the rain. Its top stood high and sharp and stretched far out in front over the deep. To this spot—for madness had made her strong—Ino climbed, and held by no natural fears, she leaped with her child far out above the sea. The water where she fell was churned white with foam.

But Venus, pitying the undeserved sufferings of her granddaughter, thus addressed her uncle with coaxing words: "O Neptune, god of waters, whose

OVID

magna quidem posco, sed tu miserere meorum,
 iactari quos cernis in Ionio immenso, 535
 et dis adde tuis. aliqua et mihi gratia ponto est,
 si tamen in dio quondam concreta profundo
 spuma fui Graiumque manet mihi nomen ab
 illa.”

adnuit oranti Neptunus et abstulit illis,
 quod mortale fuit, maiestatemque verendam 540
 inposuit nomenque simul faciemque novavit
 Leucothoeque deum cum matre Palaemona dixit.

Sidoniac comites, quantum valuere secutae
 signa pedum, primo videre novissima saxo ;
 nec dubium de morte ratae Cadmeida palmis 545
 deplanxere domum scissae cum veste capillos,
 utque parum iustae nimiumque in paelice saevae
 invidiam fecere deae. convicia Iuno
 non tulit et “ faciam vos ipsas maxima ” dixit
 “ saevitiae monimenta meae ” ; res dicta secuta
 est. 550

nam quae praecipue fuerat pia, “ persequar ” inquit
 “ in freta reginam ” saltumque datura moveri
 haud usquam potuit scopuloque adfixa cohaesit ;
 altera, dum solito temptat plangore ferire
 pectora, temptatos sensit riguisse lacertos ; 555
 illa, manus ut forte tetenderat in maris undas ;
 saxea facta manus in easdem porrigit undas ;
 huius, ut arreptum laniabat vertice crinem,
 duratos subito digitos in crine videres :

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power is second to heaven alone, I ask great things, I know; but do thou pity these my friends, whom thou seest plunged in the broad Ionian sea, and receive them among thy sea-deities. Some favour is due to me from the sea, if in its sacred depths my being sprang once from foam, and in the Greek tongue I have a name from this." Neptune consented to her prayer and, taking from Ino and her son all that was mortal, gave them a being to be revered, changing both name and form; for he called the new god Palaemon, and his goddess-mother, Leucothoë.

The Theban women who had been Ino's companions followed on her track as best they could, and saw her last act from the edge of the rock. Nothing doubting that she had been killed, in mourning for the house of Cadmus they beat their breasts with their hands, tore their hair, and rent their garments; and they upbraided Juno, saying that she was unjust and too cruel to the woman who had wronged her. Juno could not brook their reproaches and said: "I will make yourselves the greatest monument of my cruelty." No sooner said than done. For she who had been most devoted to the queen cried: "I shall follow my queen into the sea"; and was just about to take the leap when she was unable to move at all, and stood fixed fast to the rock. A second, while she was preparing again to smite her breasts as she had been doing, felt her lifted arms grow stiff. Another had by chance stretched out her hands towards the waters of the sea, but now 'twas a figure of stone that stretched out hands to those same waters. Still another, plucking at her hair to tear it out, you might see with sudden stiffened fingers still in act to

OVID

quo quaeque in gestu deprensa est, haesit in illo. 560
 pars volucres factae, quae nunc quoque gurgite in
 illo

aequora destringunt summis Ismenides alis.

Nescit Agenorides natam parvumque nepotem
 aequoris esse deos; luctu serieque malorum
 victus et ostentis, quae plurima viderat, exit 565

conditor urbe sua, tamquam fortuna locorum,
 non sua se premeret, longisque erratibus actus
 contigit Illyricos profuga cum coniuge fines.

iamque malis annisque graves dum prima retractant
 fata domus releguntque suos sermone labores, 570

“ num sacer ille mea traiectus cuspide serpens ”

Cadmus ait “ fuerat, tum cum Sidone profectus
 vipereos sparsi per humum, nova semina, dentes ?

quem si cura deum tam certa vindicat ira,
 ipse precor serpens in longam porrigar alvum.” 575

dixit, et ut serpens in longam tenditur alvum
 durataeque cuti squamas increscere sentit

nigraque caeruleis variari corpora guttis
 in pectusque cadit pronus, commissaque in unum
 paullatim tereti tenuantur acumine crura. 580

bracchia iam restant: quae restant bracchia tendit
 et lacrimis per adhuc humana fluentibus ora

“ accede, o coniunx, accede, miserrima ” dixit,
 “ dumque aliquid superest de me, me tange

manumque

accipe, dum manus est, dum non totum occupat
 anguis.” 585

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

tear. Each turned to stone and kept the pose in which she was overtaken. Still others were changed to birds, and they also, once Theban women, now on light wings skim the water over that pool.

Cadmus was all unaware that his daughter and little grandson had been changed to deities of the sea. Overcome with grief at the misfortunes which had been heaped upon him, and awed by the many portents he had seen, he fled from the city which he had founded, as if the fortune of the place and not his own evil fate were overwhelming him. Driven on through long wanderings, at last his flight brought him with his wife to the borders of Illyria. Here, overborne by the weight of woe and age, they reviewed the early misfortunes of their house and their own troubles. Cadmus said: "Was that a sacred serpent which my spear transfixed long ago when, fresh come from Sidon, I scattered his teeth on the earth, seed of a strange crop of men? If it be this the gods have been avenging with such unerring wrath, I pray that I, too, may be a serpent, and stretch myself in long snaky form——" Even as he spoke he was stretched out in long snaky form; he felt his skin hardening and scales growing on it, while iridescent spots besprinkled his darkening body. He fell prone upon his belly, and his legs were gradually moulded together into one and drawn out into a slender, pointed tail. His arms yet remained; while they remained, he stretched them out, and with tears flowing down his still human cheeks he cried: "Come near, oh, come, my most wretched wife, and while still there is something left of me, touch me, take my hand, while I have a hand, while still the serpent does not usurp me quite." He wanted to

OVID

ille quidem vult plura loqui, sed lingua repente
 in partes est fissa duas, nec verba volenti
 sufficiunt, quotiensque aliquos parat edere questus,
 sibilat: hanc illi vocem natura reliquit.

nuda manu feriens exclamat pectora coniunx: 590

“ Cadme, mane teque, infelix, his exue monstris!

Cadme, quid hoc? ubi pes, ubi sunt umerique
 manusque

et color et facies et, dum loquor, omnia? cur non
 me quoque, caelestes, in eandem vertitis anguem? ”
 dixerat, ille suae lambebat coniugis ora 595

inque sinus caros, veluti cognosceret, ibat

et dabat amplexus adsuetaque colla petebat.

quisquis adest (aderant comites), terrentur; at illa
 lubrica permulcet cristati colla draconis,

et subito duo sunt iunctoque volumine serpunt, 600

donec in adpositi nemoris subiere latebras,

nunc quoque nec fugiunt hominem nec vulnere
 laedunt

quidque prius fuerint, placidi meminere dracones.

Sed tamen ambobus versae solacia formae
 magna nepos dederat, quem debellata colebat 605

India, quem positis celebrabat Achaïa templis;

solus Abantiades ab origine cretus eadem

Acrisius superest, qui moenibus arceat urbis

Argolicae contraque deum ferat arma genusque

non putet esse deum: neque enim Iovis esse putabat
 Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro. 611

mox tamen Acrisium (tanta est praesentia veri)

tam violasse deum quam non agnosse nepotem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

say much more, but his tongue was of a sudden cleft in two; words failed him, and whenever he tried to utter some sad complaint, it was a hiss; this was the only voice which Nature left him. Then his wife, smiting her naked breasts with her hands, cried out: "O Cadmus, stay, unhappy man, and put off this monstrous form! Cadmus, what does this mean? Where are your feet? Where are your shoulders and your hands, your colour, face, and, while I speak, your—everything? Why, O ye gods of heaven, do you not change me also into the same serpent form?" She spoke; he licked his wife's face and glided into her dear breasts as if familiar there, embraced her, and sought his wonted place about her neck. All who were there—for they had comrades with them—were filled with horror. But she only stroked the sleek neck of the crested dragon, and suddenly there were two serpents there with intertwining folds, which after a little while crawled off and hid in the neighbouring woods. Now also, as of yore, they neither fear mankind nor wound them, mild creatures, remembering what once they were.

But both in their altered form found great comfort in their grandson, whom conquered India now worshipped, whose temples Greece had filled with adoring throngs. There was one only, Acrisius, the son of Abas, sprung from the same stock, who forbade the entrance of Bacchus within the walls of his city, Argos, who violently opposed the god, and did not admit that he was the son of Jove. Nor did he admit that Perseus was son of Jove, whom Danaë had conceived of a golden shower. And yet, such is the power of truth, Acrisius in the end was sorry that he had repulsed the god and had not acknowledged his grandson. The one had now been received to a

OVID

paenitet: inpositus iam caelo est alter, at alter
 viperei referens spoliū memorabile monstri 615
 aera carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis,
 cumque super Libycas victor penderet harenas,
 Gorgonei capitis guttae cecidere cruentae;
 quas humus exceptas varios animavit in angues,
 unde frequens illa est infestaque terra colubris. 620

Inde per immensum ventis discordibus actus
 nunc huc, nunc illuc exemplo nubis aquosae
 fertur et ex alto seductas aethere longe
 despectat terras totumque supervolat orbem.
 ter gelidas arctos, ter cancri bracchia vidit, 625
 saepe sub occasus, saepe est ablatu in ortus,
 iamque cadente die, veritus se credere nocti,
 constitit Hesperio, regnis Atlantis, in orbe
 exiguamque petit requiem, dum Lucifer ignes
 evocet Aurorae, currus Aurora diurnos. 630

hic hominum cunctos ingenti corpore praestans
 Iapetionides Atlas fuit: ultima tellus
 rege sub hoc et pontus erat, qui Solis anhelis
 aequora subdit equis et fessos excipit axes.
 mille greges illi totidemque armenta per herbas 635
 errabant, et humum vicinia nulla premebat;
 arboreae frondes auro radiante nitentes
 ex auro ramos, ex auro poma tegebant.
 "hospes" ait Perseus illi, "seu gloria tangit
 te generis magni, generis mihi Iuppiter auctor; 640
 sive es mirator rerum, mirabere nostras;
 hospitium requiemque peto." memor ille vetustae
 sortis erat; Themis hanc dederat Parnasia sortem:

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

place in heaven; but the other, bearing the wonderful spoil of the snake-haired monster, was taking his way through the thin air on whirring wings. As he was flying over the sandy wastes of Libya, bloody drops from the Gorgon's head fell down; and the earth received them as they fell and changed them into snakes of various kinds. And for this cause the land of Libya is full of deadly serpents.

From there he was driven through the vast stretches of air by warring winds and borne, now hither, now thither, like a cloud of mist. He looked down from his great height upon the lands lying below and flew over the whole world. Thrice did he see the cold Bears, and thrice the Crab's spreading claws; time and again to the west, and as often back to the east was he carried. And now, as daylight was fading, fearing to trust himself to flight by night, he alighted on the borders of the West, in the realm of Atlas. Here he sought a little rest until the morning star should wake the fires of dawn and the dawn lead out the fiery car of day. Here, far surpassing all men in huge bulk of body, was Atlas, of the stock of Iapetus. He ruled this edge of the world and the sea which spread its waters to receive the Sun's panting horses and his weary car. A thousand flocks he had, and as many herds, wandering at will over the grassy plains; and no other realm was near to hem in his land. A tree he had whose leaves were of gleaming gold, concealing golden branches and golden fruits. "Good sir," said Perseus, addressing him, "if glory of high birth means anything to you, Jove is my father; or if you admire great deeds, you surely will admire mine. I crave your hospitality and a chance to rest." But Atlas bethought him of an old oracle, which Themis of Parnasus had given:

OVID

“ tempus, Atla, veniet, tua quo spoliabitur auro
 arbor, et hunc praedae titulum Iove natus habebit.”
 id metuens solidis pomaria clauserat Atlas 646
 moenibus et vasto dederat servanda draconi
 arcebatque suis externos finibus omnes.
 huic quoque “ vade procul, ne longe gloria rerum,
 quam mentiris ” ait, “ longe tibi Iuppiter absit! ” 650
 vimque minis addit manibusque expellere temptat
 cunctantem et placidis miscentem fortia dictis.
 viribus inferior (quis enim par esset Atlantis
 viribus?) “ at, quoniam parvi tibi gratia nostra est,
 accipe munus! ” ait laevaue a parte Medusae 655
 ipse retro versus squalentia protulit ora.
 quantus erat, mons factus Atlas: nam barba comaeque
 in silvas abeunt, iuga sunt umerique manusque,
 quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen,
 ossa lapis fiunt; tum partes altus in omnes 660
 crevit in inensum (sic di statuistis), et omne
 cum tot sideribus caelum requieuit in illo.

Clauserat Hipptades aeterno carcere ventos,
 admonitorque operum caelo clarissimus alto
 Lucifer ortus erat: pennis ligat ille resumptis 665
 parte ab utraque pedes teloque accingitur unco
 et liquidum motis talaribus aera findit.
 gentibus innumeris circumque infraque relictis
 Aethiopum populos Cepheaque conspicit arva.
 illic inmeritam maternae pendere linguae 670
 Andromedan poenas iniustus iusserat Ammon;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

“ Atlas, the time will come when your tree will be spoiled of its gold, and he who gets the glory of this spoil will be Jove’s son.” Fearing this, Atlas had enclosed his orchard with massive walls and had put a huge dragon there to watch it; and he kept off all strangers from his boundaries. And now to Perseus, too, he said: “ Hence afar, lest the glory of your deeds, which you falsely brag of, and lest this Jupiter of yours be far from aiding you.” He added force to threats, and was trying to thrust out the other, who held back and manfully resisted while he urged his case with soothing speech. At length, finding himself unequal in strength—for who would be a match in strength for Atlas?—he said: “ Well, since so small a favour you will not grant to me, let me give you a boon ”; and, himself turning his back, he held out from his left hand the ghastly Medusa-head. Straightway Atlas became a mountain huge as the giant had been; his beard and hair were changed to trees, his shoulders and arms to spreading ridges; what had been his head was now the mountain’s top, and his bones were changed to stones. Then he grew to monstrous size in all his parts—for so, O gods, ye had willed it—and the whole heaven with all its stars rested upon his head.

Now Aeolus, the son of Hippotas, had shut the winds in their everlasting prison, and the bright morning star that wakes men to their toil had risen in the heavens. Then Perseus bound on both his feet the wings he had laid by, girt on his hooked sword, and soon in swift flight was cleaving the thin air. Having left behind countless peoples all around him and below, he spied at last the Ethiopians and Cepheus’ realm. There unrighteous Ammon had bidden Andromeda, though innocent, to

OVID

quam simul ad duras religatam bracchia cautes
 vidit Abantiades, nisi quod levis aura capillos
 moverat et tepido manabant lumina fletu,
 marmoreum ratus esset opus; trahit inscius ignes 675
 et stupet eximiae correptus imagine formae
 paene suas quaterre est oblitus in aere pennas.
 ut stetit, " o " dixit " non istis digna catenis,
 sed quibus inter se cupidi iunguntur amantes,
 pande requirenti nomen terraeque tuumque, 680
 et cur vincla geras." primo silet illa nec audet
 adpellare virum virgo, manibusque modestos
 celasset vultus, si non religata fuisset;
 lumina, quod potuit, lacrimis inplevit obortis.
 saepius instanti, sua ne delicta fateri 685
 nolle videretur, nomen terraeque suumque,
 quantaque maternae fuerit fiducia formae,
 indicat, et nondum memoratis omnibus unda
 insonuit, veniensque inmenso belua ponto
 imminet et latum sub pectore possidet aequor. 690
 conclamat virgo: genitor lugubris et una
 mater adest, ambo miseri, sed iustius illa,
 nec secum auxilium, sed dignos tempore fletus
 plangoremque ferunt vinctoque in corpore adhaerent,
 cum sic hospes ait " lacrimarum longa manere 695
 tempora vos poterunt, ad opem brevis hora ferendam
 est.

hanc ego si peterem Perseus Iove natus et illa,
 quam clausam inplevit fecundo Iuppiter auro,
 Gorgonis anguicomae Perseus superator et alis
 aerias ausus iactatis ire per auras, 700

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

pay the penalty of her mother's words. As soon as Perseus saw her there bound by the arms to a rough cliff—save that her hair gently stirred in the breeze, and the warm tears were trickling down her cheeks, he would have thought her a marble statue—he took fire unwitting, and stood dumb. Smitten by the sight of her exquisite beauty, he almost forgot to move his wings in the air. Then, when he alighted near the maiden, he said: “ Oh! those are not the chains you deserve to wear, but rather those that link fond lovers together! Tell me, for I would know, your country's name and yours, and why you are chained here.” She was silent at first, for, being a maid, she did not dare address a man; she would have hidden her face modestly with her hands but that her hands were bound. Her eyes were free, and these filled with rising tears. As he continued to urge her, she, lest she should seem to be trying to conceal some fault of her own, told him her name and her country, and what sinful boasting her mother had made of her own beauty. While she was yet speaking, there came a loud sound from the sea, and there, advancing over the broad expanse, a monstrous creature loomed up, breasting the wide waves. The maiden shrieked. The grieving father and the mother are at hand, both wretched, but she more justly so. They have no help to give, but only wailings and loud beatings of the breast, befitting the occasion, and they hang to the girl's chained form. Then speaks the stranger: “ There will be long time for weeping by and by; but time for helping is very short. If I sought this maid as Perseus, son of Jove and that imprisoned one whom Jove filled with his life-giving shower; if as Perseus, victor over Gorgon of the snaky locks, and as he who has dared to ride the

· OVID

praeferret cunctis certe gener; addere tantis
 dotibus et meritum, faveant modo numina, tempto :
 ut mea sit servata mea virtute, paciscor.”
 accipiunt legem (quis enim dubitaret?) et orant
 promittuntque super regnum dotale parentes. 705

Ecce, velut navis praefixo concita rostro
 sulcat aquas iuvenum sudantibus acta lacertis,
 sic fera dimotis impulsu pectoris undis ;
 tantum aberat scopulis, quantum Balearica torto
 funda potest plumbo medii transmittere caeli, 710

cum subito iuvenis pedibus tellure repulsa
 arduus in nubes abiit : ut in aequore summo
 umbra viri visa est, visa fera saevit in umbra,
 utque Iovis praepes, vacuo cum vidit in arvo
 praebentem Phoebos liventia terga draconem, 715

occupat aversum, neu saeva retorqueat ora,
 squamigeris avidos figit cervicibus ungues,
 sic celeri missus praeceps per inane volatu
 terga ferae pressit dextroque frementis in armo
 Inachides ferrum curvo tenus abdidit hamo. 720

vulnere laesa gravi modo se sublimis in auras
 attollit, modo subdit aquis, modo more ferocis
 versat apri, quem turba canum circumsona terret.
 ille avidos morsus velocibus effugit alis
 quaque patet, nunc terga cavis super obsita conchis,
 nunc laterum costas, nunc qua tenuissima cauda 726
 desinit in piscem, falcato verberat ense ;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

winds of heaven on fluttering wings, surely I should be preferred to all suitors as your son-in-law. But now I shall try to add to these great gifts the gift of service, too, if only the gods will favour me. That she be mine if saved by my valour is my bargain." The parents accept the condition—for who would refuse?—and beg him to save her, promising him a kingdom as dowry in addition.

But see! as a swift ship with its sharp beak plows the waves, driven by stout rowers' sweating arms, so does the monster come, rolling back the water from either side as his breast surges through. And now he was as far from the cliff as is the space through which a Balearic sling can send its whizzing bullet; when suddenly the youth, springing up from the earth, mounted high into the clouds. When the monster saw the hero's shadow on the surface of the sea, he savagely attacked the shadow. And as the bird of Jove, when it has seen in an open field a serpent sunning its mottled body, swoops down upon him from behind; and, lest the serpent twist back his deadly fangs, the bird buries deep his sharp claws in the creature's scaly neck; so did Perseus, plunging headlong in a swift swoop through the empty air, attack the roaring monster from above, and in his right shoulder buried his sword clear down to the curved hook. Smarting under the deep wound, the creature now reared himself high in air, now plunged beneath the waves, now turned like a fierce wild-boar when around him a noisy pack of hounds give tongue. Perseus eludes the greedy fangs by help of his swift wings; and where the vulnerable points lie open to attack, he smites with his hooked sword, now at the back, thick-set with barnacles, now on the sides, now where the tail is most slender and changes into

OVID

belua puniceo mixtos cum sanguine fluctus
 ore vomit: maduere graves adspergine pennae.
 nec bibulis ultra Perseus talaribus ausus 730
 credere conspexit scopulum, qui vertice summo
 stantibus exstat aquis, operitur ab aequore moto.
 nixus eo rupisque tenens iuga prima sinistra
 ter quater exegit repetita per ilia ferrum.
 litora cum plausu clamor superasque deorum 735
 inplevere domos: gaudent generumque salutant
 auxiliumque domus servatoremque fatentur
 Cassiope Cepheusque pater; resoluta catenis
 incedit virgo, pretiumque et causa laboris.
 ipse manus hausta victrices abluit unda, 740
 anguiferumque caput dura ne laedat harena,
 mollit humum foliis natasque sub aequore virgas
 sternit et inponit Phorcynidos ora Medusae.
 virga recens bibulaque etiamnum viva medulla
 vim rapuit monstri tactuque induruit huius 745
 perceptique novum ramis et fronde rigorem.
 at pelagi nymphae factum mirabile temptant
 pluribus in virgis et idem contingere gaudent
 seminaque ex illis iterant iactata per undas:
 nunc quoque curaliis eadem natura remansit, 750
 duritiam tacto capiant ut ab aere quodque
 vimen in aequore erat, fiat super aequora saxum.

Dis tribus ille focus totidem de caespite ponit,
 laevum Mercurio, dextrum tibi, bellica virgo,
 ara Iovis media est; mactatur vacca Minervae, 755
 alipedi vitulus, taurus tibi, summe deorum,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

the form of fish. The beast belches forth waters mixed with purple blood. Meanwhile Perseus' wings are growing heavy, soaked with spray, and he dares not depend further on his drenched pinions. He spies a rock whose top projects above the surface when the waves are still, but which is hidden by the roughened sea. Resting on this and holding an edge of the rock with his left hand, thrice and again he plunges his sword into the vitals of the monster. At this the shores and the high seats of the gods re-echo with wild shouts of applause. Cassiope and Cepheus rejoice and salute the hero as son-in-law, calling him prop and saviour of their house. The maiden also now comes forward, freed from chains, she, the prize as well as cause of his feat. He washes his victorious hands in water drawn for him; and, that the Gorgon's snaky head may not be bruised on the hard sand, he softens the ground with leaves, strews seaweed over these, and lays on this the head of Medusa, daughter of Phorcys. The fresh weed twigs, but now alive and porous to the core, absorb the power of the monster and hardens at its touch and take a strange stiffness in their stems and leaves. And the sea-nymphs test the wonder on more twigs and are delighted to find the same thing happening to them all; and, by scattering these twigs as seeds, propagate the wondrous thing throughout their waters. And even till this day the same nature has remained in coral so that they harden when exposed to air, and what was a pliant twig beneath the sea is turned to stone above.

Now Perseus builds to three gods three altars of turf, the left to Mercury, the right to thee, O warlike maid, and the central one to Jove. To Minerva he slays a cow, a young bullock to the winged god, and

OVID

protinus Andromedan et tanti praemia facti
 indotata rapit; taedas Hymenaeus Amorque
 praecutiunt; largis satiantur odoribus ignes,
 sartaque dependent tectis et ubique lyraeque 760
 tibiaque et cantus, animi felicia laeti
 argumenta, sonant; reseratis aurea valvis
 atria tota patent, pulchroque instructa paratu
 Cephenum proceres ineunt convivium regis.

Postquam epulis functi generosi munere Bacchi 765
 diffudere animos, cultusque genusque locorum
 quaerit Lyncides moresque animumque virorum; 767
 qui simul edocuit, "nunc, o fortissime," dixit 769
 "fare, precor, Perseu, quanta virtute quibusque 770
 artibus abstuleris crinita draconibus ora!"
 narrat Agenorides gelido sub Atlante iacentem
 esse locum solidae tutum munimine molis;
 cuius in introitu geminas habitasse sorores
 Phorcidas unius partitas luminis usum; 775
 id se sollerti furtim, dum traditur, astu
 supposita cepisse manu perque abdita longe
 deviaque et silvis horrentia saxa fragosis
 Gorgoneas tetigisse domos passimque per agros
 perque vias vidisse hominum simulacra ferarumque
 in silicem ex ipsis visa conversa Medusa. 781
 se tamen horrendae clipei, quem laeva gerebat,
 aere repercusso formam adspexisse Medusae,
 dumque gravis somnus colubrasque ipsamque tenebat,
 eripuisse caput collo; pennisque fugacem 785
 Pegason et fratrem matris de sanguine natos.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

a bull to thee, thou greatest of the gods. Forthwith the hero claims Andromeda as the prize of his great deed, seeking no further dowry. Hymen and Love shake the marriage torch; the fires are fed full with incense rich and fragrant, garlands deck the dwellings, and everywhere lyre and flute and songs resound, blessed proofs of inward joy. The huge folding-doors swing back and reveal the great golden palace-hall with a rich banquet spread, where Cepheus' princely courtiers grace the feast.

When they have had their fill of food, and their hearts have expanded with Bacchus' generous gift, then Perseus seeks to know the manner of the region thereabouts, its peoples, customs, and the spirit of its men. The prince who answered him then said: "Now tell us, pray, O Perseus, by what wondrous valour, by what arts you won the Gorgon's snaky head." The hero, answering, told how beneath cold Atlas there was a place safe under the protection of the rocky mass. At the entrance to this place two sisters dwelt, both daughters of old Phorcys, who shared one eye between them. This eye by craft and stealth, while it was being passed from one sister to the other, Perseus stole away, and travelling far through trackless and secret ways, rough woods, and bristling rocks, he came at last to where the Gorgons lived. On all sides through the fields and along the ways he saw the forms of men and beasts changed into stone by one look at Medusa's face. But he himself had looked upon the image of that dread face reflected from the bright bronze shield his left hand bore; and while deep sleep held fast both the snakes and her who wore them, he smote her head clean from her neck, and from the blood of his mother swift-winged Pegasus and his brother sprang.

OVID

Addidit et longi non falsa pericula cursus,
quae freta, quas terras sub se vidisset ab alto
et quae iactatis tetigisset sidera pennis ;
ante exspectatum tacuit tamen. excipit unus 790
ex numero procerum quaerens, cur sola sororum
gesserit alternis inmixtos crinibus angues.
hospes ait : “ quoniam scitaris digna relatu,
accipe quaesiti causam. clarissima forma
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum 795
illa, nec in tota conspectior ulla capillis
pars fuit : inveni, qui se vidisse referret.
hanc pelagi rector templo vitiasse Minervae
dicitur : aversa est et castos aegide vultus
nata Iovis texit, neve hoc inpune fuisset, 800
Gorgoneum crinem turpes mutavit in hydros.
nunc quoque, ut attonitos formidine terreat hostes,
pectore in adverso, quos fecit, sustinet angues.”

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

The hero further told of his long journeys and perils passed, all true, what seas, what lands he had beheld from his high flight, what stars he had touched on beating wings. He ceased, while they waited still to hear more. But one of the princes asked him why Medusa only of the sisters wore serpents mingled with her hair. The guest replied: "Since what you ask is a tale well worth the telling, hear then the cause. She was once most beautiful in form, and the jealous hope of many suitors. Of all her beauties, her hair was the most beautiful—for so I learned from one who said he had seen her. 'Tis said that in Minerva's temple Neptune, lord of the Ocean, ravished her. Jove's daughter turned away and hid her chaste eyes behind her aegis. And, that the deed might be punished as was due, she changed the Gorgon's locks to ugly snakes. And now to frighten her fear-numbed foes, she still wears upon her breast the snakes which she has made."

BOOK V

LIBER V

DVMQVE ea Cephenum medio Danaeius heros
agmine commemorat, fremida regalia turba
atria conplentur, nec coniugialia festa
qui canat est clamor, sed qui fera nuntiet arma ;
inque repentinos convivias versa tumultus 5
adsimulare freto possis, quod saeva quietum
ventorum rabies motis exasperat undis.
primus in his Phineus, belli temerarius auctor ;
fraxineam quatiens aeratae cuspidis hastam
“ en ” ait, “ en adsum praereptae coniugis ultor ; 10
nec mihi te pennae nec falsum versus in aurum
Iuppiter eripiet ! ” conanti mittere Cepheus
“ quid facis ? ” exclamat, “ quae te, germane,
furentem
mens agit in facinus ? meritisne haec gratia tantis
redditur ? hac vitam servatae dote rependis ? 15
quam tibi non Perseus, verum si quaeris, ademit,
sed grave Nereidum numen, sed corniger Ammon,
sed quae visceribus veniebat belua ponti
exsaturanda meis ; illo tibi tempore rapta est,
quo peritura fuit, nisi si, crudelis, id ipsum 20
exigis, ut pereat, luctuque levabere nostro.

BOOK V

WHILE the heroic son of Danaë is relating these adventures amongst the Ethiopian chiefs, the royal halls are filled with confused uproar: not the loud sound that sings a song of marriage, but one that presages the fierce strife of arms. And the feast, turned suddenly to tumult, you could liken to the sea, whose peaceful waters the raging winds lash to boisterous waves. First among them is Phineus, brother of the king, rash instigator of strife, who brandishes an ashen spear with bronze point. "Behold," says he, "here am I, come to avenge the theft of my bride. Your wings shall not save you this time, nor Jove, changed to seeming gold." As he was in the act of hurling his spear, Cepheus cried out: "What are you doing, brother? What mad folly is driving you to crime? Is this the way you thank our guest for his brave deeds? Is this the dower you give for the maiden saved? If 'tis the truth you want, it was not Perseus who took her from you, but the dread deity of the Nereids, but horned Ammon, but that sea-monster who came to glut his maw upon my own flesh and blood. 'Twas then you lost her when she was exposed to die; unless, perchance, your cruel heart demands this very thing—her death, and seeks by my grief to ease its own. It seems it is not enough that you saw her chained, and that you brought no aid, uncle though

OVID

scilicet haud satis est, quod te spectante revincta est
 et nullam quod opem patruus sponsusve tulisti ;
 insuper, a quoquam quod sit servata, dolebis
 praemiaque eripies? quae si tibi magna videntur, 25
 ex illis scopulis, ubi erant adfixa, petisses.

nunc sine, qui petiit, per quem haec non orba
 senectus,

ferre, quod et meritis et voce est pactus, eumque
 non tibi, sed certae praelatum intellege morti.”

Ille nihil contra, sed et hunc et Persea vultu 30
 alterno spectans petat hunc ignorat an illum :
 cunctatusque brevi contortam viribus hastam,
 quantas ira dabat, nequiquam in Persea misit.
 ut stetit illa toro, stratis tum denique Perseus
 exsiluit teloque ferox inimica remisso 35

pectora rupisset, nisi post altaria Phineus
 isset: et (indignum) scelerato profuit ara.
 fronte tamen Rhoeti non inrita cuspis adhaesit,
 qui postquam cecidit ferrumque ex osse revulsum est
 calcitrat et positas adspergit sanguine mensas. 40

tum vero indomitas ardescit vulgus in iras,
 telaque coniciunt, et sunt, qui Cephea dicunt
 cum genero debere mori; sed limine tecti
 exierat Cepheus testatus iusque fidemque
 hospitiique deos, ea se prohibente moveri. 45
 bellica Pallas adest et protegit aegide fratrem
 datque animos.

Erat Indus Athis, quem flumine Gange
 edita Limnaee vitreis peperisse sub undis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

you were, and promised husband: will you grieve, besides, that someone did save her, and will you rob him of his prize? If this prize seems so precious in your sight, you should have taken it from those rocks where it was chained. Now let the man who did take it, by whom I have been saved from childlessness in my old age, keep what he has gained by his deserving deeds and by my promise. And be assured of this: that he has not been preferred to you, but to certain death."

Phineus made no reply; but, looking now on him and now on Perseus, he was in doubt at which to aim his spear. Delaying a little space, he hurled it with all the strength that wrath gave at Perseus; but in vain. When the weapon struck and stood fast in the bench, then at last Perseus leapt gallantly up and hurled back the spear, which would have pierced his foeman's heart; but Phineus had already taken refuge behind the altar, and, shame! the wretch found safety there. Still was the weapon not without effect, for it struck full in Rhoetus' face. Down he fell, and when the spear had been wrenched forth from the bone he writhed about and sprinkled the well-spread table with his blood. And now the mob was fired to wrath unquenchable. They hurled their spears, and there were some who said that Cepheus ought to perish with his son-in-law. But Cepheus had already withdrawn from the palace, calling to witness Justice, Faith, and the gods of hospitality that this was done against his protest. Then came warlike Pallas, protecting her brother with her shield, and making him stout of heart.

There was an Indian youth, Athis by name, whom Limnaee, a nymph of Ganges' stream, is said to have

OVID

creditur, egregius forma, quam divite cultu
 augebat, bis adhuc octonis integer annis, 50
 indutus chlamydem Tyriam, quam limbus obibat
 aureus; ornabant aurata monilia collum
 et madidos murra curvum crinale capillos;
 ille quidem iaculo quamvis distantia misso
 figere doctus erat, sed tendere doctior arcus. 55
 tum quoque lenta manu flectentem cornua Perseus
 stipite, qui media positus fumabat in ara,
 perculit et fractis confudit in ossibus ora.

Hunc ubi laudatos iactantem in sanguine vultus
 Assyrius vidit Lycabus, iunctissimus illi 60
 et comes et veri non dissimulator amoris,
 postquam exhalantem sub acerbo vulnere vitam
 deploravit Athin, quos ille tetenderat arcus
 arripit et "mecum tibi sint certamina!" dixit;
 "nec longum pueri fato laetabere, quo plus 65
 invidiae quam laudis habes." haec omnia nondum
 dixerat: emicuit nervo penetrabile telum
 vitatumque tamen sinuosa veste pependit.
 vertit in hunc harpen spectatam caede Medusae
 Acrisioniades adigitque in pectus; at ille 70
 iam moriens oculis sub nocte natantibus atra
 circumspexit Athin seque adclinavit ad illum
 et tulit ad manes iunctae solacia mortis.

Ecce Syenites, genitus Metione, Phorbas
 et Libys Amphimedon, avidi committere pugman, 75
 sanguine, quo late tellus madefacta tepebat,
 conciderant lapsi; surgentibus obstitit ensis,
 alterius costis, iugulo Phorbantis adactus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

brought forth beneath her crystal waters. He was of surpassing beauty, which his rich robes enhanced, a sturdy boy of sixteen years, clad in a purple mantle fringed with gold; a golden chain adorned his neck, and a golden circlet held his locks in place, perfumed with myrrh. He was well skilled to hurl the javelin at the most distant mark, but with more skill could bend the bow. When now he was in the very act of bending his stout bow, Perseus snatched up a brand which lay smouldering on the altar and smote the youth, crushing his face to splintered bones.

When Assyrian Lycabas beheld him, his lovely features defiled with blood—Lycabas, his closest comrade and his declared true lover—he wept aloud for Athis, who lay gasping out his life beneath that bitter wound; then he caught up the bow which Athis had bent, and cried: “Now you have me to fight, and not long shall you plume yourself on a boy’s death, which brings you more contempt than glory.” Before he had finished speaking the keen arrow fleshed from the bowstring; but it missed its mark and stuck harmless in a fold of Perseus’ robe. Acrisius’ grandson quickly turned on him that hook which had been fleshed in Medusa’s death, and drove it into his breast. But he, even in death, with his eyes swimming in the black darkness, looked round for Athis, fell down by his side, and bore to the shadows this comfort, that in death they were not divided.

Then Phorbas of Syene, Metion’s son, and Libyan Amphimedon, eager to join in the fray, slipped and fell in the blood with which all the floor was wet. As they strove to rise the sword met them, driven through the ribs of one and through the other’s throat.

OVID

At non Actoriden Erytum, cui lata bipennis
 telum erat, hamato Perseus petit ense, sed altis 80
 exstantem signis multaeque in pondere massae
 ingentem manibus tollit cratera duabus
 infligitque viro; rutilum vomit ille cruorem
 et resupinus humum moribundo vertice pulsat.
 inde Semiramio Polydaemona sanguine cretum 85
 Caucasiumque Abarin Sperchionidenque Lycetum
 intonsumque comas Helicem Phlegyanque Clytumque
 sternit et exstructos morientum calcat acervos.

Nec Phineus ausus concurrere cominus hosti
 intorquet iaculum, quod detulit error in Idan, 90
 expertem frustra belli et neutra arma secutum.
 ille tuens oculis inमितem Phinea torvis

“ quandoquidem in partes ” ait “ abstrahor, accipe,
 Phineu,
 quem fecisti, hostem pensaue hoc vulnere vulnus! ”
 iamque remissurus tractum de corpore telum 95
 sanguine defectos cecidit conlapsus in artus.

Tum quoque Cephenum post regem primus Hodites,
 ense iacet Clymeni, Prothoenora percutit Hypseus,
 Hypsea Lyncides. fuit et grandaevus in illis
 Emathion, aequi cultor timidusque deorum, 100
 quem quoniam prohibent anni bellare, loquendo
 pugnat et incessit scelerataque devovet arma;
 huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis
 decutit ense caput, quod protinus incidit arae
 atque ibi semianimi verba exsecrantia lingua 105
 edidit et medios animam expiravit in ignes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

But Eurytus, the son of Actor, who wielded a broad, two-edged battle-axe, Perseus did not attack with his hooked sword, but lifting high in both hands a huge mixing-bowl heavily embossed and ponderous, he hurled it crashing at the man. The red blood spouted forth as he lay dying on his back, beating the floor with his head. Then in rapid succession Perseus laid low Polydaemon, descended from Queen Semiramis, Caucasian Abaris, Lycetus who dwelt by Spercheos, Helices of unshorn locks, Phlegyas and Clytus, treading the while on heaps of dying men.

Phineus did not dare to come to close combat with his enemy, but hurled his javelin. This was ill-aimed and struck Idas, who all to no purpose had kept out of the fight, taking sides with neither party. He, gazing with angry eyes upon cruel Phineus, said: "Since I am forced into the strife, O Phineus, accept the foeman you have made, and score me wound for wound." And he was just about to hurl back the javelin which he had drawn out of his own body, when he fell fainting, his limbs all drained of blood.

Then also Hodites, first of the Ethiopians after the king, fell by the sword of Clymenus; Hypseus smote Prothoënor; Lyncides, Hypseus. Amid the throng was one old man, Emathion, who loved justice and revered the gods. He, since his years forbade warfare, fought with the tongue, and strode forward and cursed their impious arms. As he clung to the altar-horns with age-enfeebled hands Chromis struck off his head with his sword: the head fell straight on the altar, and there the still half-conscious tongue kept up its execrations and the life was breathed out in the midst of the altar-fires.

OVID

Hinc gemini fratres Broteasque et caestibus
 Ammon

invicta, vinci si possent caestibus enses,
 Phinea cecidere manu Cererisque sacerdos
 Ampycus albenti velatus tempora vitta, 110
 tu quoque, Lampetide, non hos adhibendus ad
 usus,
 sed qui, pacis opus, citharam cum voce moveres;
 iussus eras celebrare dapes festumque canendo.
 cui procul adstanti plectrumque inbelle tenenti
 Pettalus inridens " Stygiis cane cetera " dixit 115
 " manibus! " et laevo mucronem tempore fixit;
 concidit et digitis morientibus ille retemptat
 fila lyrae, casuque fuit miserabile carmen.
 nec sinit hunc inpune ferox cecidisse Lycormas
 raptaque de dextro robusta repagula posti 120
 ossibus inlisit mediae cervicis, at ille
 procubuit terrae mactati more iuveni.
 demere temptabat laevi quoque robora postis
 Cinyphius Pelates; temptanti dextera fixa est
 cuspide Marmaridae Corythi lignoque cohaesit; 125
 haerenti latus hausit Abas, nec corrui ille,
 sed retinente manum moriens e poste pependit.
 sternitur et Melaneus, Perseia castra secutus,
 et Nasamoniaci Dorylas ditissimus agri,
 dives agri Dorylas, quo non possederat alter 130
 latius aut totidem tollebat turis acervos.
 huius in obliquo missum stetit inguine ferrum:
 letifer ille locus. quem postquam vulneris auctor
 singultantem animam et versantem lumina vidit
 Bactrius Halcyoneus, " hoc, quod premis," inquit
 " habeto 135
 de tot agris terrae! " corpusque exsanguie relinquit.
 torquet in hunc hastam calido de vulnere raptam

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Next fell two brothers by Phineus' hand, Broteas and Ammon, invincible with gauntlets, if gauntlets could but contend with swords; and Ampycus, Ceres' priest, his temples wreathed with white fillets. You, too, Lampetides, not intended for such a scene as this, but for a peaceful task, to ply lute and voice: you had been bidden to grace the feast and sing the festal song. To him standing apart and holding his peaceful quill, Pettalus mocking cried: "Go sing the rest of your song to the Stygian shades," and pierced the left temple with his steel. He fell, and with dying fingers again essays the strings, and as he fell there was a lamentable sound. Nor did Lycormas, maddened at the sight, suffer him to perish unavenged; but, tearing out a stout bar from the door-post on the right, he broke the murderer's neck with a crashing blow. And Pettalus fell to the earth like a slaughtered bull. Cinyphian Pelates essayed to tear away another bar from the left post, but in the act his right hand was pierced by the spear of Corythus of Marmarida, and pinned to the wood. There fastened, Abas thrust him through the side; nor did he fall, but, dying, hung down from the post to which his hand was nailed. Melaneus, too, was slain, one of Perseus' side; and Dorylas, the richest man in the land of Nasamonia—Dorylas, rich in land, than whom none held a wider domain, none heaped so many piles of spices. Into his groin a spear hurled from the side struck; that place is fatal. When Bactrian Halcyoneus, who hurled the spear, beheld him gasping out his life and rolling his eyes in death, he said: "This land alone on which you lie of all your lands shall you possess," and left the lifeless body. Against him Perseus, swift to avenge, hurled the spear snatched from the warm wound, which,

OVID

ultor Abantiades ; media quae nare recepta
 cervice exacta est in partesque eminent ambas ;
 dumque manum Fortuna iuvat, Clytiumque
 Claninque, 140

matre satos una, diverso vulnere fudit :
 nam Clytii per utrumque gravi librata lacerto
 fraxinus acta femur, iaculum Clanis ore momor-
 dit.

occidit et Celadon Mendesius, occidit Astreus
 matre Palaestina dubio genitore creatus, 145
 Aethionque sagax quondam ventura videre,
 tunc ave deceptus falsa, regisque Thoactes
 armiger et caeso genitore infamis Agyrtes.

Plus tamen exhausto superest ; namque omnibus
 unum

opprimere est animus, coniurata undique pugnant 150
 agmina pro causa meritum inpugnante fidemque ;
 hac pro parte socer frustra pius et nova coniunx
 cum genetrice favent ululatuque atria complent,
 sed sonus armorum superat gemitusque cadentum,
 pollutosque simul multo Bellona penates 155
 sanguine perfundit renovataque proelia miscet.

Circueunt unum Phineus et mille secuti
 Phinea : tela volant hiberna grandine plura
 praeter utrumque latus praeterque et lumen et
 aures.

adplicat his umeros ad magnae saxa columnae 160
 tutaque terga gerens adversaque in agmina versus
 sustinet instantes : instabat parte sinistra
 Chaonius Molpeus, dextra Nabataeus Ethemon.
 tigris ut auditis diversa valle duorum
 exstimulata fame mugitibus armentorum 165
 nescit, utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque,
 sic dubius Perseus, dextra laevane feratur,
 Molpea traieci submovit vulnere cruris

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striking the nose, was driven through the neck, and stuck out on both sides. And, while fortune favoured him, he slew also Clytius and Clanis, both born of one mother, but each with a different wound. For through both thighs of Clytius went the ashen spear, hurled by his mighty arm; the other dart Clanis crunched with his jaw. There fell also Mendesian Celadon; Astreus, too, whose mother was a Syrian, and his father unknown; Aethion, once wise to see what is to come, but now tricked by a false omen; Thoactes, armour-bearer of the king; Agyrtes, infamous for that he had slain his sire.

Yet more remains, faint with toil though he is; for all are bent on crushing him alone. On all sides the banded lines assail him, in a cause that repudiated merit and plighted word. On his side his father-in-law with useless loyalty and his bride and her mother range themselves, and fill all the hall with their shrieks. But their cries are drowned in the clash of arms and the groans of dying men; while Bellona drenches and pollutes with blood the sacred home, and ever renews the strife.

Now he stands alone where Phineus and a thousand followers close round him. Thicker than winter hail fly the spears, past right side and left, past eyes and ears. He stands with his back against a great stone column and, so protected in the rear, faces the opposing crowds and their impetuous attack. The attack is made on the left by Chaonian Molpeus, and by Arabian Ethemon on the right. Just as a tigress, pricked by hunger, that hears the bellowing of two herds in two several valleys, knows not which to rush upon, but burns to rush on both; so Perseus hesitates whether to smite on right or left; he stops Molpeus with a wound through the leg and was

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

content to let him go; but Ethemon gives him no time, and comes rushing on, eager to wound him in the neck, and drives his sword with mighty power but careless aim, and breaks it on the edge of the great stone column: the blade flies off and sticks in its owner's throat. The stroke indeed is not deep enough for death; but as he stands there trembling and stretching out his empty hands (but all in vain), Perseus thrusts him through with Mercury's hooked sword.

But when Perseus saw his own strength was no match for the superior numbers of his foes, he exclaimed: "Since you yourselves force me to it, I shall seek aid from my own enemy. Turn away your faces, if any friend be here." So saying, he raised on high the Gorgon's head. "Seek someone else to frighten with your magic arts," cried Thescelus, and raised his deadly javelin in act to throw; but in that very act he stood immovable, a marble statue. Next after him Ampyx thrust his sword full at the heart of the great-souled Perseus; but in that thrust his right hand stiffened and moved neither this way nor that. But Nileus, who falsely claimed that he was sprung from the sevenfold Nile, and who had on his shield engraved the image of the stream's seven mouths, part silver and part gold, cried: "See, O Perseus, the source whence I have sprung. Surely a great consolation for your death will you carry to the silent shades, that you have fallen by so great a man"—his last words were cut off in mid-speech; you would suppose that his open lips still strove to speak, but they no longer gave passage to his words. These two Eryx rebuked, saying: "'Tis from defect of courage, not from any power of the Gorgon's head, that you stand rigid. Rush in with me and hurl to

OVID

et prosternite humi invenem magica arma moven-
tem! ”

incursum erat: tenuit vestigia tellus,
inmotusque silex armataque mansit imago.

Hi tamen ex merito poenas subiere, sed unus 200
miles erat Persei: pro quo dum pugnat, Aconteus
Gorgone conspecta saxo concrevit oborto;
quem ratus Astyages etiamnum vivere, longo
ense ferit: sonuit tinnitibus ensis acutis.

dum stupet Astyages, naturam traxit eandem, 205
marmoreoque manet vultus mirantis in ore.
nomina longa mora est media de plebe virorum
dicere: bis centum restabant corpora pugnae,
Gorgone bis centum riguerunt corpora visa.

Paenitet iniusti tum denique Phinea belli; 210
sed quid agat? simulacra videt diversa figuris
adgnoscatque suos et nomine quemque vocatum
poscit opem credensque parum sibi proxima tangit
corpora: marmor erant; avertitur atque ita supplex
confessasque manus obliquaque brachia tendens 215
“ vincis ” ait, “ Perseu! remove tua monstra tuaeque
saxificos vultus, quaecumque ea, tolle Medusae,
tolle, precor! non nos odium regnique cupido
compulit ad bellum, pro coniuge movimus arma!
causa fuit meritis melior tua, tempore nostra: 220
non cessisse piget; nihil, o fortissime, praeter
hanc animam concede mihi, tua cetera sunt! ”
taliam dicenti neque eum, quem voce rogabat,
respicere audenti “ quod ” ait, “ timidissime Phineu,

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the earth this fellow and his magic arms!" He had begun the rush, but the floor held his feet fast and there he stayed, a motionless rock, an image in full armour.

These, indeed, deserved the punishment they received. But there was one, Aconteus, a soldier on Perseus' side, who, while fighting for his friend, chanced to look upon the Gorgon's face and hardened into stone. Astyages, thinking him still a living man, smote upon him with his long sword. The sword gave out a sharp clanging sound; and while Astyages stood amazed, the same strange power got hold on him, and he stood there still with a look of wonder on his marble face. It would take too long to tell the names of the rank and file who perished. Two hundred men survived the fight; two hundred saw the Gorgon and turned to stone.

But now at last Phineus repents him of this unrighteous strife. But what is he to do? He sees images in various attitudes and knows the men for his own; he calls each one by name, prays for his aid, and hardly believing his eyes, he touches those who are nearest him: marble, all! He turns his face away, and so stretching out sideways suppliant hands that confess defeat, he says: "Perseus, you are my conqueror. Remove that dreadful thing; that petrifying Medusa-head of yours—whosoever she may be, oh, take it away, I beg. It was not hate of you and lust for the kingly power that drove me to this war. It was my wife I fought for. Your claim was better in merit, mine in time. I am content to yield. Grant me now nothing, O bravest of men, save this my life. All the rest be yours." As he thus spoke, not daring to look at him to whom he prayed, Perseus replied: "Most craven Phineus, dismiss your

OVID

et possum tribuisse et magnum est munus inertī,—
 pone metum!—tribuam: nullo violabere ferro. 226
 quin etiam mansura dabo monimenta per aevum,
 inque domo soceri semper spectabere nostri,
 ut mea se sponsi soletur imagine coniunx.”

dixit et in partem Phorcynida transtulit illam, 230
 ad quam se trepido Phineus obverterat ore.
 tum quoque conanti sua vertere lumina cervix
 dirigit, saxoque oculorum induruit umor,
 sed tamen os timidum vultusque in marmore supplex
 submissaeque manus faciesque obnoxia mansit. 235

Victor Abantiades patrios cum coniuge muros
 intrat et inmeriti vindex ultorque parentis
 adgreditur Proetum; nam fratre per arma fugato
 Acrisioneas Proetus possederat arces.
 sed nec ope armorum nec, quam male ceperat, arce
 torva colubriferi superavit lumina monstri. 241

Te tamen, o parvae rector, Polydecta, Seriphi,
 nec iuvenis virtus per tot spectata labores
 nec mala mollierant, sed inexorabile durus
 exerces odium, nec iniqua finis in ira est; 245
 detrectas etiam laudem fictamque Medusae
 arguis esse necem. “dabimus tibi pignora veri.
 parcite luminibus!” Perseus ait oraue regis
 ore Medusaeo silicem sine sanguine fecit.

Hactenus aurigenae comitem Tritonia fratri 250

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

fears ; what I can give (and 'tis a great boon for your coward soul), I will grant : you shall not suffer by the sword. Nay, but I will make of you a monument that shall endure for ages ; and in the house of my father-in-law you shall always stand on view, that so my wife may find solace in the statue of her promised lord." So saying, he bore the Gorgon-head where Phineus had turned his fear-struck face. Then, even as he strove to avert his eyes, his neck grew hard and the very tears upon his cheeks were changed to stone. And now in marble was fixed the cowardly face, the suppliant look, the pleading hands, the whole cringing attitude.

Victorious Perseus, together with his bride, now returns to his ancestral city ; and there, to avenge his grandsire, who little deserved this championship, he wars on Proetus. For Proetus had driven his brother out by force of arms, and seized the stronghold of Acrisius. But neither by the force of arms, nor by the stronghold he had basely seized, could he resist the baleful gaze of that dread snake-wreathed monster.

But you, O Polydectes, ruler of Little Seriphus, were not softened by the young man's valour, tried in so many feats, nor by his troubles ; but you were hard and unrelenting in hate, and your unjust anger knew no end. You even refused him his honour, and declared that the death of Medusa was all a lie. " We will give you proof of that," then Perseus said ; " protect your eyes !" (this to his friends). And with the Medusa-face he changed the features of the king to bloodless stone.

During all this time Tritonia¹ had been the comrade of her brother born of the golden shower.

¹ Athena.

OVID

se dedit; inde cava circumdata nube Seriphon
 deserit, a dextra Cythno Gyaroque relictis,
 quaque super pontum via visa brevissima, Thebas
 virgineumque Heliconam petit. quo monte potita
 constitit et doctas sic est adfata sorores: 255
 “ fama novi fontis nostras pervenit ad aures,
 dura Medusaei quem praepetis ungula rupit.
 is mihi causa viae; volui mirabile factum
 cernere; vidi ipsum materno sanguine nasci.”
 excipit Uranie: “ quaecumque est causa videndi 260
 has tibi, diva, domos, animo gratissima nostro es.
 vera tamen fama est: est Pegasus huius origo
 fontis ” et ad latices deduxit Pallada sacros.
 quae mirata diu factas pedis ictibus undas
 silvarum lucos circumspicit antiquarum 265
 antraque et innumeris distinctas floribus herbas
 felicesque vocat pariter studioque locoque
 Mnemonidas; quam sic adfata est una sororum:
 “ o, nisi te virtus opera ad maiora tulisset,
 in partem ventura chori Tritonia nostri, 270
 vera refers meritoque probas artesque locumque,
 et gratam sortem, tutae modo simus, habemus.
 sed (vetitum est adeo scelere nihil) omnia terrent
 virgineas mentes, dirisque ante ora Pyreneus
 vertitur, et nondum tota me mente recepi. 275
 Daulida Threicio Phoceaue milite rura
 ceperat ille ferox iniustaque regna tenebat;
 templa petebamus Parnasia: vidit euntes
 nostraque fallaci veneratus numina vultu 279
 ‘ Mnemonides ’ (cognorat enim), ‘ consistite ’ dixit

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But now, wrapped in a hollow cloud, she left Seriphus, and, passing Cythnus and Gyarus on the right, by the shortest course over the sea she made for Thebes and Helicon, home of the Muses. On this mountain she alighted, and thus addressed the sisters versed in song: "The fame of a new spring has reached my ears, which broke out under the hard hoof of the winged horse of Medusa. This is the cause of my journey: I wished to see the marvellous thing. The horse himself I saw born from his mother's blood." Urania replied: "Whatever cause has brought thee to see our home, O goddess, thou art most welcome to our hearts. But the tale is true, and Pegasus did indeed produce our spring." And she led Pallas aside to the sacred waters. She long admired the spring made by the stroke of the horse's hoof; then looked round on the ancient woods, the grottoes, and the grass, spangled with countless flowers. She declared the daughters of Mnemosyne to be happy alike in their favourite pursuits and in their home. And thus one of the sisters answered her: "O thou, Tritonia, who wouldst so fitly join our band, had not thy merits raised thee to far greater tasks, thou sayest truth and dost justly praise our arts and our home. We have indeed a happy lot—were we but safe in it. But (such is the licence of the time) all things affright our virgin souls, and the vision of fierce Pyreneus is ever before our eyes, and I have not yet recovered from my fear. This bold king with his Thracian soldiery had captured Daulis and the Phocian fields, and ruled that realm which he had unjustly gained. It chanced that we were journeying to the temple on Parnasus. He saw us going, and feigning a reverence for our divinity, he said: 'O daughters of Mnemosyne'—for he knew us—'stay your steps and do not hesitate

OVID

‘ nec dubitate, precor, tecto grave sidus et imbrem ’
 (imber erat) ‘ vitare meo; subiere minores
 saepe casas superi.’ dictis et tempore motae
 adnuimusque viro primasque intravimus aedes.
 desierant imbres, victoque aquilonibus austro 285
 fusca repurgato fugiebant nubila caelo:
 inpetus ire fuit; claudit sua tecta Pyreneus
 vimque parat, quam nos sumptis effugimus alis.
 ipse secuturo similis stetit arduus arce
 ‘ qua ’ que ‘ via est vobis, erit et mihi ’ dixit ‘ eadem ’
 seque iacit vecors e summae culmine turris 291
 et cadit in vultus discussisque ossibus oris
 tundit humum moriens scelerato sanguine tinctam.”

Musa loquebatur: pennae sonuere per auras,
 voxque salutantum ramis veniebat ab altis. 295
 suspicit et linguae quaerit tam certa loquentes
 unde sonent hominemque putat Iove nata locutum;
 ales erat. numeroque novem sua fata querentes
 institerant ramis imitantes omnia picae.
 miranti sic orsa deae dea “ nuper et istae 300
 auxerunt volucrum victae certamine turbam.
 Pieros has genuit Pellaeis dives in arvis,
 Paeonis Equippe mater fuit; illa potentem
 Lucinam noviens, noviens paritura, vocavit. .
 intumuit numero stolidarum turba sororum 305
 perque tot Haemonias et per tot Achaidas urbes
 huc venit et tali committit proelia voce:
 ‘ desinite indoctum vana dulcedine vulgus
 fallere; nobiscum, si qua est fiducia vobis,

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to take shelter beneath my roof against the lowering sky and the rain '—for rain was falling—' gods have often entered a humbler home.' Moved by his words and by the storm, we yielded to the man and entered his portal. And now the rain had ceased, the south wind had been routed by the north, and the dusky clouds were in full flight from the brightening sky. We were fain to go on our way; but Pyreneus shut his doors, and offered us violence. This we escaped by donning our wings. He, as if he would follow us, took his stand on a lofty battlement and cried to us: 'What way you take, the same will I take also'; and, quite bereft of sense, he leaped from the pinnacle of the tower. Headlong he fell, crushing his bones and dyeing the ground in death with his accursed blood."

While the muse was still speaking, the sound of whirring wings was heard and words of greeting came from the high branches of the trees. Jove's daughter looked up and tried to see whence came the sound which was so clearly speech. She thought some human being spoke; but it was a bird. Nine birds, lamenting their fate, had alighted in the branches, magpies, which can imitate any sound they please. When Minerva wondered at the sight, the other addressed her, goddess to goddess: "'Tis but lately those creatures also, conquered in a strife, have been added to the throng of birds. Pierus, lord of the rich domain of Pella, was their father, and Euipe of Paeonia was their mother. Nine times brought to the birth, nine times she called for help on mighty Lucina. Swollen with pride of numbers, this throng of senseless sisters journeyed through all the towns of Haemonia and all the towns of Achaia to us, and thus defied us to a contest in song: 'Cease to deceive the unsophisticated rabble with your pretence

OVID

Thespiades, certate, deae. nec voce, nec arte 310
vincemur totidemque sumus: vel cedite victae
fonte Medusaeo et Hyantea Aganippe,
vel nos Emathiis ad Paeonas usque nivosos
cedemus campis! dirimant certamina nymphae.'

“ Turpe quidem contendere erat, sed cedere visum
turpius; electae iurant per flumina nymphae 316
factaque de vivo pressere sedilia saxo.

tunc sine sorte prior quae se certare professa est,
bella canit superum falsoque in honore gigantas
ponit et extenuat magnorum facta deorum; 320

emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terrae
caelitibus fecisse metum cunctosque dedisse
terga fugae, donec fessos Aegyptia tellus
ceperit et septem discretus in ostia Nilus.

huc quoque terrigenam venisse Typhoea narrat 325
et se mentitis superos celasse figuris;

‘ duxque gregis ’ dixit ‘ fit Iuppiter: unde recurvis
nunc quoque formatus Libys est cum cornibus Ammon;
Delius in corvo, proles Semeleia capro,
fele soror Phoebi, nivea Saturnia vacca, 330
pisce Venus latuit, Cyllenius ibidis alis.’

“ Hactenus ad citharam vocalia moverat ora:
poscimur Aonides,—sed forsitan otia non sint,
nec nostris praeberere vacet tibi cantibus aures.”

“ ne dubita vestrumque mihi refer ordine carmen! ”
Pallas ait nemorisque levi consedit in umbra; 336
Musa refert: “ dedimus summam certaminis uni;
surgit et inmissos hedera collecta capillos
Calliope querulas praetemptat pollice chordas

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of song. Come, strive with us, ye Thespian goddesses, if you dare. Neither in voice nor in skill can we be conquered, and our numbers are the same. If you are conquered, yield us Medusa's spring and Boeotian Aganippe; or we will yield to you the Emathian plains even to snow-clad Paeonia; and let the nymphs be judges of our strife.'

"It was a shame to strive with them, but it seemed greater shame to yield. So the nymphs were chosen judges and took oath by their streams, and they set them down upon benches of living rock. Then without drawing lots she who had proposed the contest first began. She sang of the battle of the gods and giants, ascribing undeserved honour to the giants, and belittling the deeds of the mighty gods: how Typhoeus, sprung from the lowest depths of earth, inspired the heavenly gods with fear, and how they all turned their backs and fled, until, weary, they found refuge in the land of Egypt and the seven-mouthed Nile. How even there Typhoeus, son of earth, pursued them, and the gods hid themselves in lying shapes: 'Jove thus became a ram,' said she, 'the lord of flocks, whence Libyan Ammon even to this day is represented with curving horns; Apollo hid in a crow's shape, Bacchus in a goat; the sister of Phoebus, in a cat, Juno in a snow-white cow, Venus in a fish, Mercury in an ibis bird.'

"So far had she sung, tuning voice to harp; we, the Aonian sisters, were challenged to reply—but perhaps you have not leisure, and care not to listen to our song?" "Nay, have no doubt," Pallas exclaimed, "but sing now your song in due order." And she took her seat in the pleasant shade of the forest. The muse replied: "We gave the conduct of our strife to one, Calliope; who rose and, with her flowing tresses

OVID

atque haec percussis subiungit carmina nervis : 340

‘ Prima Ceres unco glaebam dimovit aratro,
 prima dedit fruges alimentaque mitia terris,
 prima dedit leges ; Cereris sunt omnia munus ;
 illa canenda mihi est. utinam modo dicere possim
 carmina digna dea ! certe dea carmine digna est. 345

“ ‘ Vasta giganteis ingesta est insula membris
 Trinacris et magnis subiectum molibus urguet
 aetherias ausum sperare Typhoea sedes.
 nititur ille quidem pugnatque resurgere saepe,
 dextra sed Ausonio manus est subiecta Peloro, 350

laeva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilybaeo crura premuntur,
 degravat Aetna caput, sub qua resupinus harenas
 eiecat flammamque fero vomit ore Typhoeus.

saepe remoliri luctatur pondera terrae
 oppidaque et magnos devolvere corpore montes : 355
 inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentium,
 ne pateat latoque solum retegatur hiatu

inmissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras.

hanc metuens cladem tenebrosa sede tyrannus
 exierat curruque atrorum vectus equorum 360
 ambibat Sicalae cautus fundamina terrae.

postquam exploratum satis est loca nulla labare
 depositique metus, videt hunc Erycina vagantem
 monte suo residens natumque amplexa volucrem

“ arma manusque meae, mea, nate, potentia ” dixit,
 “ illa, quibus superas omnes, cape tela, Cupido, 366

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

bound in an ivy wreath, tried the plaintive chords with her thumb, and then, with sweeping chords, she sang this song: 'Ceres was the first to turn the glebe with the hooked plowshare; she first gave corn and kindly sustenance to the world; she first gave laws. All things are the gift of Ceres; she must be the subject of my song. Would that I could worthily sing of her; surely the goddess is worthy of my song.

“ ‘ The huge island of Sicily had been heaped upon the body of the giant, and with its vast weight was resting on Typhoeus, who had dared to aspire to the heights of heaven. He struggles indeed, and strives often to rise again; but his right hand is held down by Ausonian Pelorus and his left by you, Pachynus. Lilybaeum rests on his legs, and Aetna's weight is on his head. Flung on his back beneath this mountain, the fierce Typhoeus spouts forth ashes and vomits flames from his mouth. Often he puts forth all his strength to push off the weight of earth and to roll the cities and great mountains from his body: then the earth quakes, and even the king of the silent land is afraid lest the crust of the earth split open in wide seams and lest the light of day be let in and affright the trembling shades. Fearing this disaster, the king of the lower world had left his gloomy realm and, drawn in his chariot with its sable steeds, was traversing the land of Sicily, carefully examining its foundations. After he had examined all to his satisfaction, and found that no points were giving way, he put aside his fears. Then Venus Erycina saw him wandering to and fro, as she was seated on her sacred mountain, and embracing her winged son, she exclaimed: “ O son, both arms and hands to me, and source of all my power, take now those shafts, Cupid, with which you conquer all, and shoot

OVID

inque dei pectus celeres molire sagittas,
 cui triplicis cassis fortuna novissima regni.
 tu superos ipsumque Iovem, tu numina ponti
 victa domas ipsumque, regit qui numina ponti: 370
 Tartara quid cessant? cur non matrisque tuumque
 imperium profers? agitur pars tertia mundi,
 et tamen in caelo, quae iam patientia nostra est,
 spernimur, ac mecum vires minuuntur Amoris.
 Pallada nonne vides iaculatricemque Dianam 375
 abscessisse mihi? Cereris quoque filia virgo,
 si patiemur, erit; nam spes adfectat easdem.
 at tu pro socio, si qua est ea gratia, regno
 iunge deam patruo." dixit Venus; ille pharetram
 solvit et arbitrio matris de mille sagittis 380
 unam seposuit, sed qua nec acutior ulla
 nec minus incerta est nec quae magis audiat arcus,
 oppositoque genu curvavit flexile cornum
 inque cor hamata percussit harundine Ditem.

"Haud procul Hennaëis lacus est a moenibus altae,
 nomine Pergus, aquae: non illo plura Caystros 386
 carmina cyncorum labentibus audit in undis.
 silva coronat aquas cingens latus omne suisque
 frondibus ut velo Phoebeos submovet ictus;
 frigora dant rami, tyrios humus umida flores: 390
 perpetuum ver est. quo dum Proserpina lucò
 ludit et aut violas aut candida lilia carpit,
 dumque puellari studio calathosque sinumque
 inplet et aequales certat superare legendo,
 paene simul visa est dilectaque raptaque Diti: 395
 usque adeo est properatus amor. dea territa maesto

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

your swift arrows into the heart of that god to whom the final lot of the triple kingdom fell. You rule the gods, and Jove himself; you conquer and control the deities of the sea, and the very king that rules the deities of the sea. Why does Tartarus hold back? Why do you not extend your mother's empire and your own? The third part of the world is at stake. And yet in heaven, such is our long-suffering, we are despised, and with my own, the power of love is weakening. Do you not see that Pallas and huntress Diana have revolted against me? And Ceres' daughter, too, will remain a virgin if we suffer it; for she aspires to be like them. But do you, in behalf of our joint sovereignty, if you take any pride in that, join the goddess to her uncle in the bonds of love." So Venus spoke. The god of love loosed his quiver at his mother's bidding and selected from his thousand arrows one, the sharpest and the surest and the most obedient to the bow. Then he bent the pliant bow across his knee and with his barbed arrow smote Dis through the heart.

" ' Not far from Henna's walls there is a deep pool of water, Pergus by name. Not Caÿster on its gliding waters hears more songs of swans than does this pool. A wood crowns the heights around its waters on every side, and with its foliage as with an awning keeps off the sun's hot rays. The branches afford a pleasing coolness, and the well-watered ground bears bright-coloured flowers. There spring is everlasting. Within this grove Proserpina was playing, and gathering violets or white lilies. And while with girlish eagerness she was filling her basket and her bosom, and striving to surpass her mates in gathering, almost in one act did Pluto see and love and carry her away: so precipitate was his love. The terrified girl called

OVID

et matrem et comites, sed matrem saepius, ore
 clamat, et ut summa vestem laniarat ab ora,
 collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis,
 tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis, 400
 haec quoque virgineum movit iactura dolorem.
 raptor agit currus et nomine quemque vocando
 exhortatur equos, quorum per colla iubasque
 excutit obscura tinctas ferrugine habenas,
 perque lacus altos et olentia sulphure fertur 405
 stagna Palicorum rupta ferventia terra
 et qua Bacchiadae, bimari gens orta Corinθο,
 inter inaequales posuerunt moenia portus.

“ ‘ Est medium Cyanes et Pisaeae Arethusaе,
 quod coit angustis inclusum cornibus aequor : 410
 hic fuit, a cuius stagnum quoque nomine dictum
 est,

inter Sicelidas Cyane celeberrima nymphas.
 gurgite quae medio summa tenus exstitit alvo
 adgnovitque deam “ nec longius ibitis ! ” inquit ;
 “ non potes invitae Cereris gener esse : roganda, 415
 non rapienda fuit. quodsi componere magnis
 parva mihi fas est, et me dilexit Anapis ;
 exorata tamen, nec, ut haec, exterrita nupsi.”
 dixit et in partes diversas bracchia tendens
 obstitit. haud ultra tenuit Saturnius iram 420
 terribilesque hortatus equos in gurgitis ima
 contortum valido sceptrum regale lacerto
 condidit ; icta viam tellus in Tartara fecit
 et pronos currus medio cratere recepit.

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plaintively on her mother and her companions, but more often upon her mother. And since she had torn her garment at its upper edge, the flowers which she had gathered fell out of her loosened tunic; and such was the innocence of her girlish years, the loss of her flowers even at such a time aroused new grief. Her captor sped his chariot and urged on his horses, calling each by name, and shaking the dark-dyed reins on their necks and manes. Through deep lakes he galloped, through the pools of the Palici, reeking with sulphur and boiling up from a crevice of the earth, and where the Bacchiadae, a race sprung from Corinth between two seas, had built a city between two harbours of unequal size.

“ ‘ There is between Cyane and Pisaeon Arethusa a bay of the sea, its waters confined by narrowing points of land. Here was Cyane, the most famous of the Sicilian nymphs, from whose name the pool itself was called. She stood forth from the midst of her pool as far as her waist, and recognizing the goddess cried to Dis: “ No further shall you go! Thou canst not be the son-in-law of Ceres against her will. The maiden should have been wooed, not ravished. But, if it is proper for me to compare small things with great, I also have been wooed, by Anapis, and I wedded him, too, yielding to prayer, however, not to fear, like this maiden.” She spoke and, stretching her arms on either side, blocked his way. No longer could the son of Saturn hold his wrath, and urging on his terrible steeds, he whirled his royal sceptre with strong right arm and smote the pool to its bottom. The smitten earth opened up a road to Tartarus and received the down-plunging chariot in her cavernous depths.

OVID

“ ‘ At Cyane, raptamque deam contemptaque fontis
 iura sui maerens, inconsolabile vulnus 426
 mente gerit tacita lacrimisque absumitur omnis
 et, quarum fuerat magnum modo numen, in illas
 extenuatur aquas : molliri membra videres,
 ossa pati flexus, ungues posuisse rigorem ; 430
 primumque de tota tenuissima quaeque liquescunt,
 caerulei crines digitique et crura pedesque ;
 nam brevis in gelidas membris exilibus undas
 transitus est ; post haec umeri terqusque latusque
 pectoraque in tenues abeunt evanida rivos ; 435
 denique pro vivo vitiatas sanguine venas
 lympa subit, restatque nihil, quod prendere posses.
 “ ‘ Interea pavidae nequiquam filia matri
 omnibus est terris, omni quaesita profundo.
 illam non udis veniens Aurora capillis 440
 cessantem vidit, non Hesperus ; illa duabus
 flammiferas pinus manibus succendit ab Aetna
 perque pruinosas tulit inrequieta tenebras ;
 rursus ubi alma dies hebetarat sidera, natam
 solis ab occasu solis quaerebat ad ortus. 445
 fessa labore sitim conlegerat, oraque nulli
 conluerant fontes, cum tectam stramine vidit
 forte casam parvasque fores pulsavit ; at inde
 prodit anus divamque videt lymphamque roganti
 dulce dedit, tosta quod texerat ante polenta. 450
 dum bibit illa datum, duri puer oris et audax
 constitit ante deam risitque avidamque vocavit.
 offensa est neque adhuc epota parte loquentem
 cum liquido mixta perfudit diva polenta :
 conbibit os maculas et, quae modo bracchia gessit,
 crura gerit ; cauda est mutatis addita membris, 456
 inque brevem formam, ne sit vis magna nocendi,

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“ ‘ But Cyane, grieving for the rape of the goddess and for her fountain’s rights thus set at naught, nursed an incurable wound in her silent heart, and dissolved all away in tears; and into those very waters was she melted whose great divinity she had been but now. You might see her limbs softening, her bones becoming flexible, her nails losing their hardness. And first of all melt the slenderest parts: her dark hair, her fingers, legs and feet; for it is no great change from slender limbs to cool water. Next after these, her shoulders, back and sides and breasts vanish into thin watery streams. And finally, in place of living blood, clear water flows through her weakened veins and nothing is left that you can touch.

“ ‘ Meanwhile all in vain the affrighted mother seeks her daughter in every land, on every deep. Not Aurora, rising with dewy tresses, not Hesperus sees her pausing in the search. She kindles two pine torches in the fires of Aetna, and wanders without rest through the frosty shades of night; again, when the genial day had dimmed the stars, she was still seeking her daughter from the setting to the rising of the sun. Faint with toil and athirst, she had moistened her lips in no fountain, when she chanced to see a hut thatched with straw, and knocked at its lowly door. Then out came an old woman and beheld the goddess, and when she asked for water gave her a sweet drink with parched barley floating upon it. While she drank, a coarse, saucy boy stood watching her, and mocked her and called her greedy. She was offended, and threw what she had not yet drunk, with the barley grains, full in his face. Straightway his face was spotted, his arms were changed to legs, and a tail was added to his transformed limbs; he shrank to tiny size, that he might have no great

OVID

contrahitur, parvaque minor mensura lacerta est.
 mirantem flentemque et tangere monstra parantem
 fugit anum latebramque petit aptumque pudori 460
 nomen habet variis stellatus corpora guttis.

“ “ Quas dea per terras et quas erraverit undas,
 dicere longa mora est; quaerenti defuit orbis;
 Sicaniam repetit, dumque omnia lustrat eundo,
 venit et ad Cyanen. ea ni mutata fuisset, 465

omnia narrasset; sed et os et lingua volenti
 dicere non aderant, nec, quo loqueretur, habebat;
 signa tamen manifesta dedit notamque parenti,
 illo forte loco delapsam in gurgite sacro
 Persephones zonam summis ostendit in undis. 470

quam simul agnovit, tamquam tum denique raptam
 scisset, inornatos laniavit diva capillos
 et repetita suis percussit pectora palmis.
 nescit adhuc, ubi sit; terras tamen increpat omnes
 ingratasque vocat nec frugum munere dignas, 475

Trinacriam ante alias, in qua vestigia damni
 repperit. ergo illic saeva vertentia glaebas
 fregit aratra manu parilique irata colonos
 ruricolaeque boves leto dedit arvaque iussit
 fallere depositum vitiataque semina fecit. 480

fertilitas terrae latum vulgata per orbem
 falsa iacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis,
 et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber;
 sideraque ventique nocent, avidaeque volucres

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

power to harm, and became in form a lizard, though yet smaller in size. The old woman wondered and wept, and reached out to touch the marvellous thing, but he fled from her and sought a hiding-place. He has a name¹ suited to his offence, since his body is starred with bright-coloured spots.

“ ‘ Over what lands and what seas the goddess wandered it would take long to tell. When there was no more a place to search in, she came back to Sicily, and in the course of her wanderings here she came to Cyane. If the nymph had not been changed to water, she would have told her all. But, though she wished to tell, she had neither lips nor tongue, nor aught wherewith to speak. But still she gave clear evidence, and showed on the surface of her pool what the mother knew well, Persephone’s girdle, which had chanced to fall upon the sacred waters. As soon as she knew this, just as if she had then for the first time learned that her daughter had been stolen, the goddess tore her unkempt locks and smote her breast again and again with her hands. She did not know as yet where her child was; still she reproached all lands, calling them ungrateful and unworthy of the gift of corn; but Sicily above all other lands, where she had found traces of her loss. So there with angry hand she broke in pieces the plows that turn the glebe, and in her rage she gave to destruction farmers and cattle alike, and bade the plowed fields to betray their trust, and blighted the seed. The fertility of this land, famous throughout the world, lay false to its good name: the crops died in early blade, now too much heat, now too much rain destroying them. Stars and winds were baleful, and greedy birds ate up the seed as soon as it was

¹ *i.e. stellio*, a lizard or newt.

OVID

semina iacta legunt ; lolium tribulique fatigant 485
 triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramen.

“ ‘ Tum caput Eleis Alpheias extulit undis
 rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures
 atque ait “ o toto quaesitae virginis orbe
 et frugum genetrix, imensos siste labores 490
 neve tibi fidae violenta irascere terrae.

terra nihil meruit patuitque invita rapinae,
 nec sum pro patria supplex : huc hospita veni.
 Pisa mihi patria est et ab Elide ducimus ortus,
 Sicaniam peregrina colo, sed gratior omni 495

haec mihi terra solo est : hos nunc Arethusa penates,
 hanc habeo sedem. quam tu, mitissima, serva.
 mota loco cur sim tantique per aequoris undas
 advehar Ortygiam, veniet narratibus hora
 tempestiva meis, cum tu curaque levata 500

et vultus melioris eris. mihi pervia tellus
 praebet iter, subterque imas ablata cavernas
 hic caput attollo desuetaque sidera cerno.
 ergo dum Stygio sub terris gurgite labor,
 visa tua est oculis illic Proserpina nostris : 505

illa quidem tristis neque adhuc interrta vultu,
 sed regina tamen, sed opaci maxima mundi,
 sed tamen inferni pollens matrona tyranni! ”

Mater ad auditas stupuit ceu saxea voces
 attonitaeque diu similis fuit, utque dolore 510
 pulsa gravi gravis est amentia, curribus oras
 exit in aetherias : ibi toto nubila vultu
 ante Iovem passis stetit invidiosa capillis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

sown; tares and thorns and stubborn grasses choked the wheat.

“ ‘ Then did Arethusa, Alpheus’ daughter, lift her head from her Elean pool and, brushing her dripping locks back from her brows, thus addressed the goddess: “ O thou mother of the maiden sought through all the earth, thou mother of fruits, cease now thy boundless toils and do not be so grievously wroth with the land which has been true to thee. The land is innocent; against its will it opened to the robbery. It is not for my own country that I pray, for I came a stranger hither. Pisa is my native land, and from Elis have I sprung; I dwell in Sicily a foreigner. But I love this country more than all; this is now my home, here is my dwelling-place. And now, I pray thee, save it, O most merciful. Why I moved from my place and why I came to Sicily, through such wastes of sea, a fitting time will come to tell thee, when thou shalt be free from care and of a more cheerful countenance. The solid earth opened a way before me, and passing through the lowest depths, I here lifted my head again and beheld the stars that had grown unfamiliar. Therefore, while I was gliding beneath the earth in my Stygian stream, I saw Proserpina there with these very eyes. She seemed sad indeed, and her face was still perturbed with fear; but yet she was a queen, the great queen of that world of darkness, the mighty consort of the tyrant of the underworld.” The mother upon hearing these words stood as if turned to stone, and was for a long time like one bereft of reason. But when her overwhelming frenzy had given way to overwhelming pain, she set forth in her chariot to the realms of heaven. There, with clouded countenance, with dishevelled hair, and full of indignation, she appeared before Jove and said: “ I have come, O Jupiter, as

OVID

“ pro ” que “ meo veni supplex tibi, Iuppiter,” inquit
 “ sanguine proque tuo: si nulla est gratia matris, 515
 nata patrem moveat, neu sit tibi cura, precamur,
 vilior illius, quod nostro est edita partu.

en quaesita diu tandem mihi nata reperta est,
 si reperire vocas amittere certius, aut si
 scire, ubi sit, reperire vocas. quod rapta, feremus, 520
 dummodo reddat eam! neque enim praedone marito
 filia digna tua est, si iam mea filia non est.”

Iuppiter excepit “ commune est pignus onusque
 nata mihi tecum; sed si modo nomina rebus
 addere vera placet, non hoc iniuria factum, 525
 verum amor est; neque erit nobis gener ille pudori,
 tu modo, diva, velis. ut desint cetera, quantum est
 esse Iovis fratrem! quid, quod nec cetera desunt
 nec cedit nisi sorte mihi?—sed tanta cupido
 si tibi discidii est, repetet Proserpina caelum, 530
 lege tamen certa, si nullos contigit illic
 ore cibos; nam sic Parcarum foedere cautum est.”

“ ‘ Dixerat, at Cereri certum est educere natam;
 non ita fata sinunt, quoniam ieiunia virgo
 solverat et, cultis dum simplex errat in hortis, 535
 poeniceum curva decerpserat arbore pomum
 sumptaque pallenti septem de cortice grana
 presserat ore suo, solusque ex omnibus illud
 Ascalaphus vidit, quem quondam dicitur Orphne,
 inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, 540
 ex Acheronte suo silvis peperisse sub atris;
 vidit et indicio redivitum crudelis ademit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

suppliant in behalf of my child and your own. If you have no regard for the mother, at least let the daughter touch her father's heart. And let not your care for her be less because I am her mother. See, my daughter, sought so long, has at last been found, if you call it finding more certainly to lose her, or if you call it finding merely to know where she is. That she has been stolen, I will bear, if only he will bring her back; for your daughter does not deserve to have a robber for a husband—if now she is not mine.” And Jove replied: “She is, indeed, our daughter, yours and mine, our common pledge and care. But if only we are willing to give right names to things, this is no harm that has been done, but only love. Nor will he shame us for a son-in-law—do you but consent, goddess. Though all else be lacking, how great a thing it is to be Jove's brother! But what that other things are not lacking, and that he does not yield place to me—save only by the lot? But if you so greatly desire to separate them, Proserpina shall return to heaven, but on one condition only: if in the lower-world no food has as yet touched her lips. For so have the fates decreed.”

“ ‘ He spoke; but Ceres was resolved to have her daughter back. Not so the fates; for the girl had already broken her fast, and while, simple child that she was, she wandered in the trim gardens, she had plucked a purple pomegranate hanging from a bending bough, and peeling off the yellowish rind, she had eaten seven of the seeds. The only one who saw the act was Ascalaphus, whom Orphne, not the least famous of the Avernian nymphs, is said to have borne to her own Acheron within the dark groves of the lower-world. The boy saw, and by his cruel tattling thwarted the girl's return to earth. Then

OVID

ingemuit regina Erebi testemque profanam
fecit avem sparsumque caput Phlegethontide lymphæ
in rostrum et plumas et grandia lumina vertit. 545

ille sibi ablatas fulvis amicitur in alis
inque caput crescit longosque reflectitur ungues
vixque movet natas per inertia brachia pennas
foedaque fit volucris, venturi nuntia luctus,
ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen. 550

“ ‘ Hic tamen indicio poenam linguaque videri
commeruisse potest; vobis, Acheloides, unde
pluma pedesque avium, cum virginis ora geratis?
an quia, cum legeret vernos Proserpina flores,
in comitum numero, doctæ Sirenes, eratis? 555

quam postquam toto frustra quaesistis in orbe,
protinus, et vestram sentirent æquora curam,
posse super fluctus alarum insistere remis
optastis facilesque deos habuistis et artus
vidistis vestros subitis flavescere pennis. 560

ne tamen ille canor mulcendas natus ad aures
tantaque dos oris linguae deperderet usum,
virginei vultus et vox humana remansit.

“ ‘ At medius fratrisque sui maestæque sororis
Iuppiter ex æquo volventem dividit annum: 565
nunc dea, regnorum numen commune duorum,
cum matre est totidem, totidem cum coniuge
menses.

vertitur extemplo facies et mentis et oris;
nam modo quæ poterat Diti quoque maesta videri,
laeta deæ frons est, ut sol, qui tectus aquosis 570
nubibus ante fuit, victis e nubibus exit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

was the queen of Erebus enraged, and changed the informer into an ill-omened bird; throwing in his face a handful of water from the Phlegethon, she gave him a beak and feathers and big eyes. Robbed of himself, he is now clothed in yellow wings; he grows into a head and long, hooked claws; but he scarce moves the feathers that sprout all over his sluggish arms. He has become a loathsome bird, prophet of woe, the slothful screech-owl, a bird of evil omen to men.

“ ‘ He indeed can seem to have merited his punishment because of his tattling tongue. But, daughters of Acheloüs, why have you the feathers and feet of birds, though you still have maidens’ features? Is it because, when Proserpina was gathering the spring flowers, you were among the number of her companions, ye Sirens, skilled in song? After you had sought in vain for her through all the lands, that the sea also might know your search, you prayed that you might float on beating wings above the waves: you found the gods ready, and suddenly you saw your limbs covered with golden plumage. But, that you might not lose your tuneful voices, so soothing to the ear, and that rich dower of song, maiden features and human voice remained.

“ ‘ But now Jove, holding the balance between his brother and his grieving sister, divides the revolving year into two equal parts. Now the goddess, the common divinity of two realms, spends half the months with her mother and with her husband, half. Straightway the bearing of her heart and face is changed. For she who but lately even to Dis seemed sad, now wears a joyful countenance; like the sun which, long concealed behind dark and misty clouds, disperses the clouds and reveals his face.

OVID

“ ‘ Exigit alma Ceres nata secura recepta,
 quae tibi causa fugae, cur sis, Arethusa, sacer fons.
 conticuere undae quarum dea sustulit alto
 fonte caput viridesque manu siccata capillos 575
 fluminis Elei veteres narravit amores.
 “ pars ego nympharum, quae sunt in Achaide,” dixit
 “ una fui, nec me studiosius altera saltus
 legit nec posuit studiosius altera casses.
 sed quamvis formae numquam mihi fama petita est,
 quamvis fortis eram, formosae nomen habebam, 581
 nec mea me facies nimium laudata iuvabat,
 quaque aliae gaudere solent, ego rustica dote
 corporis erubui crimenque placere putavi.
 lassa revertabar (memini) Stymphalide silva; 585
 aestus erat, magnumque labor geminaverat aestum :
 invenio sine vertice aquas, sine murmure euntes,
 perspicuas ad humum, per quas numerabilis alte
 calculus omnis erat, quas tu vix ire putares.
 cana salicta dabant nutritaque populus unda 590
 sponte sua natas ripis declivibus umbras.
 accessi primumque pedis vestigia tinxi,
 poplite deinde tenuis; neque eo contenta, recingor
 molliaque inpono salici velamina curvae
 nudaque mergor aquis. quas dum ferioque trahoque
 mille modis labens excussaue brachia iacto, 596
 nescio quod medio sensi sub gurgite murmur
 territaue insisto propioris margine ripae.
 ‘ quo properas, Arethusa? ’ suis Alpheus ab undis,
 ‘ quo properas? ’ iterum rauco mihi dixerat ore. 600

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

“ ‘ Now kindly Ceres, happy in the recovery of her daughter, asks of you, Arethusa, why you fled, why you are now a sacred spring. The waters fall silent while their goddess lifts her head from her deep spring, and dries her green locks with her hands, and tells the old story of the Elean river’s love. “ I used to be one of the nymphs,” she says, “ who have their dwelling in Achaia, and no other was more eager in scouring the glades, or in setting the hunting-nets. But although I never sought the fame of beauty, although I was brave, I had the name of beautiful. Nor did my beauty, all too often praised, give me any joy; and my dower of charming form, in which other maids rejoice, made me blush like a country girl, and I deemed it wrong to please. Wearied with the chase, I was returning, I remember, from the Stymphalian wood; the heat was great and my toil had made it double. I came upon a stream flowing without eddy, and without sound, crystal-clear to the bottom, in whose depths you might count every pebble, waters which you would scarcely think to be moving. Silvery willows and poplars fed by the water gave natural shade to the soft-sloping banks. I came to the water’s edge and first dipped my feet, then in I went up to the knees: not satisfied with this, I removed my robes, and hanging the soft garments on a drooping willow, naked I plunged into the waters. And while I beat them, drawing them and gliding in a thousand turns and tossing my arms, I though I heard a kind of murmur deep in the pool. In terror I leaped on the nearer bank. Then Alpheus called from his waters: ‘ Whither in haste, Arethusa? Whither in such haste?’ Twice in his hoarse voice he called to me. As I was, without my robes, I fled; for my robes were

OVID

sicut eram fugio sine vestibus (altera vestes
 ripa meas habuit): tanto magis instat et ardet,
 et quia nuda fui, sum visa paratior illi.
 sic ego currebam, sic me ferus ille premebat,
 ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae, 605
 ut solet accipiter trepidas urguere columbas.
 usque sub Orchomenon Psophidaque Cyllenenque
 Maenaliosque sinus gelidumque Erymanthon et Elim
 currere sustinui, nec me velocior ille;
 sed tolerare diu cursus ego viribus inpar 610
 non poteram, longi patiens erat ille laboris.
 per tamen et campos, per opertos arbore montes,
 saxa quoque et rupes et, qua via nulla, cucurri.
 sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam
 ante pedes umbram, nisi si timor illa videbat; 615
 sed certe sonitusque pedum terrebat et ingens
 crinales vittas adflabat anhelitus oris.
 fessa labore fugae 'fer opem, deprendimur,' inquam
 'armigerae, Dictynna,¹ tuae, cui saepe dedisti
 ferre tuos arcus inclusaque tela pharetra!' 620
 mota dea est spissisque ferens e nubibus unam
 me super iniecit: lustrat caligine tectam
 amnis et ignarus circum cava nubila quaerit
 bisque locum, quo me dea texerat, inscius ambit
 et bis 'io Arethusa' vocavit, 'io Arethusa!' 625
 quid mihi tune animi miserae fuit? anne quod agnae
 est,
 si qua lupos audit circum stabula alta frementes,
 aut lepori, qui vepre latens hostilia cernit
 ora canum nullosque audet dare corpore motus?
 non tamen abscedit; neque enim vestigia cernit 630
 longius ulla pedum: servat nubemque locumque.
 occupat obsessos sudor mihi frigidus artus,
 caeruleaeque cadunt toto de corpore guttae,

¹ Dictynna *Heinsius*: Diana *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

on the other bank. So much the more he pressed on and burned with love; naked I seemed readier for his taking. So did I flee and so did he hotly press after me, as doves on fluttering pinions flee the hawk, as the hawk pursues the frightened doves. Even past Orchomenus, past Psophis and Cyllene, past the combs of Maenalus, chill Frymanthus and Elis, I kept my flight; nor was he swifter of foot than I. But I, being ill-matched in strength, could not long keep up my speed, while he could sustain a long pursuit. Yet through level plains, over mountains covered with trees, over rocks also and cliffs, and where there was no way at all, I ran. The sun was at my back. I saw my pursuer's long shadow stretching out ahead of me—unless it was fear that saw it—but surely I heard the terrifying sound of feet, and his deep-panting breath fanned my hair. Then, forspent with the toil of flight, I cried aloud: 'O help me or I am caught, help thy armour-bearer, goddess of the nets, to whom so often thou hast given thy bow to bear and thy quiver, with all its arrows!' The goddess heard, and threw an impenetrable cloud of mist about me. The river-god circled around me, wrapped in the darkness, and at fault quested about the hollow mist. And twice he went round the place where the goddess had hidden me, unknowing, and twice he called, 'Arethusa! O Arethusa!' How did I feel then, poor wretch! Was I not as the lamb, when it hears the wolves howling around the fold? or the hare which, hiding in the brambles, sees the dogs' deadly muzzles and dares not make the slightest motion? But he went not far away, for he saw no traces of my feet further on; he watched the cloud and the place. Cold sweat poured down my beleaguered limbs and the dark drops rained down from my whole body.

OVID

quaque pedem movi, manat lacus, eque capillis
ros cadit, et citius, quam nunc tibi facta renarro, 635
in latices mutor. sed enim cognoscit amatas
amnis aquas positoque viri, quod sumpserat, ore
vertitur in proprias, et se mihi misceat, undas.
Delia rupit humum, caecisque ego mersa cavernis
advehor Ortygiam, quae me cognomine divae 640
grata meae superas eduxit prima sub auras.”

“ ‘Hac Arethusa tenus; geminos dea fertilis angues
curribus admovit frenisque coercuit ora
et medium caeli terraeque per aera vecta est
atque levem currum Tritonida misit in urbem 645
Triptolemo partimque rudi data semina iussit
spargere humo, partim post tempora longa recultae.
iam super Europen sublimis et Asida terram
vectus erat iuvenis: Scythicas advertitur oras.
rex ibi Lyncus erat; regis subit ille penates. 650
qua veniat, causamque viae nomenque rogatus
et patriam, “patria est clarae mihi” dixit “Athenae;
Triptolemus nomen; veni nec puppe per undas,
nec pede per terras: patuit mihi pervius aether.
dona fero Cereris, latos quae sparsa per agros 655
frugiferas messes alimentaue mitia reddant.”
barbarus invidit tantique ut muneris auctor
ipse sit, hospitio recipit somnoque gravatum
adgreditur ferro: conantem figere pectus

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

Wherever I put my foot a pool trickled out, and from my hair fell the drops; and sooner than I can now tell the tale I was changed to a stream of water. But sure enough he recognized in the waters the maid he loved; and laying aside the form of a man which he had assumed, he changed back to his own watery shape to mingle with me. My Delian goddess cleft the earth, and I, plunging down into the dark depths, was borne hither to Ortygia, which I love because it bears my goddess' name, and this first received me to the upper air."

" ' With this, Arethusa's tale was done. Then the goddess of fertility yoked her two dragons to her car, curbing their mouths with the bit, and rode away through the air midway between heaven and earth, until she came at last to Pallas' city. Here she gave her fleet car to Triptolemus, and bade him scatter the seeds of grain she gave, part in the untilled earth and part in fields that had long lain fallow. And now high over Europe and the land of Asia the youth held his course and came to Scythia, where Lyncus ruled as king. He entered the royal palace. The king asked him how he came and why, what was his name and country: he said: " My country is far-famed Athens; Triptolemus, my name. I came neither by ship over the sea, nor on foot by land; the air opened a path for me. I bring the gifts of Ceres, which, if you sprinkle them over your wide fields, will give a fruitful harvest and food not wild." The barbaric king heard with envy. And, that he himself might be the giver of so great a boon, he received his guest with hospitality, and when he was heavy with sleep, he attacked him with the sword. Him, in the very act of piercing the stranger's breast, Ceres transformed into a lynx; and back

OVID

lynca Ceres fecit rursusque per aera iussit 660
 Mopsopium iuvenem sacros agitare iugales.’
 “ Finierat dictos e nobis maxima cantus ;
 at nymphae vicisse deas Heliconae colentes
 concordiae dixere sono : convicia victae
 cum iacerent, ‘ quoniam ’ dixi ‘ certamine vobis 665
 supplicium meruisse parum est maledictaque culpae
 additis et non est patientia libera nobis,
 ibimus in poenas et, qua vocat ira, sequemur.’
 rident Emathides spernuntque minacia verba,
 conantesque loqui et magno clamore protervas 670
 intentare manus pennas exire per unguis
 adspexere suos, operiri brachia plumis,
 alteraque alterius rigido concretere rostro
 ora videt volucresque novas accedere silvis ;
 dumque volunt plangi, per brachia mota levatae 675
 aere pendebant, nemorum convicia, picae.
 Nunc quoque in alitibus facundia prisca remansit
 raucaque garrulitas studiumque inmane loquendi.”

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

through the air she bade the Athenian drive her sacred team.'

" Our eldest sister here ended the song I have just rehearsed; then the nymphs with one voice agreed that the goddesses of Helicon had won. When the conquered sisters retorted with reviling, I made answer: ' Since it was not enough that you have earned punishment by your challenge and you add insults to your offence, and since our patience is not without end, we shall proceed to punishment and indulge our resentment.' The Pierides mocked, and scorned her threatening words. But as they tried to speak, and with loud outcries brandished their hands in saucy gestures, they saw feathers sprouting on their fingers, and plumage covering their arms; each saw another's face stiffening into a hard beak, and new forms of birds added to the woods. And while they strove to beat their breasts, uplifted by their flapping arms, they hung in the air, magpies, the noisy scandal of the woods. Even now in their feathered form their old-time gift of speech remains, their hoarse garrulity, their boundless passion for talk."

BOOK VI

LIBER VI

PRAEBVERAT dictis Tritonia talibus aures
carminaque Aonidum iustamque probaverat iram ;
tum secum : “ laudare parum est, laudemur et ipsae
numina nec sperni sine poena nostra sinamus.”
Maeoniaeque animum fatis intendit Arachnes, 5
quam sibi lanificae non cedere laudibus artis
audierat. non illa loco nec origine gentis
clara, sed arte fuit : pater huic Colophonius Idmon
Phocaico bibulas tinguebat murice lanas ;
occiderat mater, sed et haec de plebe suoque 10
aequa viro fuerat ; Lydas tamen illa per urbes
quaesierat studio nomen memorabile, quamvis
orta domo parva parvis habitabat Hypaepis.
huius ut adspicerent opus admirabile, saepe
deseruere sui nymphae vineta Timoli, 15
deseruere suas nymphae Pactolides undas.
nec factas solum vestes, spectare iuvabat
tum quoque, cum fierent : tantus decor adfuit arti,
sive rudem primos lanam glomerabat in orbes,
seu digitis subigebat opus repetitaque longo 20
vellera molliabat nebulas aequantia tractu,
sive levi teretem versabat pollice fusum,

BOOK VI

TRITONIA had listened to this tale, and had approved of the muses' song and their just resentment. And then to herself she said: "To praise is not enough; let me be praised myself and not allow my divinity to be scouted without punishment." So saying, she turned her mind to the fate of Maeonian Arachne, who she had heard would not yield to her the palm in the art of spinning and weaving wool. Neither for place of birth nor birth itself had the girl fame, but only for her skill. Her father, Idmon of Colophon, used to dye the absorbent wool for her with Phocæan purple. Her mother was now dead; but she was low-born herself, and had a husband of the same degree. Nevertheless, the girl, Arachne, had gained fame for her skill throughout the Lydian towns, although she herself had sprung from a humble home and dwelt in the hamlet of Hypaepa. Often, to watch her wondrous skill, the nymphs would leave their own vineyards on Timolus' slopes, and the water-nymphs of Pactolus would leave their waters. And 'twas a pleasure not alone to see her finished work, but to watch her as she worked; so graceful and deft was she. Whether she was winding the rough yarn into a new ball, or shaping the stuff with her fingers, reaching back to the distaff for more wool, fleecy as a cloud, to draw into long soft threads, or giving a twist with practised thumb to the graceful spindle, or

OVID

seu pingebat acu ; scires a Pallade doctam.
 quod tamen ipsa negat tantaque offensa magistra
 “ certet ” ait “ mecum : nihil est, quod victa re-
 cusem ! ” 25

Pallas anum simulat : falsosque in tempora canos
 addit et infirmos baculo quoque sustinet artus.
 tum sic orsa loqui “ non omnia grandior aetas,
 quae fugiamus, habet : seris venit usus ab annis.
 consilium ne sperne meum : tibi fama petatur 30
 inter mortales faciendae maxima lanæ ;
 cede deae veniamque tuis, temeraria, dictis
 supplice voce roga : veniam dabit illa roganti.”
 adspicit hanc torvis inceptaque fila relinquit
 vixque manus retinens confessaque vultibus iram 35
 talibus obscuram resecuta est Pallada dictis :
 “ mentis inops longaque venis confecta senecta,
 et nimium vixisse diu nocet. audiat istas,
 si qua tibi nurus est, si qua est tibi filia, voces ;
 consilii satis est in me mihi, neve monendo 40
 profecisse putes, eadem est sententia nobis.
 cur non ipsa venit ? cur haec certamina vitat ? ”
 tum dea “ venit ! ” ait formamque removit anilem
 Palladaque exhibuit : venerantur numina nymphae
 Mygdonidesque nurus ; sola est non territa virgo, 45
 sed tamen exsiluit,¹ subitusque invita notavit
 ora rubor rursusque evanuit, ut solet aer
 purpureus fieri, cum primum Aurora movetur,
 et breve post tempus candescere solis ab ortu.

¹ Exsiluit *Merkel*: erubuit *MSS*.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

embroidering with her needle: you could know that Pallas had taught her. Yet she denied it, and, offended at the suggestion of a teacher ever so great, she said: "Let her but strive with me; and if I lose there is nothing which I would not forfeit."

Then Pallas assumed the form of an old woman, put false locks of grey upon her head, took a staff in her hand to sustain her tottering limbs, and thus she began: "Old age has some things at least that are not to be despised; experience comes with ripener years. Do not scorn my advice: seek all the fame you will among mortal men for handling wool; but yield place to the goddess, and with humble prayer beg her pardon for your words, reckless girl. She will grant you pardon if you ask it." But she regarded the old woman with sullen eyes, dropped the threads she was working, and, scarce holding her hand from violence, with open anger in her face she answered the disguised Pallas: "Doting in mind, you come to me, and spent with old age; and it is too long life that is your bane. Go, talk to your daughter-in-law, or to your daughter, if such you have. I am quite able to advise myself. To show you that you have done no good by your advice, we are both of the same opinion. Why does not your goddess come herself? Why does she avoid a contest with me?" Then the goddess exclaimed: "She has come!" and throwing aside her old woman's disguise, she revealed Pallas. The nymphs worshipped her godhead, and the Mygdonian women; Arachne alone remained unafraid, though she did start up and a sudden flush marked her unwilling cheeks and again faded: as when the sky grows crimson when the dawn first appears, and after a little while when the sun is up it pales again. Still she persists in her

OVID

perstat in incepto stolidaeque cupidine palmae 50
 in sua fata ruit; neque enim Iove nata recusat
 nec monet ulterius nec iam certamina differt.
 haud mora, constituunt diversis partibus ambae
 et gracili geminas intendunt stamine telas:
 tela iugo vincta est, stamen secernit harundo, 55
 inseritur medium radiis subtemen acutis,
 quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina ductum
 percusso feriunt insecti pectine dentes.
 utraque festinant cinctaeque ad pectora vestes
 brachia docta movent, studio fallente laborem. 60
 illic et Tyrium quae purpura sensit aenum
 textitur et tenues parvi discriminis umbrae;
 qualis ab imbre solent percussis solibus arcus
 inficere ingenti longum curvamine caelum;
 in quo diversi niteant cum mille colores, 65
 transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit:
 usque adeo, quod tangit, idem est; tamen ultima
 distant.
 illic et lentum filis inmittitur aurum
 et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.
 Cecropia Pallas scopulum Mavortis in arce 70
 pingit et antiquam de terrae nomine litem.
 bis sex caelestes medio Iove sedibus altis
 augusta gravitate sedent; sua quemque deorum
 inscribit facies: Iovis est regalis imago;
 stare deum pelagi longoque ferire tridente 75
 aspera saxa facit, medioque e vulnere saxi
 exsiluisse fretum, quo pignore vindicet urbem;
 at sibi dat clipeum, dat acutae cuspidis hastam,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

challenge, and stupidly confident and eager for victory, she rushes on her fate. For Jove's daughter refuses not, nor again warns her or puts off the contest any longer. They both set up the looms in different places without delay and they stretch the fine warp upon them. The web is bound upon the beam, the reed separates the threads of the warp, the woof is threaded through them by the sharp shuttles which their busy fingers ply, and when shot through the threads of the warp, the notched teeth of the hammering slay beat it into place. They speed on the work with their mantles close girt about their breasts and move back and forth their well-trained hands, their eager zeal beguiling their toil. There are inwoven the purple threads dyed in Tyrian kettles, and lighter colours insensibly shading off from these. As when after a storm of rain the sun's rays strike through, and a rainbow, with its huge curve, stains the wide sky, though a thousand different colours shine in it, the eye cannot detect the change from each one to the next; so like appear the adjacent colours, but the extremes are plainly different. There, too, they weave in pliant threads of gold, and trace in the weft some ancient tale.

Pallas pictures the hills of Mars on the citadel of Cecrops¹ and that old dispute over the naming of the land. There sit twelve heavenly gods on lofty thrones in awful majesty, Jove in their midst; each god she pictures with his own familiar features; Jove's is a royal figure. There stands the god of ocean, and with his long trident smites the rugged cliff, and from the cleft rock sea-water leaps forth; a token to claim the city for his own. To herself

¹ Ovid here confuses the Acropolis with the Areopagus. See Herod., VIII. 55; Apollodorus, III. 14, 1.

OVID

dat galeam capiti, defenditur aegide pectus,
 percussamque sua simulat de cuspide terram 80
 edere cum bacis fetum canentis olivae;
 mirarique deos: operis Victoria finis.
 ut tamen exemplis intellegat aemula laudis,
 quod pretium speret pro tam furialibus ausis
 quattuor in partes certamina quattuor addit, 85
 clara colore suo, brevibus distincta sigillis:
 Threiciam Rhodopen habet angulus unus et Haemom,
 nunc gelidos montes, mortalia corpora quondam,
 nomina summorum sibi qui tribuere deorum;
 altera Pygmaeae fatum miserabile matris 90
 pars habet: hanc Iuno victam certamine iussit
 esse gruem populisque suis indicere bellum;
 pinxit et Antigonem, ausam contendere quondam
 cum magni consorte Iovis, quam regia Iuno
 in volucrem vertit, nec profuit Ilion illi 95
 Laomedonve pater, sumptis quin candida pennis
 ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante ciconia rostro;
 qui superest solus, Cinyran habet angulus orbum;
 isque gradus templi, natarum membra suarum,
 amplectens saxoque iacens lacrimare videtur. 100
 circuit extremas oleis pacalibus oras,
 is modus est operisque sua facit arbore finem.
 Maeonis elusam designat imagine tauri
 Europam: verum taurum, freta vera putares;
 ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas 105
 et comites clamare suas tactumque vereri
 adsilientis aquae timidasque reducere plantas.
 fecit et Asterien aquila luctante teneri,

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the goddess gives a shield and a sharp-pointed spear, and a helmet for her head; the aegis guards her breast; and from the earth smitten by her spear's point upsprings a pale-green olive-tree hanging thick with fruit; and the gods look on in wonder. Victory crowns her work. Then, that her rival may know by pictured warnings what reward she may expect for her mad daring, she weaves in the four corners of the web four scenes of contest, each clear with its own colours, and in miniature design. One corner shows Thracian Rhodope and Haemus, now huge, bleak mountains, but once audacious mortals who dared assume the names of the most high gods. A second corner shows the wretched fate of the Pygmaean queen, whom Juno conquered in a strife, then changed into a crane, and bade her war upon those whom once she ruled. Again she pictures how Antigone once dared to set herself against the consort of mighty Jove, and how Queen Juno changed her into a bird; Ilium availed her nothing, nor Laomedon, her father; nay, she is clothed in white feathers, and claps her rattling bill, a stork. The remaining corner shows Cinyras bereft of his daughters; there, embracing the marble temple-steps, once their limbs, he lies on the stone, and seems to weep. The goddess then wove around her work a border of peaceful olive-wreath. This was the end; and so, with her own tree, her task was done.

Arachne pictures Europa cheated by the disguise of the bull: a real bull and real waves you would think them. The maid seems to be looking back upon the land she has left, calling on her companions, and, fearful of the touch of the leaping waves, to be drawing back her timid feet. She wrought Asterie, held by the struggling eagle; she wrought Leda,

OVID

fecit olorinis Ledam recubare sub alis ;
 addidit, ut satyri celatus imagine pulchram 110
 Iuppiter inplerit gemino Nycteida fetu,
 Amphitryon fuerit, cum te, Tirynthia, cepit,
 aureus ut Danaen, Asopida luserit ignis,
 Mnemosynen pastor, varius Deoida serpens.
 te quoque mutatum torvo, Neptune, iuvenco 115
 virgine in Aeolia posuit ; tu visus Enipeus
 gignis Aloidas, aries Bisaltida fallis,
 et te flava comas frugum mitissima mater
 sensit equum, sensit volucrem crinita colubris
 mater equi volucris, sensit delphina Melantho : 120
 omnibus his faciemque suam faciemque locorum
 reddidit. est illic agrestis imagine Phoebus,
 utque modo accipitris pennas, modo terga leonis
 gesserit, ut pastor Macareida luserit Issen,
 Liber ut Erigonen falsa deceperit uva, 125
 ut Saturnus equo geminum Chirona crearit.
 ultima pars telae, tenui circumdata limbo,
 nexilibus flores hederis habet intertextos.
 Non illud Pallas, non illud carpere Livor
 possit opus : doluit successu flava virago 130
 et rupit pictas, caelestia crimina, vestes,
 utque Cytoriaco radium de monte tenebat,
 ter quater Idmoniae frontem percussit Arachnes.
 non tulit infelix laqueoque animosa ligavit
 guttura : pendentem Pallas miserata levavit 135
 atque ita "vive quidem, pende tamen, improba" dixit,
 "lexque eadem poenae, ne sis segura futuri,
 dicta tuo generi serisque nepotibus esto!"
 post ea discedens sucis Hecateidos herbae

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beneath the swan's wings. She added how, in a satyr's image hidden, Jove filled lovely Antiope with twin offspring; how he was Amphitryon when he cheated thee, Alcmena; how in a golden shower he tricked Danaë; Aegina, as a flame; Mnemosyne, as a shepherd; Deo's daughter, as a spotted snake. Thee also, Neptune, she pictured, changed to a grim bull with the Aeolian maiden; now as Enipeus thou dost beget the Aloidæ, as a ram deceivedst Bisaltis. The golden-haired mother of corn, most gentle, knew thee as a horse; the snake-haired mother of the winged horse knew thee as a winged bird; Melanthis knew thee as a dolphin. To all these Arachne gave their own shapes and appropriate surroundings. Here is Phoebus like a countryman; and she shows how he wore now a hawk's feathers, now a lion's skin; how as a shepherd he tricked Macareus' daughter, Isse; how Bacchus deceived Erigone with the false bunch of grapes; how Saturn in a horse's shape begot the centaur, Chiron. The edge of the web with its narrow border is filled with flowers and clinging ivy intertwined.

Not Pallas, nor Envy himself, could find a flaw in that work. The golden-haired goddess was indignant at her success, and rent the embroidered web with its heavenly crimes; and, as she held a shuttle of Cytorian boxwood, thrice and again she struck Idmonian Arachne's head. The wretched girl could not endure it, and put a noose about her bold neck. As she hung, Pallas lifted her in pity, and said: "Live on, indeed, wicked girl, but hang thou still; and let this same doom of punishment (that thou mayst fear for future times as well) be declared upon thy race, even to remote posterity." So saying, as she turned to go she sprinkled her with

OVID

sparsit : et extemplo tristi medicamine tactae 140
 defluxere comae, cum quis et naris et aures,
 fitque caput minimum; toto quoque corpore parva est :
 in latere exiles digiti pro cruribus haerent,
 cetera venter habet, de quo tamen illa remittit
 stamen et antiquas exercet aranea telas. 145

Lydia tota fremit, Phrygiaeque per oppida facti
 rumor it et magnum sermonibus occupat orbem.
 ante suos Niobe thalamos cognoverat illam,
 tum cum Maeoniam virgo Sipylumque colebat ;
 nec tamen admonita est poena popularis Arachnes, 150
 cedere caelitibus verbisque minoribus uti.

multa dabant animos; sed enim nec coniugis artes
 nec genus amborum magnique potentia regni
 sic placuere illi, quamvis ea cuncta placerent,
 ut sua progenies; et felicissima matrum 155
 dicta foret Niobe, si non sibi visa fuisset.

nam sata Tiresia venturi praescia Manto
 per medias fuerat divino concita motu
 vaticinata vias : “ Ismenides, ite frequentes
 et date Latonae Latonigenisque duobus 160
 cum prece tura pia lauroque innectite crinem :
 ore meo Latona iubet.” paretur, et omnes
 Thebaides iussis sua tempora frondibus ornant
 turaque dant sanctis et verba precantia flammis.

Ecce venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba 165
 vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro
 et, quantum ira sinit, formosa movensque decoro
 cum capite inmissos umerum per utrumque capillos.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

the juices of Hecate's herb; and forthwith her hair, touched by the poison, fell off, and with it both nose and ears; and the head shrank up; her whole body also was small; the slender fingers clung to her side as legs; the rest was belly. Still from this she ever spins a thread; and now, as a spider, she exercises her old-time weaver-art.

All Lydia is in a tumult; the story spreads throughout the towns of Phrygia and fills the whole world with talk. Now Niobe, before her marriage, had known Arachne, when, as a girl, she dwelt in Maeonia, near Mount Sipylus. And yet she did not take warning by her countrywoman's fate to give place to the gods and speak them reverently. Many things gave her pride; but in truth neither her husband's art nor the high birth of both and their royal power and state so pleased her, although all those did please, as her children did. And Niobe would have been called most blessed of mothers, had she not seemed so to herself. For Manto, daughter of Tiresias, whose eyes could see what was to come, had fared through the streets of Thebes inspired by divine impulse, and proclaiming to all she met: "Women of Thebes, go throng Latona's temple, and give to her and to her children twain incense and pious prayer, wreathing your hair with laurel. By my mouth Latona speaks." They obey; all the Theban women deck their temples with laurel wreaths and burn incense in the altar flames, with words of prayer.

But lo! comes Niobe, thronged about with a numerous following, a notable figure in Phrygian robes wrought with threads of gold, and beautiful as far as anger suffered her to be; and she tosses her shapely head with the hair falling on either shoulder. She halts and, drawn up to her full

OVID

constitit, utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos,
 “ quis furor auditos ” inquit “ praeponere visis 170
 caelestes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras,
 numen adhuc sine ture meum est? mihi Tantalus
 auctor,
 cui licuit soli superiorum tangere mensas;
 Pleiadum soror est genetrix mea; maximus Atlas
 est avus, aetherium qui fert cervicibus axem; 175
 Iuppiter alter avus; socero quoque gloriator illo.
 me gentes metuunt Phrygiae, me regia Cadmi
 sub domina est, fidibusque mei commissa mariti
 moenia cum populis a meque viroque reguntur.
 in quamcumque domus adverti lumina partem, 180
 inmensae spectantur opes; accedit eodem
 digna dea facies; huc natas adice septem
 et totidem iuvenes et mox generosque nurusque!
 quaerite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam,
 nescio quoque audete satam Titanida Coeo 185
 Latonam praeferre mihi, cui maxima quondam
 exiguam sedem pariturae terra negavit!
 nec caelo nec humo nec aquis dea vestra recepta est:
 exsul erat mundi, donec miserata vagantem
 ‘ hospita tu terris erras, ego ’ dixit ‘ in undis ’ 190
 instabilemque locum Delos dedit. illa duorum
 facta parens: uteri pars haec est septima nostri.
 sum felix (quis enim neget hoc?) felixque manebo
 (hoc quoque quis dubitet?): tutam me copia fecit.
 maior sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere, 195
 multaque ut eripiat, multo mihi plura relinquet.

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height, casts her haughty eyes around and cries: "What madness this, to prefer gods whom you have only heard of to those whom you have seen? Or why is Latona worshipped at these altars, while my divinity still waits for incense? I have Tantalus to my father, the only mortal ever allowed to touch the table of the gods; my mother is a sister of the Pleiades; most mighty Atlas is one grandfather, who supports the vault of heaven on his shoulders; my other grandsire is Jove himself, and I boast him as my father-in-law as well. The Phrygian nations hold me in reverent fear. I am queen of Cadmus' royal house, and the walls of Thebes, erected by the magic of my husband's lyre, together with its people, acknowledge me and him as their rulers. Wherever I turn my eyes in the palace I see great stores of wealth. Besides, I have beauty worthy of a goddess; add to all this that I have seven daughters and as many sons, and soon shall have sons- and daughters-in-law. Ask now what cause I have for pride; and then presume to prefer to me the Titaness, Latona, daughter of Coeus, whoever he may be—Latona, to whom the broad earth once refused a tiny spot for bringing forth her children. Neither heaven nor earth nor sea was open for this goddess of yours; she was outlawed from the universe, until Delos, pitying the wanderer, said to her: 'You are a vagrant on the land; I, on the sea,' and gave her a place that stood never still. And there she bore two children, the seventh part only of my offspring. Surely I am happy. Who can deny it? And happy I shall remain. This also who can doubt? My very abundance has made me safe. I am too great for Fortune to harm; though she should take many from me, still many more will she leave to me. My blessings have

OVID

excessere metum mea iam bona. fingite demi
 huic aliquid populo natorum posse meorum :
 non tamen ad numerum redigar spoliata duorum,
 Latonae turbam, qua quantum distat ab orba? 200
 ite—sat est—propere sacris laurumque capillis
 ponite! ”—deponunt et sacra infecta relinquunt,
 quodque licet, tacito venerantur murmure numen.

Indignata dea est summoque in vertice Cynthi
 talibus est dictis gemina cum prole locuta : 205

“ en ego vestra parens, vobis animosa creatis,
 et nisi Iunoni nulli cessura dearum,
 an dea sim, dubitor perque omnia saecula cultis
 arceor, o nati, nisi vos succurritis, aris.
 nec dolor hic solus; diro convicia facto 210

Tantalus adiecit vosque est postponere natis
 ausa suis et me, quod in ipsam reccidat, orbam
 dixit et exhibuit linguam scelerata paternam.”
 adiectura preces erat his Latona relatis :

“ desine! ” Phoebus ait, “ poenae mora longa
 querella est! ” 215

dixit idem Phoebe, celerique per aera lapsu
 contigerant tecti Cadmeida nubibus arcem.

Planus erat lateque patens prope moenia campus,
 adsiduis pulsatus equis, ubi turba rotarum
 duraque mollierat subiectas ungula glaebas. 220

pars ibi de septem genitis Amphione fortes
 conscendunt in equos Tyrioque rubentia suco
 terga premunt auroque graves moderantur habenas.
 e quibus Ismenus, qui matri sarcina quondam

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banished fear. Even suppose that some part of this tribe of children could be taken from me, not even so despoiled would I be reduced to the number of two, Latona's throng, with which how far is she from childlessness? Away with you, hasten, you have sacrificed enough, and take off those laurels from your hair." They take off the wreaths and leave the sacrifice unfinished; but, as they may, they still worship the goddess with unspoken words.

The goddess was angry, and on the top of Cynthus she thus addressed Apollo and Diana: "Lo, I, your mother, proud of your birth and willing to yield place to no goddess save Juno only, I have had my divinity called in question; and through all coming ages I shall be denied worship at the altar, unless you, my children, come to my aid. Nor is this my only cause for resentment. This daughter of Tantalus has added insult to her injuries: she has dared to prefer her own children to you, and has called me childless—may that fall on her head!—and by her impious speech has displayed her father's unbridled tongue." To this story of her wrongs Latona would have added prayers; but here Phoebus cried: "Have done! a long complaint is but delay of punishment!" Phoebe said the same. Then, swiftly gliding through the air, they alighted on Cadmus' citadel, covered in clouds.

There was a broad and level plain near the walls, beaten by the constant tread of horses, where a host of wheels and the hard hoof had levelled the clods beneath them. There some of Amphion's seven sons mounted their strong horses, sitting firm on their backs bright with Tyrian purple, and guided them with rich gold-mounted bridles. While one of these, Ismenus, who was his mother's first-born son,

OVID

prima suae fuerat, dum certum flectit in orbem 225
 quadripedis cursus spumantiaque ora coercet,
 " ei mihi! " conclamat medioque in pectore fixa
 tela gerit frenisque manu moriente remissis
 in latus a dextro paullatim defluit armo.
 proximus audito sonitu per inane pharetrae 230
 frena dabat Sipylus, veluti cum praescius imbris
 nube fugit visa pendentiaque undique rector
 carbasa deducit, ne qua levis effluat aura :
 frena tamen dantem non evitabile telum
 consequitur, summaque tremens cervice sagitta 235
 haesit, et exstabat nudum de gutture ferrum ;
 ille, ut erat, pronus, per crura admissa iubasque
 volvitur et calido tellurem sanguine foedat.
 Phaedimus infelix et aviti nominis heres
 Tantalus, ut solito finem inposuere labori, 240
 transierant ad opus nitidae iuvenale palaestrae ;
 et iam contulerant arto luctantia nexu
 pectora pectoribus ; cum tento concita nervo,
 sicut erant iuncti, traiecit utrumque sagitta.
 ingemuere simul, simul incurvata dolore 245
 membra solo posuere, simul suprema iacentes
 lumina versarunt, animam simul exhalarunt.
 adspicit Alphenor laniataque pectora plangens
 advolat, ut gelidos complexibus adlevet artus,
 inque pio cadit officio ; nam Delius illi 250
 intima fatifero rupit praecordia ferro.
 quod simul eductum est, pars et pulmonis in hamis
 eruta cumque anima cruor est effusus in auras.
 at non intonsum simplex Damasichthona vulnus

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was guiding his charger's course round the curving track and pulling hard on the foaming bit, "Ah me!" he cried, and, with an arrow fixed in his breast, he dropped the reins from his dying hands and slowly sank sidewise down to the earth over his horse's right shoulder. Next, hearing through the void air the sound of the rattling quiver, Sipylus gave full rein; as when a shipmaster, conscious of an approaching storm, flees at the sight of a cloud and crowds on all sail that he may catch each passing breeze. He gave full rein, and as he gave it the arrow that none may escape overtook him, and the shaft stuck quivering in his neck; while the iron point showed from his throat in front. He, leaning forward, as he was, pitched over the galloping horse's mane and legs, and stained the ground with his warm blood. Unhappy Phaedimus and Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name, when they had finished their wonted task had passed to the youthful exercise of the shining wrestling-match. And now they were straining together, breast to breast, in close embrace, when an arrow, sped from the drawn bow, pierced them both just as they stood clasped together. They groaned together; together they fell writhing in pain to the ground; together as they lay they moved their dying eyes; together they breathed their last. Alphenor saw them die, and beating his breast in agony, he ran to lift up their cold bodies in his arms; and in this pious duty he fell; for Apollo pierced him through the midriff with death-dealing steel. When this was removed, a piece of his lungs was drawn out sticking to the barbs, and his life-blood came rushing forth into the air. But one wound was not all that pierced youthful Damasichthon. He was struck where the

OVID

adficit: ictus erat, qua crus esse incipit et qua 255
mollia nervosus facit internodia poples.

dumque manu temptat trahere exitiabile telum,
altera per iugulum pennis tenus acta sagitta est.
expulit hanc sanguis seque eiaculatus in altum
emicat et longe terebrata prosilit aura. 260

ultimus Ilioneus non profectura precando
bracchia sustulerat "di" que "o communiter omnes,"
dixerat ignarus, non omnes esse rogandos
"parcite!" motus erat, cum iam revocabile telum
non fuit, arcitenens; minimo tamen occidit ille 265
vulnere, non alte percusso corde sagitta.

Fama mali populique dolor lacrimaeque suorum
tam subitae matrem certam fecere ruinae,
mirantem potuisse irascentemque, quod ausi
hoc essent superi, quod tantum iuris haberent; 270
nam pater Amphion ferro per pectus adacto
finierat moriens pariter cum luce dolorem.

heu! quantum haec Niobe Niobe distabat ab illa,
quae modo Latois populum submoverat aris
et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem 275
invidiosa suis; at nunc miseranda vel hosti!

corporibus gelidis incumbit et ordine nullo
oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes;
a quibus ad caelum liventia bracchia tollens
"pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore," 280

pascere" ait "satiisque meo tua pectora luctu!
corque ferum satia!" dixit. "per funera septem¹
effero: exulta victrixque inimica triumphat!
cur autem victrix? miserae mihi plura supersunt,
quam tibi felici; post tot quoque funera vinco!" 285

¹ *Line 282 bracketed by Ehwald.*

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lower leg just begins, and where the sinews of the hough give a soft spot; and while he was trying to draw out the fatal shaft with his hand, a second arrow was driven clear to the feathers through his throat. The blood drove it forth and gushing out spurted high in air in a long, slender stream. Ilioneus was the last; stretching out his arms in prayer doomed to be vain, he cried: "Oh, spare me, all ye gods," not knowing that he need not pray to them all. The archer-god was moved to pity, but too late to recall his shaft. Still the youth fell smitten by a slight wound only, since the arrow did not deeply pierce his heart.

Rumour of the trouble, the people's grief, and the tears of her own friends informed the mother of this sudden disaster, amazed that it could have happened, and angry because the gods had dared so far, that they should have such power; for the father, Amphion, had already driven a dagger through his heart, and so in dying had ended his grief and life together. Alas, how different now was this Niobe from that Niobe who had but now driven the people from Latona's altar, and had walked proudly through the city streets, enviable then to her friends, but now one for even her enemies to pity. She threw herself upon the cold bodies of her sons, wildly giving the last kisses to them all. From them she lifted her bruised arms to high heaven and cried: "Feed now upon my grief, cruel Latona, feed and glut your heart on my sorrow. Yes, glut your bloodthirsty heart! In my seven sons have I suffered sevenfold death. Exult, and triumph in your hateful victory. But why victory? In my misery I still have more than you in your felicity. After so many deaths, I triumph still!"

OVID

Dixerat, et sonuit contento nervus ab arcu,
 qui praeter Nioben unam conterruit omnes :
 illa malo est audax.—stabant cum vestibus atris
 ante toros fratrum demisso crine sorores ;
 e quibus una trahens haerentia viscere tela 290
 inposito fratri moribunda relanguit ore ;
 altera solari miseram conata parentem
 conticuit subito duplicataque vulnere caeco est.
 oraque compressit, nisi postquam spiritus ibat.¹
 haec frustra fugiens collabitur, illa sorori 295
 inmoritur ; latet haec, illam trepidare videres.
 sexque datis leto diversaque vulnere passis
 ultima restabat, quam toto corpore mater,
 tota veste tegens “ unam minimamque relinque !
 de multis minimam posco ” clamavit “ et unam.” 300
 dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit : orba resedit
 exanimes inter natos natasque virumque
 deriguitque malis ; nullos movet aura capillos,
 in vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina maestis
 stant inmota genis, nihil est in imagine vivum. 305
 ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
 congelat, et venae desistunt posse moveri ;
 nec flecti cervix nec bracchia reddere motus
 nec pes ire potest ; intra quoque viscera saxum est.
 flet tamen et validi circumdata turbine venti 310
 in patriam rapta est : ibi fixa cacumine montis
 liquitur, et lacrimas etiam nunc marmora manant.

Tum vero cuncti manifestam numinis iram
 femina virque timent cultuque impensius omnes

¹ *Line 294 bracketed by Ehwald.*

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She spoke, and the taut bowstring twanged, which terrified all save Niobe alone ; misery made her bold. The sisters were standing about their brothers' biers, with loosened hair and robed in black. One of these, while drawing out the shaft fixed in a brother's vitals, sank down with her face upon him, fainting and dying. A second, attempting to console her grieving mother, ceased suddenly, and was bent in agony by an unseen wound. She closed her lips till her dying breath had passed. One fell while trying in vain to flee. Another died upon her sister ; one hid, and one stood trembling in full view. And now six had suffered various wounds and died ; the last remained. The mother, covering her with her crouching body and her sheltering robes, cried out : " Oh, leave me one, the littlest ! Of all my many children, the littlest I beg you spare—just one ! " And even while she prayed, she for whom she prayed fell dead. Now does the childless mother sit down amid the lifeless bodies of her sons, her daughters, and her husband, in stony grief. Her hair stirs not in the breeze ; her face is pale and bloodless, and her eyes are fixed and staring in her sad face. There is nothing alive in the picture. Her very tongue is silent, frozen to her mouth's roof, and her veins can move no longer ; her neck cannot bend nor her arms move nor her feet go. Within also her vitals are stone. But still she weeps ; and, caught up in a strong, whirling wind, she is rapt away to her own native land. There, set on a mountain's peak, she weeps ; and even to this day tears trickle from the marble.

Then truly do all men and women fear the wrath of the goddess so openly displayed ; and all more zealously than ever worship the dread divinity of

OVID

magna gemelliparae venerantur numina divae; 315
 utque fit, a facto propiore priora renarrant.
 e quibus unus ait: " Lyciae quoque fertilis agris
 non inpune deam veteres sprevere coloni.
 res obscura quidem est ignobilitate virorum,
 mira tamen: vidi praesens stagnumque locumque
 prodigio notum. nam me iam grandior aevo 321
 inpatiensque viae genitor deducere lectos
 iusserat inde boves gentisque illius eunti
 ipse ducem dederat, cum quo dum pascua lustrō,
 ecce lacu medio sacrorum nigra favilla 325
 ara vetus stabat tremulis circumdata cannis.
 restitit et pavido ' faveas mihi! ' murmure dixit
 dux meus, et simili ' faveas! ' ego murmure dixi.
 Naiadum Faunine foret tamen ara rogabam
 indigenaene, dei, cum talia rettulit hospes: 330
 ' non hac, o iuvenis, montanum numen in ara est;
 illa suam vocat hanc, cui quondam regia coniunx
 orbem interdixit, quam vix erratica Delos
 orantem accepit tum, cum levis insula nabat;
 illic incumbens cum Palladis arbore palmae ' 335
 edidit invita geminos Latona noverca.
 hinc quoque Iunonem fugisse puerpera fertur
 inque suo portasse sinu, duo numina, natos.
 iamque Chimaeriferae, cum sol gravis ureret arva,
 finibus in Lyciae longo dea fessa labore 340
 310

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the twin gods' mother. And, as usual, stirred by the later, they tell over former tales. Then one of them begins: "So also in the fertile fields of Lycia, peasants of olden time scorned the goddess and suffered for it. The story is little known because of the humble estate of the men concerned, but it is remarkable. I myself saw the pool and the place made famous by the wonder. For my father, who at that time was getting on in years and too weak to travel far, had bidden me go and drive down from that country some choice steers which were grazing there, and had given me a man of that nation to serve as guide. While I fared through the grassy glades with him, there, in the midst of a lake, an ancient altar was standing, black with the fires of many sacrifices, surrounded with shivering reeds. My guide halted and said with awe-struck whisper: 'Be merciful to me!' and in like whisper I said: 'Be merciful!' Then I asked my guide whether this was an altar to the Naiads, or Faunus, or some deity of the place, and he replied: 'No, young man; no mountain deity dwells in this altar. She claims its worship, whom the queen of heaven once shut out from all the world, whom wandering Delos would scarce accept at her prayer, when it was an island, lightly floating on the sea. There, reclining on the palm and Pallas' tree,¹ in spite of their step-mother, she brought forth her twin babes. Even thence the new-made mother is said to have fled from Juno, carrying in her bosom her infant children, both divine. And now, having reached the borders of Lycia, home of the Chimaera, when the hot sun beat fiercely upon the fields, the goddess, weary of her long struggle, was faint by reason of the

¹ *i.e.* the olive.

OVID

sidereo siccata sitim collegit ab aestu,
 uberaque ebiberant avidi lactantia nati.
 forte lacum mediocris aquae prospexit in imis
 vallibus; agrestes illic fruticosa legebant
 vimina cum iuncis gratamque paludibus ulvam; 345
 accessit positoque genu Titania terram
 pressit, ut hauriret gelidos potura liquores.
 rustica turba vetat; dea sic adfata vetantis:
 “quid prohibetis aquis? usus communis aquarum est.
 nec solem proprium natura nec aera fecit 350
 nec tenues undas: ad publica munera veni;
 quae tamen ut detis, supplex peto. non ego nostros
 abluere hic artus lassataque membra parabam,
 sed relevare sitim. caret os umore loquentis,
 et fauces arent, vixque est via vocis in illis. 355
 haustus aquae mihi nectar erit, vitamque fatebor
 accepisse simul: vitam dederitis in unda.
 hi quoque vos moveant, qui nostro bracchia tendunt
 parva sinu,” et casu tendebant bracchia nati.
 quem non blanda deae potuissent verba movere?
 hi tamen orantem perstant prohibere minasque, 361
 ni procul abscedat, conviciaque insuper addunt.
 nec satis est, ipsos etiam pedibusque manuque
 turbavere lacus imoque e gurgite mollem
 huc illuc limum saltu movere maligno. 365
 distulit ira sitim; neque enim iam filia Coei
 supplicat indignis nec dicere sustinet ultra
 verba minora dea tollensque ad sidera palmas
 “aeternum stagno” dixit “vivatis in isto!”

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sun's heat and parched with thirst; and the hungry children had drained her breasts dry of milk. She chanced to see a lake of no great size down in a deep vale; some rustics were there gathering bushy osiers, with fine swamp-grass and rushes of the marsh. Latona came to the water's edge and kneeled on the ground to quench her thirst with a cooling draught. But the rustic rabble would not let her drink. Then she besought them: "Why do you deny me water? The enjoyment of water is a common right. Nature has not made the sun private to any, nor the air, nor soft water. This common right I seek; and yet I beg you to give it to me as a favour. I was not preparing to bathe my limbs or my weary body here in your pool, but only to quench my thirst. Even as I speak, my mouth is dry of moisture, my throat is parched, and my voice can scarce find utterance. A drink of water will be nectar to me, and I shall confess that I have received life with it; yes, life you will be giving me if you let me drink. These children too, let them touch your hearts, who from my bosom stretch out their little arms." And it chanced that the children did stretch out their arms. Who would not have been touched by the goddess' gentle words? Yet for all her prayers they persisted in denying with threats if she did not go away; they even added insulting words. Not content with that, they soiled the pool itself with their feet and hands, and stirred up the soft mud from the bottom, leaping about, all for pure meanness. Then wrath postponed thirst; for Coeus' daughter could neither humble herself longer to those unruly fellows, nor could she endure to speak with less power than a goddess; but stretching up her hands to heaven, she cried: "Live then for ever

OVID

eveniunt optata deae: iuvat esse sub undis 370
 et modo tota cava submergere membra palude,
 nunc proferre caput, summo modo gurgite nare,
 saepe super ripam stagni consistere, saepe
 in gelidos resilire lacus, sed nunc quoque turpes
 litibus exercent linguas pulsoque pudore, 375
 quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere temptant.
 vox quoque iam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt,
 ipsaque dilatant patulos convicia rictus;
 turpe caput tendunt, colla intercepta videntur,
 spina viret, venter, pars maxima corporis, albet, 380
 limosoque novae saliunt in gurgite ranae.' ”

Sic ubi nescio quis Lycia de gente virorum
 rettulit exitium, satyri reminiscitur alter,
 quem Tritoniaca Latous harundine victum
 adfecit poena. “ quid me mihi detrahis? ” inquit;
 “ a! piget, a! non est ” clamabat “ tibia tanti.” 386
 clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus,
 nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat; cruor undique manat,
 detectique patent nervi, trepidaeque sine ulla
 pelle micant venae; salientia viscera possis 390
 et perlucentes numerare in pectore fibras.
 illum ruricolae, silvarum numina, fauni
 et satyri fratres et tunc quoque carus Olympus
 et nymphae flerunt, et quisquis montibus illis
 lanigerosque greges armentaque bucera pavit. 395
 fertilis inmaduit madefactaque terra caducas
 concepit lacrimas ac venis perbibit imis;
 quas ubi fecit aquam, vacuas emisit in auras.

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in that pool." It fell out as the goddess prayed. It is their delight to live in water; now to plunge their bodies quite beneath the enveloping pool, now to thrust forth their heads, now to swim upon the surface. Often they sit upon the sedgy bank and often leap back into the cool lake. But even now, as of old, they exercise their foul tongues in quarrel, and all shameless, though they may be under water, even under the water they try to utter maledictions. Now also their voices are hoarse, their inflated throats swell up, and their constant quarrelling distends their wide jaws; they stretch their ugly heads, the necks seem to have disappeared. Their backs are green; their bellies, the largest part of the body, are white; and as new-made frogs they leap in the muddy pool.'

Then, when this unknown story-teller had told the destruction of the Lycian peasants, another recalled the satyr whom the son of Latona had conquered in a contest on Pallas' reed, and punished. "Why do you tear me from myself?" he cried. "Oh, I repent! Oh, a flute is not worth such price!" As he screams, his skin is stripped off the surface of his body, and he is all one wound: blood flows down on every side, the sinews lie bare, his veins throb and quiver with no skin to cover them: you could count the entrails as they palpitate, and the vitals showing clearly in his breast. The country people, the sylvan deities, fauns and his brother satyrs, and Olympus, whom even then he still loved, the nymphs, all wept for him, and every shepherd who fed his woolly sheep or horned kine on those mountains. The fruitful earth was soaked, and soaking caught those tears and drank them deep into her veins. Changing these then to water, she sent them forth into the free air. Thence the stream

OVID

inde petens rapidus ripis declivibus aequor
 Marsya nomen habet, Phrygiae liquidissimus amnis.

Talibus extemplo redit ad praesentia dictis 401
 vulgus et exstinctum cum stirpe Amphiona luget;
 mater in invidia est: hanc tunc quoque dicitur unus
 fesse Pelops umeroque, suas a pectore postquam
 deduxit vestes, ebur ostendisse sinistro. 405

concolor hic umerus nascendi tempore dextro
 corporeusque fuit; manibus mox caesa paternis
 membra ferunt iunxisse deos, aliisque repertis,
 qui locus est iuguli medius summiue lacerti,
 defuit: inpositum est non conparentis in usum 410
 partis ebur, factoque Pelops fuit integer illo.

Finitimi proceres coeunt, urbesque propinquae
 oravere suos ire ad solacia reges,
 Argosque et Sparte Pelopeiadesque Mycenae
 et nondum torvae Calydon invisae Dianae 415
 Orchomenosque ferax et nobilis aere Corinthus
 Messeneque ferox Patraeque humilesque Cleonae
 et Nelea Pylos neque adhuc Pittheia Troezen,
 quaeque urbes aliae bimari clauduntur ab Isthmo
 exteriusque sitae bimari spectantur ab Isthmo; 420
 credere quis posset? solae cessastis Athenae.
 obstitit officio bellum, subvectaque ponto
 barbara Mopsopios terrebant agmina muros.

Threicius Tereus haec auxiliaribus armis
 fuderat et clarum vincendo nomen habebat; 425

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within its sloping banks ran down quickly to the sea, and had the name of Marsyas, the clearest river in all Phrygia.

Straightway the company turns from such old tales to the present, and mourns Amphion dead with his children. They all blame the mother; but even then one man, her brother Pelops, is said to have wept for her, and, drawing aside his garment from his breast, to have revealed the ivory patch on the left shoulder. This at the time of his birth had been of the same colour as his right, and of flesh. But later, when his father had cut him in pieces, they say that the gods joined the parts together again; they found all the others, but one part was lacking where the neck and upper arm unite. A piece of ivory was made to take the place of the part which could not be found; and so Pelops was made whole again.

Now all the neighbouring princes assembled, and the near-by cities urged their kings to go and offer sympathy: Argos and Sparta and Peloponnesian Mycenae; Calydon, which had not yet incurred Diana's wrath; fertile Orchomenos and Corinth, famed for works of bronze; warlike Messene, Patrae, and low-lying Cleonae; Nelean Pylos and Troezen, not yet ruled by Pittheus; and all the other cities which are shut off by the Isthmus between its two seas, and those which are outside visible from the Isthmus between its two seas.¹ But of all cities—who could believe it?—you, Athens, alone did nothing. War hindered this friendly service, and barbaric hordes from over-sea held the walls of Mopsopia² in alarm. Now Tereus of Thrace had put these to flight with his relieving troops, and by the victory had a great name. And

¹ That is, the Peloponnese and Northern Greece.

² Athens, from King Mopsopius.

OVID

quem sibi Pandion opibusque virisque potentem
 et genus a magno ducentem forte Gradivo
 conubio Procnes iunxit; non pronuba Iuno,
 non Hymenaeus adest, non illi Gratia lecto:
 Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas, 430
 Eumenides stravere torum, tectoque profanus
 incubuit bubo thalamique in culmine sedit.
 hac ave coniuncti Procne Tereusque, parentes
 hac ave sunt facti; gratata est scilicet illis
 Thracia, disque ipsi grates egere; diemque, 435
 quaque data est claro Pandione nata tyranno
 quaque erat ortus Itys, festum iussere vocari:
 usque adeo latet utilitas.

Jam tempora Titan

quinque per autumnos repetiti duxerat anni,
 cum blandita viro Procne " si gratia " dixit 440
 " ulla mea est, vel me visendam mitte sorori,
 vel soror huc veniat: redituram tempore parvo
 promittes socero; magni mihi muneris instar
 germanam vidisse dabis." iubet ille carinas
 in freta deduci veloque et remige portus 445
 Cecropios intrat Piraeaque litora tangit.
 ut primum soceri data copia, dextera dextrae
 iungitur, et fausto committitur omine sermo.
 coeperat, adventus causam, mandata referre
 coniugis et celeres missae spondere recursus: 450
 ecce venit magno dives Philomela paratu,
 divitior forma; quales audire solemus
 naidas et dryadas mediis incedere silvis,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

since he was strong in wealth and in men, and traced his descent, as it happened, from Gradivus, Pandion, king of Athens, allied him to himself by wedding him to Procne. But neither Juno, bridal goddess, nor Hymen, nor the Graces were present at that wedding. The Furies lighted them with torches stolen from a funeral; the Furies spread the couch, and the uncanny screech-owl brooded and sat on the roof of their chamber. Under this omen were Procne and Tereus wedded; under this omen was their child conceived. Thrace, indeed, rejoiced with them, and they themselves gave thanks to the gods; both the day on which Pandion's daughter was married to their illustrious king, and that day on which Itys was born, they made a festival: even so is our true advantage hidden.

Now Titan through five autumnal seasons had brought round the revolving years, when Procne coaxingly to her husband said: "If I have found any favour in your sight, either send me to visit my sister or let my sister come to me. You will promise my father that after a brief stay she shall return. If you give me a chance to see my sister you will confer on me a precious boon." Tereus accordingly bade them launch his ship, and plying oar and sail, he entered the Cecropian harbour and came to land on the shore of Piraeus. As soon as he came into the presence of his father-in-law they joined right hands, and the talk began with good wishes for their health. He had begun to tell of his wife's request, which was the cause of his coming, and to promise a speedy return should the sister be sent home with him, when lo! Philomela entered, attired in rich apparel, but richer still in beauty; such as we are wont to hear the naiads described, and dryads when they move about

OVID

si modo des illis cultus similesque paratus.
 non secus exarsit conspecta virgine Tereus, 455
 quam si quis canis ignem supponat aristis
 aut frondem positasque cremet faenilibus herbas.
 digna quidem facies; sed et hunc innata libido
 exstimulat, pronumque genus regionibus illis
 in Venerem est: flagrat vitio gentisque suoque. 460
 impetus est illi comitum corrumpere curam
 nutricisque fidem nec non ingentibus ipsam
 sollicitare datis totumque impendere regnum
 aut rapere et saevo raptam defendere bello;
 et nihil est, quod non effreno captus amore 465
 ausit, nec capiunt inclusas pectora flammas.
 iamque moras male fert cupidoque revertitur ore
 ad mandata Procnes et agit sua vota sub illa.
 facundum faciebat amor, quotiensque rogabat
 ulterius iusto, Procnen ita velle ferebat. 470
 addidit et lacrimas, tamquam mandasset et illas.
 pro superi, quantum mortalia pectora caecae
 noctis habent! ipso sceleris molimine Tereus
 creditur esse pius laudemque a crimine sumit.
 quid, quod idem Philomela cupit, patriosque lacertis
 blanda tenens umeros, ut eat visura sororem, 476
 perque suam contraque suam petit ipsa salutem.
 spectat eam Tereus praecontrectatque videndo
 osculaque et collo circumdata bracchia cernens
 omnia pro stimulis facibusque ciboque furoris 480
 accipit, et quotiens amplectitur illa parentem,
 esse parens vellet: neque enim minus inpius esset.

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in the deep woods, if only one should give to them refinement and apparel like hers. The moment he saw the maiden Tereus was inflamed with love, quick as if one should set fire to ripe grain, or dry leaves, or hay stored away in the mow. Her beauty, indeed, was worth it; but in his case his own passionate nature pricked him on, and, besides, the men of his clime are quick to love: his own fire and his nation's burnt in him. His impulse was to corrupt her attendants' care and her nurse's faithfulness, and even by rich gifts to tempt the girl herself, even at the cost of all his kingdom; or else to ravish her and to defend his act by bloody war. There was nothing which he would not do or dare, smitten by this mad passion. His heart could scarce contain the fires that burnt in it. Now, impatient of delay, he eagerly repeated Procne's request, pleading his own cause under her name. Love made him eloquent, and as often as he asked more urgently than he should, he would say that Procne wished it so. He even added tears to his entreaties, as though she had bidden him to do this too. Ye gods, what blind night rules in the hearts of men! In the very act of pushing on his shameful plan Tereus gets credit for a kind heart and wins praise from wickedness. Ay, more—Philomela herself has the same wish; winding her arms about her father's neck, she coaxes him to let her visit her sister; by her own welfare (yes, and against it, too) she urges her prayer. Tereus gazes at her, and as he looks feels her already in his arms; as he sees her kisses and her arms about her father's neck, all this goads him on, food and fuel for his passion; and whenever she embraces her father he wishes that he were in the father's place—indeed, if he were, his intent would be no

OID

vincitur ambarum genitor prece: gaudet agitque
 illa patri grates et successisse duabus
 id putat infelix, quod erit lugubre duabus. 485

Iam labor exiguus Phoebō restabat, equique
 pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi:
 regales epulae mensis et Bacchus in auro
 ponitur; hinc placido dantur sua corpora somno.
 at rex Odrysius, quamvis secessit, in illa 490
 aestuat et repetens faciem motusque manusque
 qualia vult fingit quae nondum vidit et ignes
 ipse suos nutrit cura removente soporem.
 lux erat, et generi dextram complexus euntis
 Pandion comitem lacrimis commendat obortis: 495
 " hanc ego, care gener, quoniam pia causa coegit,
 et voluere ambae (voluisti tu quoque, Tereu)
 do tibi perque fidem cognataque pectora supplex
 per superos oro patrio ut tuearis amore
 et mihi sollicitae lenimen dulce senectae 500
 quam primum (omnis erit nobis mora longa) remittas;
 tu quoque quam primum (satis est procul esse
 sororem),
 si pietas ulla est, ad me, Philomela, redito!"
 mandabat pariterque suae dabat oscula natae,
 et lacrimae mites inter mandata cadebant; 505
 utque fide pignus dextras utriusque poposcit
 inter seque datas iunxit natamque nepotemque
 absentes pro se memori rogat ore salutent;
 supremumque vale pleno singultibus ore
 vix dixit timuitque suae praesagia mentis. 510

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less impious. The father yields to the prayers of both. The girl is filled with joy; she thanks her father and, poor unhappy wretch, she deems that success for both sisters which is to prove a woeful happening for them both.

Now Phoebus' toils were almost done and his horses were pacing down the western sky. A royal feast was spread, wine in cups of gold. Then they lay them down to peaceful slumber. But although the Thracian king retired, his heart seethes with thoughts of her. Recalling her look, her movement, her hands, he pictures at will what he has not yet seen, and feeds his own fires, his thoughts preventing sleep. Morning came; and Pandion, wringing his son-in-law's hand as he was departing, consigned his daughter to him with many tears and said: "Dear son, since a natural plea has won me, and both my daughters have wished it, and you also have wished it, my Tereus, I give her to your keeping; and by your honour and the ties that bind us, by the gods, I pray you guard her with a father's love, and as soon as possible—it will seem a long time in any case to me—send back to me this sweet solace of my tedious years. And do you, my Philomela, if you love me, come back to me as soon as possible; it is enough that your sister is so far away." Thus he made his last requests and kissed his child good-bye, and gentle tears fell as he spoke the words; and he asked both their right hands as pledge of their promise, and joined them together and begged that they would remember to greet for him his daughter and her son. His voice broke with sobs, he could hardly say farewell, as he feared the forebodings of his mind.

OVID

Ut semel inposita est pictae Philomela carinae,
 admotumque fretum remis tellusque repulsa est,
 “ vicimus! ” exclamat, “ mecum mea vota feruntur! ”
 exsultatque et vix animo sua gaudia differt
 barbarus et nusquam lumen detorquet ab illa, 515
 non aliter quam cum pedibus praedator obuncis
 deposuit nido leporem Iovis ales in alto;
 nulla fuga est capto, spectat sua praemia raptor.

Iamque iter effectum, iamque in sua litora fessis
 puppibus exierant, cum rex Pandione natam 520
 in stabula alta trahit, silvis obscura vetustis,
 atque ibi pallentem trepidamque et cuncta timentem
 et iam cum lacrimis, ubi sit germana, rogantem
 includit fassusque nefas et virginem et unam
 vi superat frustra clamato saepe parente, 525
 saepe sorore sua, magnis super omnia divis.
 illa tremit velut agna pavens, quae saucia cani
 ore excussa lupi nondum sibi tuta videtur,
 utque columba suo madefactis sanguine plumis
 horret adhuc avidosque timet, quibus haeserat, ungues.
 mox ubi mens rediit, passos laniata capillos, 531
 lugenti similis caesis plangore lacertis
 intendens palmas “ o diris barbare factis,
 o crudelis ” ait, “ nec te mandata parentis
 cum lacrimis movere piis nec cura sororis 535
 nec mea virginitas nec coniugialia iura?
 omnia turbasti; paelex ego facta sororis,
 tu geminus coniunx, hostis mihi debita Procne!

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As soon as Philomela was safely embarked upon the painted ship and the sea was churned beneath the oars and the land was left behind, Tereus exclaimed: "I have won! in my ship I carry the fulfilment of my prayers!" The barbarous fellow triumphs, he can scarce postpone his joys, and never turns his eyes from her, as when the ravenous bird of Jove has dropped in his high eyrie some hare caught in his hooked talons; the captive has no chance to escape, the captor gloats over his prize.

And now they were at the end of their journey, now, leaving the travel-worn ship, they had landed on their own shores; when the king dragged off Pandion's daughter to a hut deep hidden in the ancient woods; and there, pale and trembling and all fear, begging with tears to know where her sister was, he shut her up. Then, openly confessing his horrid purpose, he violated her, just a weak girl and all alone, vainly calling, often on her father, often on her sister, but most of all upon the great gods. She trembled like a frightened lamb, which, torn and cast aside by a grey wolf, cannot yet believe that it is safe; and like a dove which, with its own blood all smeared over its plumage, still palpitates with fright, still fears those greedy claws that have pierced it. Soon, when her senses came back, she dragged at her loosened hair, and like one in mourning, beating and tearing her arms, with outstretched hands she cried: "Oh, what a horrible thing you have done, barbarous, cruel wretch! Do you care nothing for my father's injunctions, his affectionate tears, my sister's love, my own virginity, the bonds of wedlock? You have confused all natural relations: I have become a concubine, my sister's rival; you, a husband to both. Now Procne must be my enemy. Why do you not

OVID

quin animam hanc, ne quod facinus tibi, perfide, restet,
eripis? atque utinam fecisses ante nefandos 540
concubitus: vacuas habuissem criminis umbras.
si tamen haec superi cernunt, si numina divum
sunt aliquid, si non perierunt omnia mecum,
quandocumque mihi poenas dabis! ipsa pudore
proiecto tua facta loquar: si copia detur, 545
in populos veniam; si silvis clausa tenebor,
inplebo silvas et conscia saxa movebo;
audiet haec aether et si deus ullus in illo est! ”

Talibus ira feri postquam commota tyranni
nec minor hac metus est, causa stimulatus utraque,
quo fuit accinctus, vagina liberat ensem 551
arreptamque coma fixis post terga lacertis
vincla pati cogit; iugulum Philomela parabat
spemque suae mortis viso conceperat ense:
ille indignantem et nomen patris usque vocantem
luctantemque loqui comprehensam forcipe linguam 556
abstulit ense fero. radix micat ultima linguae,
ipsa iacet terraeque tremens inmurmurat atrae,
utque salire solet mutilatae cauda colubrae,
palpitat et moriens dominae vestigia quaerit. 560
hoc quoque post facinus (vix ausim credere) fertur
saepe sua lacerum repetisse libidine corpus.

Sustinet ad Procnem post talia facta reverti;
coniuge quae viso germanam quaerit, at ille
326

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take my life, that no crime may be left undone, you traitor? Aye, would that you had killed me before you wronged me so. Then would my shade have been innocent and clean. If those who dwell on high see these things, nay, if there are any gods at all, if all things have not perished with me, sooner or later you shall pay dearly for this deed. I will myself cast shame aside and proclaim what you have done. If I should have the chance, I would go where people throng and tell it; if I am kept shut up in these woods, I will fill the woods with my story and move the very rocks to pity. The air of heaven shall hear it, and, if there is any god in heaven, he shall hear it too."

The savage tyrant's wrath was aroused by these words, and his fear no less. Pricked on by both these spurs, he drew his sword which was hanging by his side in its sheath, caught her by the hair, and twisting her arms behind her back, he bound them fast. At sight of the sword Philomela gladly offered her throat to the stroke, filled with the eager hope of death. But he seized her tongue with pincers, as it protested against the outrage, calling ever on the name of her father and struggling to speak, and cut it off with his merciless blade. The mangled root quivers, while the severed tongue lies palpitating on the dark earth, faintly murmuring; and, as the severed tail of a mangled snake is wont to writhe, it twitches convulsively, and with its last dying movement it seeks its mistress's feet. Even after this horrid deed—one would scarce believe it—the monarch is said to have worked his lustful will again and again upon the poor mangled form.

With such crimes upon his soul he had the face to return to Procne's presence. She on seeing him

OVID

dat gemitus fictos commentaque funera narrat, 565
 et lacrimae fecere fidem. velamina Procne
 deripit ex umeris auro fulgentia lato
 induiturque atras vestes et inane sepulcrum
 constituit falsisque piacula manibus infert
 et luget non sic lugendae fata sororis. 570

Signa deus bis sex acto lustraverat anno ;
 quid faciat Philomela? fugam custodia claudit,
 structa rigent solido stabulorum moenia saxo,
 os mutum facti caret indice. grande doloris
 ingenium est, miserisque venit sollertia rebus : 575
 stamina barbarica suspendit callida tela
 purpureasque notas filis intexuit albis,
 indicium sceleris ; perfectaue tradidit uni,
 utque ferat dominae, gestu rogat ; illa rogata
 pertulit ad Procnen nec scit, quid tradat in illis. 580
 evolvit vestes saevi matrona tyranni
 fortunaeque suae carmen miserabile legit
 et (mirum potuisse) silet : dolor ora repressit,
 verbaue quaerenti satis indignantia linguae
 defuerunt, nec flere vacat, sed fasque nefasque 585
 confusura ruit poenaeque in imagine tota est.

Tempus erat, quo sacra solent trieterica Bacchi
 Sithoniae celebrare nurus : (nox conscia sacris,
 nocte sonat Rhodope tinnitibus aeris acuti)
 nocte sua est egressa domo regina dei que 590
 ritibus instruitur furialiaque accipit arma ;

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at once asked where her sister was. He groaned in pretended grief and told a made-up story of death; his tears gave credence to the tale. Then Procne tore from her shoulders the robe gleaming with a broad golden border and put on black weeds; she built also a cenotaph in honour of her sister, brought pious offerings to her imagined spirit, and mourned her sister's fate, not meet so to be mourned.

Now through the twelve signs, a whole year's journey, has the sun-god passed. And what shall Philomela do? A guard prevents her flight; stout walls of solid stone fence in the hut; speechless lips can give no token of her wrongs. But grief has sharp wits, and in trouble cunning comes. She hangs a Thracian web on her loom, and skilfully weaving purple signs on a white background, she thus tells the story of her wrongs. This web, when completed, she gives to her one attendant and begs her with gestures to carry it to the queen. The old woman, as she was bid, takes the web to Procne, not knowing what she bears in it. The savage tyrant's wife unrolls the cloth, reads the pitiable tale of her misfortune, and (a miracle that she could!) says not a word. Grief chokes the words that rise to her lips, and her questing tongue can find no words strong enough to express her outraged feelings. Here is no room for tears, but she hurries on to confound right and wrong, her whole soul bent on the thought of vengeance.

It was the time when the Thracian matrons were wont to celebrate the biennial festival of Bacchus. Night was in their secret; by night Mount Rhodope would resound with the shrill clash of brazen cymbals; so by night the queen goes forth from her house, equips herself for the rites of the god and

OVID

vite caput tegitur, lateri cervina sinistro
 vellera dependent, umero levis incubat hasta.
 concita per silvas turba comitante suarum
 terribilis Procne furiisque agitata doloris, 595
 Bacche, tuas simulat: venit ad stabula avia tandem
 exululatque euhoeque sonat portasque refringit
 germanamque rapit raptaeque insignia Bacchi
 induit et vultus hederarum frondibus abdit
 attonitamque trahens intra sua moenia ducit. 600

Ut sensit tetigisse domum Philomela nefandam,
 horruit infelix totoque expalluit ore;
 nacta locum Procne sacrorum pignora demit
 oraque develat miserae pudibunda sororis
 amplexumque petit; sed non attollere contra 605
 sustinet haec oculos paelex sibi visa sororis
 deiectoque in humum vultu iurare volenti
 testarique deos, per vim sibi dedecus illud
 inlatum, pro voce manus fuit. ardet et iram
 non capit ipsa suam Procne fletumque sororis 610
 corripuens "non est lacrimis hoc" inquit "agendum,
 sed ferro, sed si quid habes, quod vincere ferrum
 possit. in omne nefas ego me, germana, paravi:
 aut ego, cum facibus regalia tecta cremabo,
 artificem mediis inmittam Terea flammis 615
 aut linguam atque oculos et quae tibi membra
 pudorem
 abstulerunt ferro rapiam aut per vulnera mille
 sontem animam expellam! magnum, quodcumque
 paravi;
 quid sit, adhuc dubito."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

dons the array of frenzy ; her head was wreathed with trailing vines, a deer-skin hung from her left side, a light spear rested on her shoulder. Swift she goes through the woods with an attendant throng of her companions, and driven on by the madness of grief, Procne, terrific in her rage, mimics thy madness, O Bacchus ! She comes to the secluded lodge at last, shrieks aloud and cries " Euhoe ! " breaks down the doors, seizes her sister, arrays her in the trappings of a Bacchante, hides her face with ivy-leaves, and, dragging her along in amazement, leads her within her own walls.

When Philomela perceived that she had entered that accursed house the poor girl shook with horror and grew pale as death. Procne found a place, and took off the trappings of the Bacchic rites and, uncovering the shame-blanchèd face of her wretched sister, folded her in her arms. But Philomela could not lift her eyes to her sister, feeling herself to have wronged her. And, with her face turned to the ground, longing to swear and call all the gods to witness that that shame had been forced upon her, she made her hand serve for voice. But Procne was all on fire, could not contain her own wrath, and chiding her sister's weeping, she said : " This is no time for tears, but for the sword, for something stronger than the sword, if you have such a thing. I am prepared for any crime, my sister ; either to fire this palace with a torch, and to cast Tereus, the author of our wrongs, into the flaming ruins, or to cut out his tongue and his eyes, to cut off the parts which brought shame to you, and drive his guilty soul out through a thousand wounds. I am prepared for some great deed ; but what it shall be I am still in doubt. "

OVID

Peragit dum talia Procne,

ad matrem veniebat Itys; quid possit, ab illo 620
 admonita est oculisque tuens inmitibus “ a! quam
 es similis patri! ” dixit nec plura locuta
 triste parat facinus tacitaque exaestuat ira.
 ut tamen accessit natus matrique salutem
 attulit et parvis adduxit colla lacertis 625
 mixtaque blanditiis puerilibus oscula iunxit,
 mota quidem est genetrix, infractaque constitit ira
 invitique oculi lacrimis maduere coactis;
 sed simul ex nimia mentem ¹ pietate labare
 sensit, ab hoc iterum est ad vultus versa sororis 630
 inque vicem spectans ambos “ cur admovet ” inquit
 “ alter blanditias, rapta silet altera lingua?
 quam vocat hic matrem, cur non vocat illa sororem?
 cui sis nupta, vide, Pandione nata! marito
 degeneras? scelus est pietas in coniuge Tereo.” 635
 nec mora, traxit Ityn, veluti Gangetica cervae
 lactentem fetum per silvas tigris opacas,
 utque domus altae partem tenuere remotam,
 tendentemque manus et iam sua fata videntem
 et “ mater! mater! ” clamantem et colla petentem
 ense ferit Procne, lateri qua pectus adhaeret, 641
 nec vultum vertit. satis illi ad fata vel unum
 vulnus erat: iugulum ferro Philomela resolvit,
 vivaque adhuc animaeque aliquid retinentiâ membra
 dilaniant. pars inde cavis exultat aenis, 645
 pars veribus stridunt; manant penetralia tabo.

His adhibet coniunx ignarum Terea mensis
 et patrii moris sacrum mentita, quod uni

¹ mentem *cod. Ciofani*: matrem *N. Heinsius*.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

While Procne was thus speaking Itys came into his mother's presence. His coming suggested what she could do, and regarding him with pitiless eyes, she said: "Ah, how like your father you are!" Saying no more, she began to plan a terrible deed and boiled with inward rage. But when the boy came up to her and greeted his mother, put his little arms around her neck and kissed her in his winsome, boyish way, her mother-heart was touched, her wrath fell away, and her eyes, though all unwilling, were wet with tears that flowed in spite of her. But when she perceived that her purpose was wavering through excess of mother-love, she turned again from her son to her sister; and gazing at both in turn, she said: "Why is one able to make soft, pretty speeches, while her ravished tongue dooms the other to silence? Since he calls me mother, why does she not call me sister? Remember whose wife you are, daughter of Pandion! Will you be faithless to your husband? But faithfulness to such a husband as Tereus is a crime." Without more words she dragged Itys away, as a tigress drags a suckling fawn through the dark woods on Ganges' banks. And when they reached a remote part of the great house, while the boy stretched out pleading hands as he saw his fate, and screamed, "Mother! mother!" and sought to throw his arms around her neck, Procne smote him with a knife between breast and side—and with no change of face. This one stroke sufficed to slay the lad; but Philomela cut the throat also, and they cut up the body still warm and quivering with life. Part bubbles in brazen kettles, part sputters on spits; while the whole room drips with gore.

This is the feast to which the wife invites Tereus, little knowing what it is. She pretends that it is a

OVID

fas sit adire viro, comites famulosque removit.
 ipse sedens solio Tereus sublimis avito 650
 vescitur inque suam sua viscera congerit alvum,
 tantaque nox animi est, “ Ityn huc accersite! ” dixit.
 dissimulare nequit crudelia gaudia Procne
 iamque suae cupiens existere nuntia cladis 654
 “ intus habes, quem poscis ” ait : circumspicit ille
 atque, ubi sit, quaerit ; quaerenti iterumque vocanti,
 sicut erat sparsis furiali caede capillis,
 prosiluit Ityosque caput Philomela cruentum
 misit in ora patris nec tempore maluit ullo
 posse loqui et meritis testari gaudia dictis. 660
 Thracius ingenti mensas clamore repellit
 vipereasque ciet Stygia de valle sorores
 et modo, si posset, reserato pectore diras
 egerere inde dapes emersaque viscera gestit,
 flet modo seque vocat bustum miserabile nati, 665
 nunc sequitur nudo genitas Pandione ferro.
 corpora Cecropidum pennis pendere putares :
 pendebant pennis. quarum petit altera silvas,
 altera tecta subit, neque adhuc de pectore caedis
 excessere notae, signataque sanguine pluma est. 670
 ille dolore suo poenaeque cupidine velox
 vertitur in volucrem, cui stant in vertice cristae.
 prominet inmodicum pro longa cuspidē rostrum ;
 nomen epops volucris, facies armata videtur.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

sacred feast after their ancestral fashion, of which only a husband may partake, and removes all attendants and slaves. So Tereus, sitting alone in his high ancestral banquet-chair, begins the feast and gorges himself with flesh of his own flesh. And in the utter blindness of his understanding he cries: "Go, call me Itys hither!" Procne cannot hide her cruel joy, and eager to be the messenger of her bloody news, she says: "You have, within, him whom you want." He looks about and asks where the boy is. And then, as he asks and calls again for his son, just as she was, with streaming hair, and all stained with her mad deed of blood, Philomela springs forward and hurls the gory head of Itys straight into his father's face; nor was there ever any time when she longed more to be able to speak, and to express her joy in fitting words. Then the Thracian king overturns the table with a great cry and invokes the snaky sisters from the Stygian pit. Now, if he could, he would gladly lay open his breast and take thence the horrid feast and vomit forth the flesh of his son; now he weeps bitterly and calls himself his son's most wretched tomb; then with drawn sword he pursues the two daughters of Pandion. As they fly from him you would think that the bodies of the two Athenians were poised on wings: they were poised on wings! One flies to the woods, the other rises to the roof. And even now their breasts have not lost the marks of their murderous deed, their feathers are stained with blood. Tereus, swift in pursuit because of his grief and eager desire for vengeance, is himself changed into a bird. Upon his head a stiff crest appears, and a huge beak stands forth instead of his long sword. He is the hoopœ, with the look of one armed for war.

OVID

Hic dolor ante diem longaeque extrema senectae
 tempora Tartareas Pandiona misit ad umbras. 676
 sceptrum loci rerumque capit moderamen Erechtheus,
 iustitia dubium validisne potentior armis.
 quattuor ille quidem iuvenes totidemque creatur
 femineae sortis, sed erat par forma duarum. 680
 e quibus Aeolides Cephalus te coniuge felix,
 Procri, fuit; Boreae Tereus Thracesque nocebant,
 dilectaque diu caruit deus Orithyia,
 dum rogat et precibus mavult quam viribus uti;
 ast ubi blanditiis agitur nil, horridus ira, 685
 quae solita est illi nimiumque domestica vento,
 "et merito!" dixit; "quid enim mea tela reliqui,
 saevitiam et vires iramque animosque minaces,
 admovique preces, quarum me dedecet usus?
 apta mihi vis est: vi tristia nubila pello, 690
 vi freta concutio nodosaque robora verto
 induroque nives et terras grandine pulso;
 idem ego, cum fratres caelo sum nactus aperto
 (nam mihi campus is est), tanto molimine luctor,
 ut medius nostris concursibus insonet aether 695
 exsiliantque cavis elisi nubibus ignes;
 idem ego, cum subii convexa foramina terrae
 supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
 sollicito manes totumque tremoribus orbem.
 hac ope debueram thalamos petiisse, socerque 700
 non orandus erat mihi sed faciendus Erechtheus."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

This woe shortened the days of old Pandion and sent him down to the shades of Tartarus before old age came to its full term. His sceptre and the state's control fell to Erechtheus, equally famed for justice and for prowess in arms. Four sons were born to him and four daughters also. Of these daughters two were of equal beauty, of whom thou, Procris, didst make happy in wedlock Cephalus, the grandson of Aeolus. Boreas was not favoured because of Tereus and the Thracians¹; and so the god was long kept from his beloved Orithyia, while he wooed and preferred to use prayers rather than force. But when he could accomplish nothing by soothing words, rough with anger, which was the north-wind's usual and more natural mood, he said: "I have deserved it! For why have I given up my own weapons, fierceness and force, rage and threatening moods, and had recourse to prayers, which do not at all become me? Force is my fit instrument. By force I drive on the gloomy clouds, by force I shake the sea, I overturn gnarled oaks, pack hard the snow, and pelt the earth with hail. So also when I meet my brother in the open sky—for that is my battleground—I struggle with them so fiercely that the mid-heavens thunder with our meeting and fires leap bursting out of the hollow clouds. So also when I have entered the vaulted hollows of the earth, and have set my strong back beneath her lowest caverns, I fright the ghosts and the whole world, too, by my heavings. By this means I should have sought my wife. I should not have begged Erechtheus to be my father-in-law, but made him to be so." With

¹ Since the home of Boreas was in the north, he was included in the hatred felt at Athens for Tereus and the Thracians.

OVID

haec Boreas aut his non inferiora locutus
 excussit pennas, quarum iactatibus omnis
 adflata est tellus latumque perhorruit aequor,
 pulvereamque trahens per summa cacumina pallam
 verrit humum pavidamque metu caligine tectus 706
 Orithyian amans fulvis amplectitur alis.
 dum volat, arserunt agitati fortius ignes,
 nec prius aerii cursus suppressit habenas,
 quam Ciconum tenuit populos et moenia raptor. 710
 illic et gelidi coniunx Actaea tyranni
 et genetrix facta est, partus enixa gemellos,
 cetera qui matris, pennas genitoris haberent.
 non tamen has una memorant cum corpore natas,
 barbaque dum rutilus aberat subnixa capillis, 715
 implumes Calaisque puer Zetesque fuerunt;
 mox pariter pennae ritu coepere volucrum
 cingere utrumque latus, pariter flavescere malae.
 ergo ubi concessit tempus puerile iuventae,
 vellera cum Minyis nitido radiantia villo 720
 per mare non notum prima petiere carina.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

these words or others no less boisterous, Boreas shook his wings, whose mighty flutterings sent a blast over all the earth, and ruffled the broad ocean. And trailing along his dusty mantle over the mountain-tops, he swept the land; and wrapped in darkness, the lover embraced with his tawny wings his Orithyia, who was trembling sore with fear. As he flew his own flames were fanned and burned stronger. Nor did the robber check his airy flight until he came to the people and the city of the Cicones. There did the Athenian girl become the bride of the cold monarch, and mother, when she brought forth twins sons, who had all else of their mother, but their father's wings. Yet these wings, they say, were not born with their bodies; while the beard was not yet to be seen beneath their yellow locks, both Calais and Zetes were wingless, but soon and at the same time wings began to spring out on either side after the fashion of birds, and the cheeks began to grow tawny. So these two youths, when boyhood was passed and they had grown to man's estate, went with the Minyans over an unknown sea in that first ship to seek the bright gleaming fleece of gold.

BOOK VII

LIBER VII

IAMQUE fretum Minyae Pagasaea puppe secabant,
perpetuaque trahens inopem sub nocte senectam
Phineus visus erat, iuvenesque Aquilone creati
virgineas volucres miseri senis ore fugarant,
multaque perpessi claro sub Iasone tandem 5
contigerant rapidas limosi Phasidos undas.
dumque adeunt regem Phrixeaque vellera poscunt
lexque datur Minyis magnorum horrenda laborum,
concipit interea validos Aeetias ignes
et luctata diu, postquam ratione furorem 10
vincere non poterat, “ frustra, Medea, repugnas :
nescio quis deus obstat,” ait, “ mirumque, nisi hoc est,
aut aliquid certe simile huic, quod amare vocatur.
nam cur iussa patris nimium mihi dura videntur?
sunt quoque dura nimis! cur, quem modo denique vidi,
ne pereat, timeo? quae tanti causa timoris? 16
excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammam,
si potes, infelix! si possem, sanior essem!
sed gravat invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido,
mens aliud suadet: video meliora proboque, 20
deteriora sequor. quid in hospite, regia virgo,

BOOK VII

AND now the Minyans were plowing the deep in their Thessalian ship. They had seen Phineus, spending his last days helpless in perpetual night; and the sons of Boreas had driven the harpies from the presence of the unhappy king. Having experienced many adventures under their illustrious leader Jason, they reached at last the swift waters of muddy Phasis. There, while they were approaching the king and demanding the fleece that Phrixus had given to him, while the dreadful condition with its great tasks was being proposed to the Minyans, meanwhile the daughter of King Aeëtes conceived an overpowering passion. Long she fought against it, and when by reason she could not rid her of her madness she cried: "In vain, Medea, do you fight. Some god or other is opposing you; I wonder if this is not what is called love, or at least something like this. For why do the mandates of my father seem too harsh? They certainly are too harsh. Why do I fear lest he perish whom I have but now seen for the first time? What is the cause of all this fear? Come, thrust from your maiden breast these flames that you feel, if you can, unhappy girl. Ah, if I could, I should be more myself. But some strange power holds me down against my will. Desire persuades me one way, reason another. I see the better and approve it, but I follow the worse. Why do you, a

OVID

ureris et thalamos alieni concipis orbis?
 haec quoque terra potest, quod ames, dare. vivat an ille
 occidat, in dis est. vivat tamen! idque precari
 vel sine amore licet: quid enim commisit Iason? 25
 quem, nisi crudelem, non tangat Iasonis aetas
 et genus et virtus? quem non, ut cetera desint,
 ore movere potest? certe mea pectora movit.
 at nisi opem tulero, taurorum adflabitur ore
 concurretque suae segeti, tellure creatis 30
 hostibus, aut avido dabitur fera praeda draconi.
 hoc ego si patiar, tum me de tigride natam,
 tum ferrum et scopulos gestare in corde fatebor!
 cur non et specto pereuntem oculosque videndo
 conscelero? cur non tauros exhortor in illum 35
 terrigenasque feros insopitumque draconem?
 di meliora velint! quamquam non ista precanda,
 sed facienda mihi.—prodamne ego regna parentis,
 atque ope nescio quis servabitur advena nostra,
 ut per me sospes sine me det lintea ventis 40
 virque sit alterius, poenae Medea relinquitur?
 si facere hoc aliamve potest praeponere nobis,
 occidat ingratus! sed non is vultus in illo,
 non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formae,
 ut timeam fraudem meritique obliviam nostri. 45
 et dabit ante fidem, cogamque in foedera testes
 esse deos. quid tuta times? accingere et omnem
 pelle moram: tibi se semper debet Iason,
 te face sollempni iunget sibi perque Pelasgas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

royal maiden, burn for a stranger, and think upon marriage with a foreign world? This land also can give you something to love. Whether he live or die is in the lap of the gods. Yet may he live! This I may pray for even without loving him. For what has Jason done? Who that is not heartless would not be moved by Jason's youth, his noble birth, his manhood? Who, though the rest were lacking, would not be touched by his beauty? Certainly he has touched my heart. But unless I help him he will be breathed on by the bulls' fiery breath, and he will have to meet an enemy of his own sowing sprung from the earth, or he will be given as prey like any wild beast to the greedy dragon. If I permit this, then shall I confess that I am the child of a tigress and that I have iron and stone in my heart. But why can I not look on as he dies, and why is such a sight defilement for my eyes? Why do I not urge on the bulls against him, and the fierce earth-born warriors, and the sleepless dragon? Heaven forefend! and yet that is not matter for my prayers, but for my deeds. Shall I then betray my father's throne? and shall an unknown stranger be preserved by my aid, that, when saved by me, he may sail off without me, and become another's husband, while I, Medea, am left for punishment? If he can do that, if he can prefer another woman to me, let him perish, ungrateful man. But no: his look, his loftiness of soul, his grace of form are not such that I need fear deceit or forgetfulness of my service. And he shall give me his pledge beforehand, and I will compel the gods to be witnesses of our troth. Why do you fear when all is safe? Now for action, and away with all delay! Jason shall always owe himself to you, he shall join you to himself in solemn wedlock. Then you shall

OVID

servatrix urbes matrum celebrabere turba. 50
 ergo ego germanam fratremque patremque deosque
 et natale solum ventis ablata relinquam?
 nempe pater saevus, nempe est mea barbara tellus,
 frater adhuc infans; stant mecum vota sororis,
 maximus intra me deus est! non magna relinquam,
 magna sequar: titulum servatae pubis Achivae 56
 notitiamque soli melioris et oppida, quorum
 hic quoque fama viget, cultusque artesque locorum,
 quemque ego cum rebus, quas totus possidet orbis,
 Aesoniden mutasse velim, quo coniuge felix 60
 et dis cara ferar et vertice sidera tangam.
 quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis
 dicuntur montes ratibusque inimica Charybdis
 nunc sorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis
 Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo! 65
 nempe tenens, quod amo, gremioque in Iasonis
 haerens
 per freta longa ferar; nil illum amplexa verebor
 aut, siquid metuam, metuam de coniuge solo.—
 coniugiumne vocas speciosaque nomina culpa
 inponis, Medea, tuae?—quin adspice, quantum 70
 adgrediare nefas, et, dum licet, effuge crimen!“
 dixit, et ante oculos rectum pietasque pudorque
 constiterant, et victa dabat iam terga Cupido.
 Ibat ad antiquas Hecates Perseidos aras,
 quas nemus umbrosum secretaque silva tegebat, 75
 et iam fortis erat, pulsusque recesserat ardor,
 cum videt Aesoniden exstinctaque flamma reluxit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

be hailed as his deliverer through the cities of Greece by throngs of women. And shall I then sail away and leave my sister here, my brother, father, gods, and native land? Indeed my father is a stern man, indeed my native land is barbarous, my brother is still a child, my sister's goodwill is on my side; and the greatest god is within me! I shall not be leaving great things, but going to great things: the title of saviour of the Achaean youth, acquaintance with a better land, cities, whose fame is mighty even here, the culture and arts of civilized countries, and the man I would not give in exchange for all that the wide world holds—the son of Aeson; with him as my husband I shall be called the beloved of heaven, and with my head shall touch the stars. But what of certain mountains, which, they say, come clashing together in mid-sea; and Charybdis, the sailor's dread, who now sucks in and again spews forth the waves; and greedy Scylla, girt about with savage dogs, baying in the Sicilian seas! Nay, holding that which I love, and resting in Jason's arms, I shall fare over the long reaches of the sea; in his safe embrace I shall fear nothing; or if I fear at all, I shall fear for my husband only. But do you call it marriage, Medea, and do you give fair-seeming names to your fault? Nay, rather, look ahead and see how great a wickedness you are approaching and flee it while you may." She spoke, and before her eyes stood righteousness, filial affection, and modesty; and love, defeated, was now on the point of flight.

She took her way to an ancient altar of Hecate, the daughter of Perse, hidden in the deep shades of a forest. And now she was strong of purpose and the flames of her vanquished passion had died down; when she saw the son of Aeson and the dying flame

OVID

erubuere genae, totoque recanduit ore,
 utque solet ventis alimenta adsumere, quaeque
 parva sub inducta latuit scintilla favilla 80
 crescere et in veteres agitata resurgere vires,
 sic iam lenis amor, iam quem languere putares,
 ut vidit iuvenem, specie praesentis inarsit.
 et casu solito formosior Aesone natus
 illa luce fuit: posses ignoscere amanti. 85
 spectat et in vultu veluti tum denique viso
 lumina fixa tenet nec se mortalia demens
 ora videre putat nec se declinat ab illo;
 ut vero coepitque loqui dextramqueprehendit
 hospes et auxilium submissa voce rogavit 90
 promisitque torum, lacrimis ait illa profusis:
 “ quid faciam, video: non ignorantia veri
 decipiet, sed amor. servabere munere nostro,
 servatus promissa dato! ” per sacra triformis
 ille deae lucoque foret quod numen in illo 95
 perque patrem soceri cernentem cuncta futuri
 eventusque suos et tanta pericula iurat:
 creditus accepit cantatas protinus herbas
 edidicitque usum laetusque in tecta recessit.
 Postera depulerat stellae Aurora micantes: 100
 conveniunt populi sacrum Mavortis in arvum
 consistuntque iugis; medio rex ipse resedit
 agmine purpureus sceptroque insignis eburno.
 ecce adamanteis Vulcanum naribus efflant
 aripedes tauri, tactaeque vaporibus herbae 105
 ardent, utque solent pleni resonare camini,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

leaped up again. Her cheeks grew red, then all her face became pale again; and as a tiny spark, which has lain hidden beneath the ashes, is fed by a breath of wind, then grows and regains its former strength as it is fanned to life; so now her smouldering love, which you would have thought all but dying, at sight of the young hero standing before her blazed up again. It chanced that the son of Aeson was more beautiful than usual that day: you could pardon her for loving him. She gazed upon him and held her eyes fixed on his face as if she had never seen him before; and in her infatuation she thought the face she gazed on more than mortal, nor could she turn herself away from him. But when the stranger began to speak, grasped her right hand, and in low tones asked for her aid and promised marriage in return, she burst into tears and said: "I see what I am about to do, nor shall ignorance of the truth be my undoing, but love itself. You shall be preserved by my assistance; but when preserved, fulfil your promise." He swore he would be true by the sacred rites of the threefold goddess, by whatever divinity might be in that grove, by the all-beholding father of his father-in-law who was to be, by his own successes and his mighty perils. She believed; and straight he received the magic herbs and learnt their use, then withdrew full of joy into his lodging.

The next dawn had put to flight the twinkling stars. Then the throngs gathered into the sacred field of Mars and took their stand on the heights. In the midst of the company sat the king himself, clad in purple, and conspicuous with his ivory sceptre.—See! here come the brazen-footed bulls, breathing fire from nostrils of adamant. The very grass shrivels up at the touch of their hot breath. And as full furnaces

OVID

aut ubi terrena silices fornace soluti
 concipiunt ignem liquidarum adspergine aquarum,
 pectora sic intus clausas volventia flammās
 gutturaque usta sonant; tamen illis Aesone natus
 obuius it. vertere truces venientis ad ora 111
 terribiles vultus praefixaque cornua ferro
 pulvereumque solum pede pulsavere bisulco
 fumificisque locum mugitibus inpleverunt.
 deriguere metu Minyae; subit ille nec ignes 115
 sensit anhelatos; tantum medicamina possunt,
 pendulaque audaci mulcet palearia dextra
 suppositosque iugo pondus grave cogit aratri
 ducere et insuetum ferro proscindere campum:
 mirantur Colchi, Minyae clamoribus augent 120
 adiciuntque animos. galea tum sumit aena
 vipereos dentes, et aratos spargit in agros.
 semina mollit humus valido praetincta veneno,
 et crescunt fiuntque sati nova corpora dentes,
 utque hominis speciem materna sumit in alvo 125
 perque suos intus numeros componitur infans
 nec nisi maturus communes exit in auras,
 sic, ubi visceribus gravidæ telluris imago
 effecta est hominis, feto consurgit in arvo,
 quodque magis mirum est, simul edita concutit arma.
 quos ubi viderunt praeacutæ cuspidis hastas 131
 in caput Haemonii iuvenis torquere parantis,
 demisere metu vultumque animumque Pelasgi;
 ipsa quoque extimuit, quæ tutum fecerat illum.
 utque peti vidit iuvenem tot ab hostibus unum, 135

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

are wont to roar, or as limestones burned in the lime-kiln hiss and grow hot when water is poured upon them; so did the bulls' chests and parched throats rumble with the fires pent up within. Nevertheless the son of Aeson went forward to meet them. As he came towards them the fierce beasts turned upon him terrible faces and sharp horns tipped with iron, pawed the dusty earth with their cloven feet, and filled the place with their fiery bellowings. The Minyans were stark with fear; he went up to the bulls, not feeling their hot breath at all, so great is the power of charmed drugs; and stroking their hanging dewlaps with fearless hand, he placed the yoke on their necks and made them draw the heavy plow and cut through the field that had never felt steel before. The Colchians are amazed; but the Minyans shouted aloud and increased their hero's courage. Next he took from a brazen helmet the serpent's teeth and sowed them broadcast in the plowed field. The earth softened these seeds steeped in virulent poison and the teeth swelled up and took on new forms. And just as in its mother's body an infant gradually assumes human form, and is perfected within through all its parts, and does not come forth to the common air until it is fully formed; so, when the forms of men had been completed in the womb of the pregnant earth, they rose up on the teeming soil and, what is yet more wonderful, each clashed weapons that had been brought forth with him. When the Greeks saw them preparing to hurl sharp-pointed spears at the head of the Thessalian hero, their faces fell with fear and their hearts failed them. She also, who had safeguarded him, was sore afraid; and when she saw him, one man, attacked by so many foes, she grew pale, and

OVID

palluit et subito sine sanguine frigida sedit,
 neve parum valeant a se data gramina, carmen
 auxiliare canit secretasque advocat artes.
 ille gravem medios silicem iaculatus in hostes
 a se depulsum Martem convertit in ipsos : 140
 terrigenae pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres
 civilique cadunt acie. gratantur Achivi
 victoremque tenent avidisque amplexibus haerent.
 tu quoque victorem complecti, barbara, velles :
 obstitit incepto pudor, at complexa fuisses ¹ 145
 sed te, ne faceres, tenuit reverentia famae.
 quod licet, adfectu tacito laetaris agisque
 carminibus grates et dis auctoribus horum.

Pervigilem superest herbis sopire draconem,
 qui crista linguisque tribus praesignis et uncis 150
 dentibus horrendus custos erat arboris aureae.
 hunc postquam sparsit Lethaei gramine suci
 verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos,
 quae mare turbatum, quae concita flumina sistunt,
 somnus in ignotos oculos sibi venit, et auro 155
 heros Aesonius potitur spolioque superbus
 muneris auctorem secum, spolia altera, portans
 victor Iolciacos tetigit cum coniuge portus.

Haemoniae matres pro gnatis dona receptis
 grandaevique ferunt patres congestaque flamma 160
 tura liquefaciunt, inductaque cornibus aurum
 victima vota litat, sed abest gratantibus Aeson

¹ *Line 145 bracketed by Ehwald.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

sat there suddenly cold and bloodless. And, lest the charmed herbs which she had given him should not be strong enough, she chanted a spell to help them and called in her secret arts. But he hurled a heavy rock into the midst of his enemies and so turned their fury away from him upon themselves. The earth-born brethren perished by each other's wounds and fell fighting in internecine strife. Then did the Greeks congratulate the victorious youth, catching him in their arms and clinging to him in eager embraces. You also, barbarian maiden, would gladly have embraced the victor; your modesty stood in the way. Still, you would have embraced him; but respect for common talk held you back. What was allowed you did, gazing on him with silent joy and thanking your spells and the gods who gave them.

There remained the task of putting to sleep the ever-watchful dragon with magic herbs. This creature, distinguished by a crest, a three-forked tongue and hooked fangs, was the awful guardian of the golden tree. After Jason had sprinkled upon him the Lethæan juice of a certain herb and thrice had recited the words that bring peaceful slumber, which stay the swollen sea and swift-flowing rivers, then sleep came to those eyes which had never known sleep before, and the heroic son of Aeson gained the golden fleece. Proud of this spoil and bearing with him the giver of his prize, another spoil, the victor and his wife in due time reached the harbour of Iolchos.

The Thessalian mothers and aged fathers bring gifts in honour of their sons' safe return, and burn incense heaped on the altar flames, and the victim with gilded horns which they have vowed is slain. But Aeson is absent from the rejoicing throng, being

OVID

iam propior leto fessusque senilibus annis,
 cum sic Aesonides : “ o cui debere salutem
 confiteor, coniunx, quamquam mihi cuncta dedisti
 excessitque fidem meritorum summa tuorum, 166
 si tamen hoc possunt (quid enim non carmina
 possunt ?)

deme meis annis et demptos adde parenti ! ”
 nec tenuit lacrimas : mota est pietate rogantis,
 dissimilemque animum subiit Aeeta relictus ; 170
 nec tamen adfectus talis confessa “ quod ” inquit
 “ excidit ore tuo, coniunx, scelus ? ergo ego cuiquam
 posse tuae videor spatium transcribere vitae ?
 nec sinat hoc Hecate, nec tu petis aequa ; sed isto,
 quod petis, experiar maius dare munus, Iason. 175
 arte mea soceri longum temptabimus aevum,
 non annis revocare tuis, modo diva triformis
 adiuvet et praesens ingentibus adnuat ausis.”

Tres aberant noctes, ut cornua tota coirent
 efficerentque orbem ; postquam plenissima fulsit 180
 ac solida terras spectavit imagine luna,
 egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,
 nuda pedem, nudos umeris infusa capillos,
 fertque vagos mediae per muta silentia noctis
 incommitata gradus : homines volucresque ferasque 185
 solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmure saepes,¹
 inmotaeque silent frondes, silet umidus aer,
 sidera sola micant : ad quae sua bracchia tendens
 ter se convertit, ter sumptis flumine crinem
 inroravit aquis ternisque ululatibus ora 190

¹ *So Merkel. Ehwald with some MSS. gives two lines for 186 ;
 solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmure serpunt :
 sopitis similes, nullo cum murmure saepes.*

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now near death and heavy with the weight of years. Then says the son of Aeson: "O wife, to whom I freely own my deliverance is due, although you have already given me all, and the sum of your benefits has exceeded all my hopes; still, if your spells can do this—and what can they not do?—take some portion from my own years of life and give this to my father." And he could not restrain his tears. Medea was moved by the petitioner's filial love, and the thought of Aeëtes deserted came into her mind, how different from Jason's! Still, not confessing such feelings, she replied: "What impious words have fallen from your lips, my husband? Can I then transfer to any man, think you, a portion of your life? Neither would Hecate permit this, nor is your request right. But a greater boon than what you ask, my Jason, will I try to give. By my art and not your years I will try to renew your father's long span of life, if only the three-formed goddess will help me and grant her present aid in this great deed which I dare attempt."

There were yet three nights before the horns of the moon would meet and make the round orb. When the moon shone at her fullest and looked down upon the earth with unbroken shape, Medea went forth from her house clad in flowing robes, barefoot, her hair unadorned and streaming down her shoulders; and all alone she wandered out into the deep stillness of midnight. Men, birds, and beasts were sunk in profound repose; there was no sound in the hedgerow; the leaves hung mute and motionless; the dewy air was still. Only the stars twinkled. Stretching up her arms to these, she turned thrice about, thrice sprinkled water caught up from a flowing stream upon her head and thrice

OVID

solvit et in dura submisso poplite terra
“ Nox ” ait “ arcanis fidissima, quaeque diurnis
aurea cum luna succeditis ignibus astra,
tuque, triceps Hecate, quae coeptis conscia nostris
adiutrixque venis cantusque artisque magorum, 195
quaeque magos, Tellus, pollentibus instruis herbis,
auraeque et venti montesque amnesque lacusque,
dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis adeste,
quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes
in fontes rediere suos, concussaque sisto, 200
stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello
nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque vocoque,
vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces,
vivaque saxa sua convulsaque roborata terra
et silvas moveo iubeoque tremescere montis 205
et mugire solum manesque exire sepulcris!
te quoque, Luna, traho, quamvis Temesaea labores
aera tuos minuant; currus quoque carmine nostro
pallet avi, pallet nostris Aurora venenis!
vos mihi taurorum flammam hebetastis et unco 210
inpatiens oneris collum pressistis aratro,
vos serpentigenis in se fera bella dedistis
custodemque rudem somni sopistis et aurum
vindice decepto Graias misistis in urbes:
nunc opus est sucis, per quos renovata senectus 215
in florem redeat primosque recolligat annos,

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gave tongue in wailing cries. Then she kneeled down upon the hard earth and prayed: "O Night, faithful preserver of mysteries, and ye bright stars, whose golden beams with the moon succeed the fires of day; thou three-formed Hecate, who knowest our undertakings and comest to the aid of the spells and arts of magicians; and thou, O Earth, who dost provide the magicians with thy potent herbs; ye breezes and winds, ye mountains and streams and pools; all ye gods of the groves, all ye gods of the night: be with me now. With your help when I have willed it, the streams have run back to their fountain-heads, while the banks wondered; I lay the swollen, and stir up the calm seas by my spell; I drive the clouds and bring on the clouds; the winds I dispel and summon; I break the jaws of serpents with my incantations; living rocks and oaks I root up from their own soil; I move the forests, I bid the mountains shake, the earth to rumble and the ghosts to come forth from their tombs. Thee also, Luna, do I draw from the sky, though the clanging bronze of Temesa strive to aid thy throes¹; even the chariot of the Sun, my grandsire, pales at my song; Aurora pales at my poisons. You dulled the bulls' flames at my command; you pressed under the curved plow those necks which had endured no weight. You turned the savage onslaught of the serpent-born band against themselves; you lulled the watcher who knew no sleep, and beguiling the defender sent the golden prize back to the cities of Greece. Now I have need of juices by whose aid old age may be renewed and may turn back to the bloom of youth and regain its early years. And you

¹ At an eclipse it was usual to make a noise in order to frighten away the malignant influence.

OVID

et dabit. neque enim micuerunt sidera frustra,
 nec frustra volucrum tractus cervice draconum
 currus adest." aderat demissus ab aethere currus.
 quo simul adscendit frenataque colla draconum 220
 permulsit manibusque leves agitavit habenas,
 sublimis rapitur subiectaque Thessala Tempe
 dispicit et certis regionibus adplicat angues:
 et quas Ossa tulit, quas altum Pelion herbas
 Othrysque et Pindus, quas Pindo maior Olympus, 225
 perspicit et placitas partim radice revellit,
 partim succidit curvamine falcis aenae.
 multa quoque Apidani placuerunt gramina ripis,
 multa quoque Amphrysi, neque eras immunis, Enipeu;
 nec non Peneos nec non Spercheides undae 230
 contribuere aliquid iuncosaque litora Boebes;
 carpsit et Euboica vivax Anthedone gramen,
 nondum mutato vulgatum corpore Glauci.

Et iam nona dies curru pennisque draconum
 nonaque nox omnes lustrantem viderat agros, 235
 cum rediit; neque erant tacti nisi odore dracones,
 et tamen annosae pellem posuere senectae.
 constitit adveniens citra limenque foresque
 et tantum caelo tegitur refugitque viriles
 contactus, statuitque aras de caespite binas, 240
 dexteriore Hecates, ast laeva parte Iuventae.
 has ubi verbenis silvaque incinxit agresti,
 haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus
 sacra facit cultrosque in guttura velleris atri
 conicit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas; 245

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will give them; for not in vain have the stars gleamed in reply, not in vain is my car at hand, drawn by winged dragons." There was the car, sent down from the sky. When she had mounted therein and stroked the bridled necks of the dragon team, shaking the light reins with her hands she was whirled aloft. She looked down on Thessalian Tempe lying below, and turned her dragons towards regions that she knew. All the herbs that Ossa bore, and high Pelion, Othrys and Pindus and Olympus, greater than Pindus, she surveyed: and those that pleased her, some she plucked up by the roots and some she cut off with the curved blade of a bronze pruning-hook. Many grasses also she chose from the banks of the Apidanus, many from Amphrysus. Nor were you, Enipeus, left without toll; Peneus also, and Spercheus gave something, and the reedy banks of Boebe. From Euboean Anthedon she culled a grass that gives long life, a herb not yet made famous by the change which it produced in Glaucus' body.

And now nine days and nine nights had seen her traversing all lands, drawn in her car by her winged dragons, when she returned. The dragons had not been touched save by the odour of the herbs, and yet they sloughed off their skins of many long years. As she came Medea stopped this side of the threshold and the door; covered by the sky alone, she avoided her husband's embrace, and built two turf altars, one on the right to Hecate and one on the left to Youth. She wreathed these with boughs from the wild wood, then hard by she dug two ditches in the earth and performed her rites; plunging her knife into the throat of a black sheep, she drenched the open ditches with his blood. Next she poured upon

OVID

tum super invergens liquidi carchesia vini
alteraque invergens tepidi carchesia lactis,
verba simul fudit terrenaque numina civit
umbrarumque rogat rapta cum coniuge regem,
ne properent artus anima fraudare senili. 250

Quos ubi placavit precibusque et murmure longo,
Aesonis effetum proferri corpus ad auras
iussit et in plenos resolutum carmine somnos
exanimi similem stratis porrexit in herbis.
hinc procul Aesoniden, procul hinc iubet ire ministros
et monet arcanis oculos remove profanos. 256

diffugiunt iussi; passis Medea capillis
bacchantum ritu flagrantis circuit aras
multifidasque faces in fossa sanguinis atra
tinguit et infectas geminis accendit in aris 260
terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphure lustrat.

Interea validum posito medicamen aeno
fervet et exsultat spumisque tumentibus albet.
illic Haemonia radices valle resectas
seminaque floresque et sucos incoquit acres; 265
adicit extremo lapides Oriente petitos
et quas Oceani refluxum mare lavit harenas;
addit et exceptas luna pernocte pruinas
et strigis infamis ipsis cum carnibus alas
inque virum soliti vultus mutare ferinos 270
ambigui prosecta lupi; nec defuit illis
squamea Cinyphii tenuis membrana chelydri
vivacisque iecur cervi; quibus insuper addit
ova caputque novem cornicis saecula passae.
his et mille aliis postquam sine nomine rebus 275

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it bowls of liquid wine, and again bowls of milk still warm, while at the same time she uttered her incantations, called up the deities of the earth, and prayed the king of the shades with his stolen bride not to be in haste to rob the old man's body of the breath of life.

When she had appeased all these divinities by long, low-muttered prayers, she bade her people bring out under the open sky old Aeson's worn-out body; and having buried him in a deep slumber by her spells, like one dead she stretched him out on a bed of herbs. Far hence she bade Jason go, far hence all the attendants, and warned them not to look with profane eyes upon her secret rites. They retired as she had bidden. Medea, with streaming hair after the fashion of the Bacchantes, moved round the blazing altars, and dipping many-cleft sticks in the dark pools of blood, she lit the gory sticks at the altar flames. Thrice she purified the old man with fire, thrice with water, thrice with sulphur.

Meanwhile the strong potion in the bronze pot is boiling, leaping and frothing white with the swelling foam. In this pot she boils roots cut in a Thessalian vale, together with seeds, flowers, and strong juices. She adds to these ingredients pebbles sought for in the farthest Orient and sands which the ebbing tide of Ocean laves. She adds hoar frost gathered under the full moon, the wings of the uncanny screech-owl with the flesh as well, and the entrails of a werewolf which has the power of changing its wild-beast features into a man's. There also in the pot is the scaly skin of a slender Cinyphian water-snake, the liver of a long-lived stag, to which she adds also eggs and the head of a crow nine generations old. When with these and a thousand other nameless things the barbarian

OVID

propositum instruxit mortali barbara maius,
 arenti ramo iampridem mitis olivae
 omnia confudit summisque inmiscuit ima.
 ecce vetus calido versatus stipes aeno
 fit viridis primo nec longo tempore frondes 280
 induit et subito gravidis oneratur olivis :
 at quacumque cavo spumas eiecit aeno
 ignis et in terram guttae cecidere calentes,
 vernat humus, floresque et mollia pabula surgunt.
 quae simul ac vidit, stricto Medea recludit 285
 ense senis iugulum veteremque exire cruorem
 passa replet sucis ; quos postquam conbibit Aeson
 aut ore acceptos aut vulnere, barba comaeque
 canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem,
 pulsa fugit macies, abeunt pallorque situsque, 290
 adiectoque cavae suppleantur corpore rugae,
 membraque luxuriant : Aeson miratur et olim
 ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos.

Viderat ex alto tanti miracula monstri
 Liber et admonitus, iuvenes nutricibus annos 295
 posse suis reddi, capit hoc a Colchide munus.

Neve doli cessent, odium cum coniuge falsum
 Phasias adsimulat Peliaeque ad limina supplex
 confugit ; atque illam, quoniam gravis ipse senecta est,
 excipiunt natae ; quas tempore callida parvo 300
 Colchis amicitiae mendacis imagine cepit,
 dumque refert inter meritorum maxima demptos
 Aesonis esse situs atque hac in parte moratur,
 spes est virginibus Pelia subiecta creatis,

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woman had prepared her more than mortal plan, she stirred it all up with a branch of the fruitful olive long since dry and well mixed the top and bottom together. And lo, the old dry stick, when moved about in the hot broth, grew green at first, in a short time put forth leaves, and then suddenly was loaded with teeming olives. And wherever the froth bubbled over from the hollow pot, and the hot drops fell upon the ground, the earth grew green and flowers and soft grass sprang up. When she saw this, Medea unsheathed her knife and cut the old man's throat; then, letting the old blood all run out, she filled his veins with her brew. When Aeson had drunk this in part through his lips and part through the wound, his beard and hair lost their hoary grey and quickly became black again; his leanness vanished, away went the pallor and the look of neglect, the deep wrinkles were filled out with new flesh, his limbs had the strength of youth. Aeson was filled with wonder, and remembered that this was he forty years ago.

Now Bacchus had witnessed this marvel from his station in the sky, and learning from this that his own nurses might be restored to their youthful years, he obtained this boon from the Colchian woman.

That malice might have its turn, the Phasian woman feigned a quarrel with her husband, and fled as a suppliant to the house of Pelias. There, since the king himself was heavy with years, his daughters gave her hospitable reception. These girls the crafty Colchian in a short time won over by a false show of friendliness; and while she was relating among the most remarkable of her achievements the rejuvenation of Aeson, dwelling particularly on that, the daughters of Pelias were induced to hope that by

OVID

arte suum parili revirescere posse parentem, 305
 idque petunt pretiumque iubent sine fine pacisci.
 illa brevi spatio silet et dubitare videtur
 suspenditque animos ficta gravitate rogantes.
 mox ubi pollicita est, "quo sit fiducia maior
 muneris huius" ait, "qui vestri maximus aevo est 310
 dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet."
 protinus innumeris effetus laniger annis
 attrahitur flexo circum cava tempora cornu;
 cuius ut Haemonio marcentia guttura cultro
 fodit et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum, 315
 membra simul pecudis validosque venefica sucos
 mergit in aere cavo: minuunt ea corporis artus
 cornuaque exurunt nec non cum cornibus annos,
 et tener auditur medio balatus aeno:
 nec mora, balatum mirantibus exsilit agnus 320
 lascivitque fuga lactantiaque ubera quaerit.
 Obstipuere satae Pelia, promissaque postquam
 exhibuere fidem, tum vero inpensius instant.
 ter iuga Phoebus equis in Hiberno flumine mersis
 dempserat et quarta radiantia nocte micabant 325
 sidera, cum rapido fallax Aetias igni
 imponit purum laticem et sine viribus herbas.
 iamque neci similis resoluta corpore regem
 et cum rege suo custodes somnus habebat,
 quem dederant cantus magicaeque potentia linguae;
 intrarant iussae cum Colchide limina natae 331

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skill like this their own father might be made young again. And they beg this boon, bidding her name the price, no matter how great. She made no reply for a little while and seemed to hesitate, keeping the minds of her suppliants in suspense by feigned deep meditation. When she had at length given her promise, she said to them: "That you may have the greater confidence in this boon, the oldest leader of the flock among your sheep shall become a lamb again by my drugs." Straightway a woolly ram, worn out with untold years, was brought forward, his great horns curving round his hollow temples. When the witch cut his scrawny throat with her Thessalian knife, barely staining the weapon with his scanty blood, she plunged his carcass into a kettle of bronze, throwing in at the same time juices of great potency. These made his body shrink, burnt away his horns, and with his horns, his years. And now a thin bleating was heard from within the pot; and, even while they were wondering at the sound, out jumped a lamb and ran frisking away to find some udder to give him milk.

Pelias' daughters looked on in amazement; and now that these promises had been performed, they urged their request still more eagerly than before. Three times had Phoebus unyoked his steeds after their plunge in Ebro's stream, and on the fourth night the stars were shining bright in the sky, when the treacherous daughter of Aëtes set some clear water over a hot fire and put therein herbs of no potency. And now a death-like sleep held the king, his body all relaxed, and with the king his guards, sleep which incantations and the potency of magic words had given. The king's daughters, as they were bid, entered his chamber with the Colchian and stood

OVID

ambierantque torum: "quid nunc dubitatis inertes?
stringite" ait "gladios veteremque haurite crurorem,
ut repleam vacuas iuvenali sanguine venas!

in manibus vestris vita est aetasque parentis: 335

si pietas ulla est nec spes agitatis inanis,
officium praestate patri telisque senectam
exigite, et saniem coniecto emittite ferro!"

his, ut quaeque pia est, hortatibus in pia prima est
et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus: haud tamen ictus 340

ulla suos spectare potest, oculosque reflectunt,
caecaque dant saevis aversae vulnera dextris.

ille cruore fluens, cubito tamen adlevat artus,
semilacerque toro temptat consurgere, et inter
tot medius gladios pallentia bracchia tendens 345

"quid facitis, gnatae? quid vos in fata parentis
armat?" ait: cecidere illis animique manusque;
plura locuturo cum verbis guttura Colchis
abstulit et calidis laniatum mersit in undis.

Quod nisi pennatis serpentibus isset in auras, 350

non exempta foret poenae: fugit alta superque

Pelion umbrosum, Philyreia tecta, superque

Othryn et eventu veteris loca nota Cerambi:

hic ope nympharum sublatus in aera pennis,
cum gravis infuso tellus foret obruta ponto, 355

Deucalioneas effigit inobrutus undas.

Aeoliam Pitanen a laeva parte relinquit

factaque de saxo longi simulacra draconis

Idaeumque nemus, quo nati furta, iuvenum,
occuluit Liber falsi sub imagine cervi, 360

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around his bed. "Why do you hesitate now, you laggards?" Medea said. "Come, draw your swords, and let out his old blood that I may refill his empty veins with young blood again. In your own hands rests your father's life and youth. If you have any filial love, and if the hopes are not vain that you are cherishing, come, do your duty by your father; drive out age at your weapon's point; let out his enfeebled blood with the stroke of the steel." Spurred on by these words, as each was filial she became first in the unfilial act, and that she might not be wicked did the wicked deed. Nevertheless, none could bear to see her own blows; they turned their eyes away; and so with averted faces they blindly struck with cruel hands. The old man, streaming with blood, still raised himself on his elbow and half mangled tried to get up from his bed; and with all those swords round him, he stretched out his pale arms and cried: "What are you doing, my daughters? What arms you to your father's death?" Their courage left them, their hands fell. When he would have spoken further, the Colchian cut his throat and plunged his mangled body into the boiling water.

But had she not gone away through the air drawn by her winged dragons, she would not have escaped punishment. High up she sped over shady Pelion, the home of Chiron, over Othrys and the regions made famous by the adventure of old Cerambus. (He, by the aid of the nymphs borne up into the air on wings, at the time when the heavy earth had sunk beneath the overwhelming sea, escaped Deucalion's flood undrowned.) Aeolian Pitane she passed by on the left, with its huge serpent image made of stone; and Ida's grove, where Bacchus, to conceal his son's theft, changed the bullock into the seeming form of

OVID

quaque pater Corythi parva tumulatus harena est,
 et quos Maera novo latratu terruit agros,
 Eurypylique urbem, qua Coae cornua matres
 gesserunt tum, cum discederet Herculis agmen,
 Phoebamque Rhodon et Ialysios Telchinas, 365
 quorum oculos ipso vitiantes omnia visu
 Iuppiter exosus fraternis subdidit undis ;
 transit et antiquae Cartheia moenia Ceae,
 qua pater Alcidas placidam de corpore natae
 miraturus erat nasci potuisse columbam. 370
 inde lacus Hyries videt et Cycneia Tempe,
 quae subitus celebravit olor : nam Phyllius illic
 imperio pueri volucrisque ferumque leonem
 tradiderat domitos ; taurum quoque vincere iussus
 vicerat et spreto totiens iratus amore 375
 praemia poscenti taurum suprema negabat ;
 ille indignatus “ cupies dare ” dixit et alto
 desiluit saxo ; cuncti cecidisse putabant :
 factus olor niveis pendebat in aere pennis ;
 at genetrix Hyrie, servatum nescia, flendo 380
 dilicuit stagnumque suo de nomine fecit.
 adiacet his Pleuron, in qua trepidantibus alis
 Ophias effugit natorum vulnera Combe ;
 inde Calaureae Letoidos adspicit arva
 in volucrem versi cum coniuge conscia regis. 385
 dextera Cyllene est, in qua cum matre Menephron
 concubiturus erat saevarum more ferarum ;
 Cephison procul hinc deflentem fata nepotis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

a stag; where the father of Corythus lay buried beneath a small mound of sand; where Maera spread terror through the fields by her strange barking; over the city of Eurypylus where the women of Cos wore horns what time the band of Hercules withdrew; over Rhodes, beloved of Phoebus; and the Telchines of Ialysus whose eyes, blighting all things by their very glance, Jupiter in scorn and hatred plunged beneath his brother's waves. She passed also the walls of ancient Carthaea on the island of Cea, where father Alcidas was sometime to marvel that a peaceful dove could have sprung from his daughter's body. Next Hyrie's lake she saw, and Tempe, which Cycnus' sudden change into a swan made famous. For there Phyllius, at the command of a boy, had tamed and brought him wild birds and a savage lion; being commanded to tame a wild bull also, he had tamed him, but angry that so often his love was spurned, he withheld the last gift of the bull from the boy who asked it; whereupon the boy in anger said, "You will wish you had given it," and leaped forthwith from a cliff. They all thought that he had fallen; but changed to a swan he remained floating in the air on snowy wings. But Hyrie, his mother, not knowing that her son was saved, melted away in tears and became a pool of the same name. Near these regions lies Pleuron, where Combe, the daughter of Ophius, escaped death at the hands of her sons on fluttering wings. After that, she sees the fertile island of Calaurea, sacred to Latona, the island that saw the king and his wife both changed into birds. On her right lies Cyllene, which Menephron was doomed to defile with incest after the wild beasts' fashion. Far off from here she looks down on the Cephisus, bewailing the fate of his

OVID

respicit in tumidam phocen ab Apolline versi
Eumelique domum lugentis in aere natum. 390

Tandem vipereis Ephyren Pirenida pennis
contigit: hic aevo veteres mortalia primo
corpora vulgarunt pluvialibus edita fungis.
sed postquam Colchis arsit nova nupta venenis
flagrantemque domum regis mare vidit utrumque, 395
sanguine natorum perfunditur inpius ensis,
ultaque se male mater Iasonis effugit arma.
hinc Titaniacis ablata draconibus intrat
Palladias arces, quae te, iustissima Phene,
teque, senex Peripha, pariter videre volantes 400
innixamque novis neptem Polypemonis alis.
excipit hanc Aegeus facto damnandus in uno,
nec satis hospitium est, thalami quoque foedere iungit.

Iamque aderat Theseus, proles ignara parenti,
qui virtute sua bimarem pacaverat Isthmon: 405
huius in exitium miscet Medea, quod olim
attulerat secum Scythicis aconiton ab oris.
illud Echidneae memorant e dentibus ortum
esse canis: specus est tenebroso caecus hiatu,
est via declivis, per quam Tiryntius heros 410
restantem contraque diem radiosque micantes
obliquantem oculos nexis adamante catenis
Cerberon abstraxit, rabida qui concitus ira
inplevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
et sparsit virides spumis albentibus agros; 415

370

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grandson changed by Apollo into a plump sea-calf; and upon the home of Eumelus, who lamented that his son now dwelt in air.

At length, upborne by the snaky wings, she reached Corinth of the sacred spring. Here, according to ancient tradition, in the earliest times men's bodies sprang from mushrooms. But after the new wife had been burnt by the Colchian witchcraft, and the two seas had seen the king's palace aflame, she stained her impious sword in the blood of her sons; and then, after this horrid vengeance, the mother fled Jason's sword. Borne hence by her dragons sprung from Titans' blood, she entered the citadel of Pallas, which beheld you, most righteous Phene, and you, old Periphas, flying side by side, and the granddaughter¹ of Polypemon upborne by new-sprung wings. Aegeus received her, that one deed enough to doom him; but he was not content with hospitality: he made her his wife as well.

And now came Theseus, a son that his father knew not; who by his manly prowess had established peace on the Isthmus between its two seas. Bent on his destruction, Medea mixed in a cup a poison which she had brought long ago from the Scythian shores. This poison, they say, came from the mouth of the Echidnean dog. There is a cavern with a dark, yawning throat and a way down-sloping, along which Hercules, the hero of Tiryns, dragged Cerberus with chains wrought of adamant, while the great dog fought and turned away his eyes from the bright light of day. He, goaded on to mad frenzy, filled all the air with his threefold howls, and sprinkled the green fields with white foam. Men think that these flecks of foam grew; and,

¹ Alcyone.

OVID

has concrese putant nactasque alimenta feracis
 fecundique soli vires cepisse nocendi ;
 quae quia nascuntur dura vivacia caute,
 agrestes aconita vocant. ea coniugis astu
 ipse parens Aegeus nato porrexit ut hosti. 420
 sumpserat ignara Theseus data pocula dextra,
 cum pater in capulo gladii cognovit eburno
 signa sui generis facinusque excussit ab ore.
 effugit illa necem nebulis per carmina motis ;
 At genitor, quamquam laetatur sospite nato, 425
 attonitus tamen est, ingens discrimine parvo
 committi potuisse nefas : foveat ignibus aras
 muneribusque deos inplet, feriuntque secures
 colla torosa boum victorum tempora vittis.
 nullus Erechthidis fertur celebratior illo 430
 inluxisse dies : agitant convivia patres
 et medium vulgus nec non et carmina vino
 ingenium faciente canunt : “ te, maxime Theseu,
 mirata est Marathon Cretaei sanguine tauri,
 quodque suis securus arat Cromyona colonus, 435
 munus opusque tuum est ; tellus Epidauria per te
 clavigeram vidit Vulcani occumbere prolem,
 vidit et inमितem Cephisias ora Procrusten,
 Cercyonis letum vidit Cerealis Eleusin.
 occidit ille Sinis magnis male viribus usus, 440
 qui poterat curvare trabes et agebat ab alto
 ad terram late sparsuras corpora pinus.
 tutus ad Alcathoen, Lelegeia moenia, limes
 composito Scirone patet, sparsisque latronis

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drawing nourishment from the rich, rank soil, they gained power to hurt; and because they spring up and flourish on hard rocks, the country folk call them aconite.¹ This poison, through the treachery of his wife, father Aegeus himself presented to his son as though to a stranger. Theseus had taken and raised the cup in his unwitting hand, when the father recognized the tokens of his own family on the ivory hilt of the sword which Theseus wore, and he dashed the vile thing from his lips. But Medea escaped death in a dark whirlwind her witch songs raised.

But the father, though he rejoiced at his son's deliverance, was still horror-struck that so monstrous an iniquity could have been so nearly done. He kindled fires upon the altars, made generous gifts to the gods; his axes struck at the brawny necks of bulls with ribbons about their horns. It is said that no day ever dawned for the Athenians more glad than that. The elders and the common folk made merry together. Together they sang their songs, with wit inspired by wine: "You, O most mighty Theseus, Marathon extols for the blood of the Cretan bull; and that the farmer of Cromyon may till his fields without fear of the sow is your gift and your deed. Through you the land of Epidaurus saw Vulcan's club-wielding son² laid low; the banks of Cephissus saw the merciless Procrustes slain; Eleusis, the town of Ceres, beheld Cercyon's death. By your hand fell that Sinis of great strength turned to evil uses, who could bend the trunks of trees, and force down to earth the pine-tops to shoot men's bodies far out through the air. A way lies safe and open now to Alcatheon and the Lelegeian walls, now that Sciron is no more. To this robber's scattered bones both land

¹ *i.e.* "growing without soil." ² Periphetes.

OVID

terra negat sedem, sedem negat ossibus unda; 445
 quae iactata diu fertur durasse vetustas
 in scopulos: scopulis nomen Scironis inhaeret.
 si titulos annosque tuos numerare velimus,
 facta prement annos. pro te, fortissime, vota
 publica suscipimus, Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus." 450
 consonat adsensu populi precibusque faventum
 regia, nec tota tristis locus ullus in urbe est.

Nec tamen (usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas,
 sollicitumque aliquid laetis intervenit) Aegeus
 gaudia percepit nato secura recepto: 455
 bella parat Minos; qui quamquam milite, quamquam
 classe valet, patria tamen est firmissimus ira
 Androgeique necem iustis ulciscitur armis.
 ante tamen bello vires adquirat amicas,
 quaque potens habitus volucris freta classe pererrat:
 hinc Anaphen sibi iungit et Astypaleia regna, 461
 (promissis Anaphen, regna Astypaleia bello);
 hinc humilem Myconon cretosaque rura Cimoli
 florentemque thymo Syron planamque Seriphon
 marmoreamque Paron, quamque inopia prodidit Arne
 Sithonis: accepto, quod avara poposcerat, auro 466
 mutata est in avem, quae nunc quoque diligit aurum,
 nigra pedes, nigris velata monedula pennis.

At non Oliaros Didymaeque et Tenos et Andros
 et Gyaros nitidaeque ferax Peparethos olivae 470
 Gnosiacas iuvere rates; latere inde sinistro
 Oenopiam Minos petit, Aeacideia regna:
 Oenopiam veteres adpellavere, sed ipse
 Aeacus Aeginam genetricis nomine dixit.

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and sea denied a resting-place; but, long tossed about, it is said that in time they hardened into cliffs; and the cliffs still bear the name of Sciron. If we should wish to count your praises and your years, your deeds would exceed your years. For you, brave hero, we give public thanks and prayers, to you we drain our cups of wine." The palace resounds with the applause of the people and the prayers of the happy revellers; nowhere in the whole city is there any place for gloom.

And yet—so true it is that there is no pleasure unalloyed, and some care always comes to mar our joys—Aegeus' rejoicing over his son's return was not unmixed with care. Minos was threatening war. Strong in men and ships, he was yet most strong in fatherly resentment and with just arms was seeking to avenge the death of his son Androgeos. But first he sought for friendly aid for his warfare; and he scoured the sea in the swift fleet in which his chief strength lay. He joined to his cause Anaphe and Astypalaea, the first by promises, the second by threats of war; the low-lying Myconus and the chalky fields of Cimolus; Syros covered with wild thyme, level Seriphos, Paros of the marble cliffs, and that place which impious Sithonian Arne betrayed, and having received the gold which she in her greed had demanded, was changed into a bird which even now delights in gold, a black-footed, black-winged daw.

But Oliaros and Didymae, Tenos, Andros, Gyaros and Peparethos, rich in glossy olives, gave no aid to the Cretan fleet. Sailing thence to the left, Minos sought Oenopia, the realm of the Aeacidae. Men of old time had called the place Oenopia; but Aeacus himself styled it Aegina by his mother's name. At

OVID

turba ruit tantaeque virum cognoscere famae 475
 expetit; occurrunt illi Telamonque minorque
 quam Telamon Peleus et proles tertia Phocus;
 ipse quoque egreditur tardus gravitate senili
 Aeacus et, quae sit veniendi causa requirit.
 admonitus patrii luctus suspirat et illi 480
 dicta refert rector populorum talia centum:
 “ arma iuves oro pro gnato sumpta piaeque
 pars sis militiae; tumulo solacia posco.”
 huic Asopiades “ petis inrita ” dixit “ et urbi
 non facienda meae; neque enim coniunctior ulla 485
 Cecropidis est hac tellus: ea foedera nobis.”
 tristis abit “ stabunt ” que “ tibi tua foedera magno ”
 dixit et utilius bellum putat esse minari
 quam gerere atque suas ibi praeconsumere vires.
 classis ab Oenopiis etiamnum Lyctia muris 490
 spectari poterat, cum pleno concita velo
 Attica puppis adest in portusque intrat amicos,
 quae Cephalum patriaeque simul mandata ferebat.
 Aeacidae longo iuvenes post tempore visum
 agnovere tamen Cephalum dextrasque dedere 495
 inque patris duxere domum: spectabilis heros
 et veteris retinens etiamnum pignora formae
 ingreditur ramumque tenens popularis olivae
 a dextra laevaue duos aetate minores
 maior habet, Clyton et Buten, Pallante creatos. 500
 Postquam congressus primi sua verba tulerunt,
 Cecropidum Cephalus peragit mandata rogatque
 auxilium foedusque refert et iura parentum,
 imperiumque peti totius Achaidos addit.

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his approach a rabble rushed forth, eager to see and know so famous a man. Him Telamon met, and Peleus, younger than Telamon, and Phocus, third in age. Aeacus himself came also, slow with the weight of years, and asked him what was the cause of his coming. Reminded of his fatherly grief, the ruler of a hundred cities sighed and thus made answer: "I beg you aid the arms which for my son's sake I have taken up; and be a part of my pious warfare. Repose for the dead I ask." To him Aeacus replied: "You ask in vain that which my city cannot give; for no land is more closely linked to the Athenians than this: so strong are the treaties between us." The other, disappointed, turned away saying: "Your treaty shall cost you dear"; for he thought it were better to threaten war than to wage it and to waste his strength there untimely. Still the Cretan fleet could be seen from the Oenopian walls, when, driven on under full sail, an Attic ship arrived and entered the friendly port, bringing Cephalus and his country's greetings. The men of the house of Aeacus, though it was long since they had seen Cephalus, yet knew him, grasped his hand, and brought him into their father's house. The hero advanced, the centre of all eyes, retaining even yet the traces of his old beauty and charm, bearing a branch of his country's olive, and, himself the elder, flanked on right and left by two of lesser age, Clytos and Butes, sons of Pallas.

After they had exchanged greetings, Cephalus delivered the message of the Athenians, asking for aid and quoting the ancestral league and treaty between their two nations. He added that not alone Athens but the sovereignty over all Greece was Minos' aim. When thus his eloquence had com-

OVID

sic ubi mandatam iuvit facundia causam, 505
 Aeacus, in capulo sceptri nitente sinistra,
 “ ne petite auxilium, sed sumite ” dixit, “ Athenae,
 nec dubie vires, quas haec habet insula, vestras
 ducite et omnia, quae rerum status iste mearum.
 robora non desunt; superat mihi miles et hosti; 510
 gratia dis, felix et inexcusabile tempus.”
 “ immo ita sit ” Cephalus, “ crescat tua civibus opto
 urbs ” ait; “ adveniens equidem modo gaudia cepi,
 cum tam pulchra mihi, tam par aetate iuventus
 obvia processit; multos tamen inde requiro, 515
 quos quondam vidi vestra prius urbe receptus.”
 Aeacus ingemuit tristisque ita voce locutus:
 “ flebile principium melior fortuna secuta est;
 hanc utinam possem vobis memorare sine illo!
 ordine nunc repetam, neu longa ambage morer vos,
 ossa cinisque iacent, memori quos mente requiris, 521
 et quota pars illi rerum periere mearum!
 dira lues ira populis Iunonis iniquae
 incidit exosae dictas a paelice terras.
 dum visum mortale malum tantaeque latebat 525
 causa nocens cladis, pugnatum est arte medendi:
 exitium superabat opem, quae victa iacebat.
 principio caelum spissa caligine terras
 pressit et ignavos inclusit nubibus aestus;
 dumque quater iunctis explevit cornibus orbem 530
 Luna, quater plenum tenuata retexuit orbem,
 letiferis calidi spirarunt aestibus austri.
 constat et in fontis vitium venisse lacusque,
 miliaque incultos serpentum multa per agros
 errasse atque suis fluvios temerasse venenis. 535

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mended his cause, Aecus, his left hand resting on the sceptre's hilt, exclaimed: "Ask not our aid, but take it, Athens; and boldly count your own the forces which this island holds, and all things which the state of my affairs supplies. Warlike strength is not lacking; I have soldiers enough for myself and for my enemy. Thanks to the gods, the times are happy, and without excuse for my refusal." "May it prove even so," said Cephalus, "and may your city multiply in men. In truth, as I came hither, I was rejoiced to meet youth so fair, so matched in age. And yet I miss many among them whom I saw before when last I visited your city." Aecus groaned and with sad voice thus replied: "It was an unhappy beginning, but better fortune followed. Would that I could tell you the last without the first! Now I will take each in turn; and, not to delay you with long circumlocution, they are but bones and dust whom with kindly interest you ask for. And oh, how large a part of all my kingdom perished with them! A dire pestilence came on my people through angry Juno's wrath, who hated us for that our land was called by her rival's name. So long as the scourge seemed of mortal origin and the cause of the terrible plague was still unknown, we fought against it with the physician's art. But the power of destruction exceeded our resources, which were completely baffled. At first heaven rested down upon the earth in thick blackness, and held the sluggish heat confined in the clouds. And while the moon four times waxed to a full orb with horns complete, and four times waned from that full orb, hot south winds blew on us with pestilential breath. Consistently with this, the baleful infection reached our springs and pools; thousands of serpents crawled over our deserted fields and defiled

OVID

strage canum primo volucrumque oviumque boumque
 inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi.
 concidere infelix validos miratur arator
 inter opus tauros medioque recumbere sulco ;
 lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus aegros 540
 sponte sua lanaeque cadunt et corpora tabent ;
 acer equus quondam magnaеque in pulvere famaе
 degenerat palmas veterumque oblitus honorum
 ad praesepe gemit leto moriturus inerti.
 non aper irasci meminit, non fidere cursu 545
 cerva nec armentis incurrere fortibus ursi.
 omnia languor habet : silvisque agrisque viisque
 corpora foeda iacent, vitiantur odoribus aurae.
 mira loquar : non illa canes avidaеque volucres,
 non cani tetigere lupi ; dilapsa liquescunt 550
 adflatuque nocent et agunt contagia late.

“ Pervenit ad miseros damno graviore colonos
 pestis et in magnaе dominatur moenibus urbis.
 viscera torrentur primo, flammaeque latentis
 indicium rubor est et ductus anhelitus ; igni 555
 aspera lingua tumet, tepidisque arentia ventis
 ora patent, auraeque graves captantur hiatu.
 non stratum, non ulla pati velamina possunt,
 sed dura terra ponunt praecordia, nec fit
 corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet.
 nec moderator adest, inque ipsos saeva medentes 561
 erumpit clades, obsuntque auctoribus artes ;
 quo propior quisque est servitque fidelius aegro,
 in partem leti citius venit, utque salutis

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our rivers with their poison. At first the swift power of the disease was confined to the destruction of dogs and birds, sheep and cattle, or among the wild beasts. The luckless plowman marvels to see his strong bulls fall in the midst of their task and sink down in the furrow. The woolly flocks bleat feebly while their wool falls off of itself and their bodies pine away. The horse, once of high courage and of great renown on the race-course, has now lost his victorious spirit and, forgetting his former glory, groans in his stall, doomed to an inglorious death. The boar forgets his rage, the hind to trust his fleetness, the bears to attack the stronger herds. Lethargy holds all. In woods and fields and roads foul carcasses lie; and the air is defiled by the stench. And, strange to say, neither dogs nor ravenous birds nor grey wolves did touch them. The bodies lie rotting on the ground, blast with their stench, and spread the contagion far and near.

“At last, now grown stronger, the pestilence attacks the wretched countrymen, and lords it within the great city’s walls. As the first symptoms, the vitals are burnt up, and a sign of the lurking fire is a red flush and panting, feverish breath. The tongue is rough and swollen with fever; the lips stand apart, parched with hot respiration, and catch gasping at the heavy air. The stricken can endure no bed, no covering of any kind, but throw themselves face down on the hard ground; but their bodies gain no coolness from the ground; rather is the ground heated by their bodies. No one can control the pest, but it fiercely breaks out upon the very physicians, and their arts do but injure those who use them. The nearer one is to the sick and the more faithfully he serves them, the more quickly is he himself stricken unto death. And as the hope of life

OVID

spes abiit finemque vident in funere morbi, 565
 indulgent animis et nulla, quid utile, cura est :
 utile enim nil est. passim positoque pudore
 fontibus et fluviis puteisque capacibus haerent,
 nec sitis est exstincta prius quam vita bibendo.
 inde graves multi nequeunt consurgere et ipsis 570
 inmoriuntur aquis, aliquis tamen haurit et illas ;
 tantaque sunt miseris invisi taedia lecti,
 prosiliunt aut, si prohibent consistere vires,
 corpora devolvunt in humum fugiuntque penates
 quisque suos, sua cuique domus funesta videtur, 575
 et quia causa latet, locus est in crimine parvus.
 semianimes errare viis, dum stare valebant,
 adspiceres, flentes alios terraque iacentes
 lassaque versantes supremo lumina motu ;
 membraque pendentis tendunt ad sidera caeli, 580
 hic illic, ubi mors deprenderat, exhalantes.

“ Quid mihi tunc animi fuit ? an, quod debuit esse,
 ut vitam odissem et cuperem pars esse meorum ?
 quo se cumque acies oculorum flexerat, illic
 vulgus erat stratum, veluti cum putria motis 585
 poma cadunt ramis agitataque ilice glandes.
 templa vides contra gradibus sublimia longis :
 Iuppiter illa tenet. quis non altaribus illis
 inrita tura dedit ? quotiens pro coniuge cóniunx,
 pro gnato genitor dum verba precantia dicit, 590
 non exoratis animam finivit in aris,
 inque manu turis pars inconsumpta reperta est !
 admoti quotiens templis, dum vota sacerdos
 concipit et fundit durum inter cornua vinum,

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deserts them and they see the end of their malady only in death, they indulge their desires, and they have no care for what is best—for nothing is best. Everywhere, shameless they lie, in fountain-basins, in streams and roomy wells; nor by drinking is their thirst quenched so long as life remains. Many of these are too weak to rise, and die in the very water; and yet others drink even that water. To many poor wretches so great is the irksomeness of their hateful beds that they jump out, or, if they have not strength enough to stand, they roll out on the ground. They flee from their own homes: for each man's home seems a place of death to him. Since the cause of the disease is hidden, that small spot is held to blame. You might have seen them wandering half dead along the ways while they could keep on their feet, others lying on the ground and weeping bitterly, turning their dull eyes upward with a last weak effort, and stretching out their arms to the sky that hung over them like a pall—here, there, wherever death has caught them, breathing out their lives.

“What were my feelings then? Was it not natural that I should hate life and long to be with my friends? Wherever I turned my eyes there was a confused heap of dead, as mellow apples fall when the boughs are shaken, and acorns from the wind-tossed oak. You see a temple yonder, raised on high, approached by a long flight of steps. It is sacred to Jupiter. Who did not bear his fruitless offerings to those altars? How often a husband for his wife's sake, a father for his son, while still uttering his prayer, has died before the implacable altars, and in his hand a portion of the incense was unused! How often the sacrificial bulls brought to the temples, while yet the priest was praying and pouring pure wine between their

OVID

haud exspectato ceciderunt vulnere tauri! 595
 ipse ego sacra Iovi pro me patriaque tribusque
 cum facerem natis, mugitus victima diros
 edidit et subito conlapsa sine ictibus ullis
 exiguo tinxit subiectos sanguine cultros.
 exta quoque aegra notas veri monitusque deorum 600
 perdidierant: tristes penetrant ad viscera morbi.
 ante sacros vidi proiecta cadavera postes,
 ante ipsas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras.
 pars animam laqueo claudunt mortisque timorem
 morte fugant ultroque vocant venientia fata. 605
 corpora missa neci nullis de more feruntur
 funeribus (neque enim capiebant funera portae):
 aut inhumata premunt terras aut dantur in altos
 indotata rogos; et iam reverentia nulla est,
 deque rogis pugnant alienisque ignibus ardent. 610
 qui lacrimant, desunt, indefletaeque vagantur
 matrumque nuruumque animae iuvenumque senum-
 que,
 nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes.
 Attonitus tanto miserarum turbine rerum,
 'Iuppiter o!' dixi, 'si te non falsa loquuntur 615
 dicta sub amplexus Aeginae Asopidos isse,
 nec te, magne pater, nostri pudet esse parentem,
 aut mihi redde meos aut me quoque conde sepulcro!'

ille notam fulgore dedit tonitruque secundo.
 'accipio sintque ista precor felicia mentis 620
 signa tuae!' dixi, 'quod das mihi, pigeror omen.'
 forte fuit iuxta patulis rarissima ramis
 sacra Iovi quercus de semine Dodonaeo;

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horns, have fallen without waiting for the stroke! While I myself was sacrificing to Jove on my own behalf and for my country and my three sons, the victim uttered dreadful bellowings and, suddenly falling without any stroke of mine, it barely stained the knife with its scanty blood; the diseased entrails also had lost the marks of truth and the warnings of the gods: for to the very vitals does the grim pest go. Before the temple doors I saw the corpses cast away, nay, before the very altars, that their death might be even more odious. Some hung themselves, driving away the fear of death by death and going out to meet their approaching fate. The dead bodies were not borne out to burial in the accustomed way; for the gates would not accommodate so many funerals. They either lie on the ground unburied, or else they are piled high on funeral pyres without honours. And by this time there is no reverence for the dead; men fight for pyres, and with stolen flames they burn. There are none left to mourn the dead. Unwept they go wandering out, the souls of matrons and of brides, of men both young and old. There was no more space for graves, nor wood for fires.

“Dazed by such an overwhelming flood of woe, I cried to Jove: ‘O Jove, if it is not falsely said that thou didst love Aegina, daughter of Asopus, and if thou, great father, art not ashamed to be our father, either give me back my people or consign me also to the tomb.’ He gave a sign with lightning and a peal of thunder in assent. ‘I accept the sign,’ I said, ‘and may those tokens of thy mind towards us be happy signs. The omen which thou givest me I take as pledge.’ It chanced there was an oak near by with branches unusually widespread, sacred to Jove and of Dodona’s stock. Here we spied a swarm of grain-gathering

OVID

hic nos frugilegas adspeximus agmine longo
 grande onus exiguo formicas ore gerentes 625
 rugosoque suum servantes cortice callem ;
 dum numerum miror, ' totidem, pater optime, ' dixi,
 ' tu mihi da cives et inania moenia supple ! '

intremuit ramisque sonum sine flamine motis
 alta dedit quercus : pavido mihi membra timore 630
 horruerant, stabantque comae ; tamen oscula terrae
 roboribusque dedi, nec me sperare fatebar ;
 sperabam tamen atque animo mea vota fovebam.
 nox subit, et curis exercita corpora somnus
 occupat : ante oculos eadem mihi quercus adesse 635
 et ramis totidem totidemque animalia ramis
 ferre suis visa est pariterque tremescere motu
 graniferumque agmen subiectis spargere in arvis ;
 crescere quod subito et maius maiusque videri
 ac se tollere humo rectoque adsistere trunco 640
 et maciem numerumque pedum nigrumque colorem
 ponere et humanam membris inducere formam.
 somnus abit : damno vigilans mea visa querorque
 in superis opis esse nihil ; at in aedibus ingens 644
 murmur erat, vocesque hominum exaudire videbar
 iam mihi desuetas ; dum suspicor has quoque somni
 esse, venit Telamon properus foribusque reclusis
 ' speque fideque, pater ', dixit ' maiora videbis :
 egredere ! ' egredior, qualesque in imagine somni
 visus eram vidisse viros, ex ordine tales 650
 adspicio noscoque : adeunt regemque salutant.
 vota Iovi solvo populisque recentibus urbem
 partior et vacuos priscis cultoribus agros,

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ants in a long column, bearing heavy loads with their tiny mouths, and keeping their own path along the wrinkled bark. Wondering at their numbers, I said: 'O most excellent father, grant thou me just as many subjects, and fill my empty walls.' The lofty oak trembled and moved its branches, rustling in the windless air. My limbs were horror-smitten with quaking fear and my hair stood on end. Yet I kissed the earth and the oak-tree; nor did I own my hopes to myself, and yet I did hope and I cherished my desires within my mind. Night came and sleep claimed our care-worn bodies. Before my eyes the same oak-tree seemed to stand, with just as many branches and with just as many creatures on its branches, to shake with the same motion, and to scatter the grain-bearing column on the ground below. These seemed suddenly to grow larger and ever larger, to raise themselves from the ground and stand with form erect, to throw off their leanness, their many feet, their back colour, and to take on human limbs and a human form. Then sleep departed. Once awake I thought lightly of my vision, bewailing that there was no help in the gods. But there was a great confused noise in the palace, and I seemed to hear the voices of men to which I was long unused. And while I half believed that this also was a trick of sleep, Telamon came running and, throwing open the door, exclaimed: 'O father, more than you believed or hoped for shall you see. Come out!' I went without, and there just such men as I had seen in my dream I now saw and recognized with my waking eyes. They approached and greeted me as king. I gave thanks to Jove, and to my new subjects I portioned out my city and my fields, forsaken by their former occupants; and I called them

OVID

Myrmidonasque voco nec origine nomina fraudo.
 corpora vidisti; mores, quos ante gerebant, 655
 nunc quoque habent: parcum genus est patiensque
 laborum

quaesitique tenax, et qui quaesita reservent.
 hi te ad bella pares annis animisque sequentur,
 cum primum qui te feliciter attulit eurus ”
 (eurus enim attulerat) “ fuerit mutatus in austrum.” 660

Talibus atque aliis longum sermonibus illi
 inplevere diem; lucis pars ultima mensae
 est data, nox somnis. iubar aureus extulerat Sol,
 flabat adhuc eurus redituraque vela tenebat:
 ad Cephalum Pallante sati, cui grandior aetas, 665
 ad regem Cephalus simul et Pallante creati
 conveniunt, sed adhuc regem sopor altus habebat.
 excipit Aeacides illos in limine Phocus;
 nam Telamon fraterque viros ad bella legebant.

Phocus in interius spatium pulchrosque recessus 670
 Cecropidas ducit, cum quis simul ipse resedit.

adspicit Aeoliden ignota ex arbore factum
 ferre manu iaculum, cuius fuit aurea cuspis.
 pauca prius mediis sermonibus ille locutus
 “ sum nemorum studiosus ” ait “ caedisque ferinae;
 qua tamen e silva teneas hastile recisum, 676
 iam dudum dubito: certe si fraxinus esset,
 fulva colore foret; si cornus, nodus inesset.
 unde sit, ignoro, sed non formosius isto
 viderunt oculi telum iaculabile nostri.” 680

excipit Actaeis e fratribus alter et “ usum

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Myrmidons,¹ nor did I cheat the name of its origin. You have seen their bodies; the habits which they had before they still keep, a thrifty race, inured to toil, keen in pursuit of gain and keeping what they get. These men will follow you to the wars well matched in years and courage, as soon as the east wind which brought you so fortunately hither"—for the east wind it was that brought him—"shall have changed to the south."

With such and other talk they filled the lingering day. The last hours of the day were given to feasting, the night to sleep. When the golden sun had shown his light, the east wind was still blowing and kept the sails from the homeward voyage. The sons of Pallas came to Cephalus, who was the older, and Cephalus with the sons of Pallas went together to the king. But deep sleep still held the king. Phocus, son of Aeacus, received them at the threshold; for Telamon and his brother were marshalling the men for war. Into the inner court and beautiful apartments Phocus conducted the Athenians, and there they sat them down together. There Phocus noticed that Cephalus carried in his hand a javelin with a golden head, and a shaft made of some strange wood. After some talk, he said abruptly: "I am devoted to the woods and the hunting of wild beasts. Still, I have for some time been wondering from what wood that weapon you hold is made. Surely if it were of ash it would be of deep yellow hue; if it were of cornel-wood there would be knots upon it. What wood it is made of I cannot tell; but my eyes have never seen a javelin for throwing more beautiful than that." And one of the Athenian brothers replied: "You will admire the weapon's use more

¹ Fancifully derived from *μύρμηξ*, an ant.

OVID

maiorem specie mirabere ” dixit “ in isto.
 consequitur, quodcumque petit, fortunaque missum
 non regit, et revolat nullo referente cruentum.”
 tum vero iuvenis Nereius omnia quaerit, 685
 cur sit et unde datum, quis tanti muneris auctor.
 quae petit, ille refert, sed enim narrare pudori est,
 qua tulerit mercede; silet tactusque dolore
 coniugis amissae lacrimis ita fatur obortis:
 “ hoc me, nate dea, (quis possit credere?) telum 690
 flere facit facietque diu, si vivere nobis
 fata diu dederint; hoc me cum coniuge cara
 perdidit: hoc utinam caruissem munere semper!
 “ Procris erat, si forte magis pervenit ad aures
 Orithyia tuas, raptae soror Orithyiae, 695
 si faciem moresque velis conferre duarum,
 dignior ipsa rapi! pater hanc mihi iunxit Erechtheus,
 hanc mihi iunxit amor: felix dicebar eramque;
 non ita dis visum est, aut nunc quoque forsitan essem.
 alter agebatur post sacra iugalia mensis, 700
 cum me cornigeris tendentem retia cervis
 vertice de summo semper florentis Hymetti
 lutea mane videt pulsus Aurora tenebris
 invitumque rapit. liceat mihi vera referre
 pace deae: quod sit roseo spectabilis ore, 705
 quod teneat lucis, teneat confinia noctis,
 nectareis quod alatur aquis, ego Procrin amabam;
 pectore Procris erat, Procris mihi semper in ore.
 sacra tori coitusque novos thalamosque recentes
 primaque deserti referebam foedera lecti: 710

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

than its beauty; it goes straight to any mark, and chance does not guide its flight; and it flies back, all bloody, with no hand to bring it." Then indeed young Phocus was eager to know why it was so, and whence it came, who was the giver of so wonderful a gift. Cephalus told what the youth asked, but he was ashamed to tell at what price he gained it. He was silent; then, touched with grief for his lost wife, he burst into tears and said: "It is this weapon makes me weep, thou son of a goddess—who could believe it?—and long will it make me weep if the fates shall give me long life. This destroyed me and my dear wife together. And oh, that I had never had it! My wife was Procris, or, if by more likely chance the name of Orithyia has come to your ears, the sister of the ravished Orithyia. If you should compare the form and bearing of the two, Procris herself is the more worthy to be ravished away. It is she that her father, Erechtheus, joined to me; it is she that love joined to me. I was called happy, and happy I was. But the gods decreed it otherwise, or, perchance, I should be happy still. It was in the second month after our marriage rites. I was spreading my nets to catch the antlered deer, when from the top of ever-blooming Hymettus the golden goddess of the dawn, having put the shades to flight, beheld me and carried me away, against my will: may the goddess pardon me for telling the simple truth; but as truly as she shines with the blush of roses on her face, as truly as she holds the portals of the day and night, and drinks the juices of nectar, it was Procris I loved; Procris was in my heart, Procris was ever on my lips. I kept talking of my wedding and its fresh joys of love and the first union of my now deserted couch. The

OVID

mota dea est et ' siste tuas, ingrate, querellas ;
 Procrin habe!' dixit, ' quod si mea provida mens est,
 non habuisse voles.' meque illi irata remisit.
 cum redeo mecumque deae memorata retracto,
 esse metus coepit, ne iura iugalia coniunx 715
 non bene servasset : facies aetasque iubebat
 credere adulterium, prohibebant credere mores ;
 sed tamen afueram, sed et haec erat, unde redibam,
 criminis exemplum, sed cuncta timemus amantes.
 quaerere, quod doleam, statuo donisque pudicam 720
 sollicitare fidem ; favet huic Aurora timori
 inmutatque meam (videor sensisse) figuram.
 Palladius in eo non cognoscendus Athenas
 ingrediorque domum ; culpa domus ipsa carebat
 castaque signa dabat dominoque erat anxia raptō :
 vix aditus per mille dolos ad Erechthida factus. 726
 ut vidi, obstipui meditataque paene reliqui
 temptamenta fide ; male me, quin vera faterer,
 continui, male, quin, et oportuit, oscula ferrem.
 tristis erat (sed nulla tamen formosior illa 730
 esse potest tristi) desiderioque dolebat
 coniugis abrepti : tu collige, qualis in illa,
 Phoece, decor fuerit, quam sic dolor ipse decebat !
 quid referam, quotiens temptamina nostra pudici
 reppulerint mores, quotiens ' ego ' dixerit ' uni 735
 servor ; ubicumque est, uni mea gaudia servo.'
 cui non ista fide satis experientia sano
 magna foret ? non sum contentus et in mea pugno

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goddess was provoked and exclaimed: 'Cease your complaints, ungrateful boy; keep your Procris! but, if my mind can foresee at all, you will come to wish that you had never had her'; and in a rage she sent me back to her. As I was going home, and turned over in my mind the goddess' warning, I began to fear that my wife herself had not kept her marriage vows. Her beauty and her youth made me fear unfaithfulness; but her character forbade that fear. Still, I had been absent long, and she from whom I was returning was herself an example of unfaithfulness; and besides, we lovers fear everything. I decided to make a cause for grievance and to tempt her chaste faith by gifts. Aurora helped me in this jealous undertaking and changed my form; (I seemed to feel the change). And so, unrecognizable I entered Athens, Pallas' sacred city, and went into my house. The household itself was blameless, showed no sign of aught amiss, was only anxious for its lost lord. With much difficulty and by a thousand wiles I gained the presence of Erechtheus' daughter; and when I looked upon her my heart failed me and I almost abandoned the test of her fidelity which I had planned. I scarce kept from confessing the truth, from kissing her as was her due. She was sad; but no woman could be more beautiful than was she in her sadness. She was all grief with longing for the husband who had been torn away from her. Imagine, Phocus, how beautiful she was, how that grief itself became her. Why should I tell how often her chastity repelled my temptations? To every plea she said: 'I keep myself for one alone. Wherever he is I keep my love for one.' What husband in his senses would not have found that test of her fidelity enough? But I was not content and strove on to my own undoing!

OVID

vulnera! cum census dare me pro nocte loquendo
 muneraque augendo tandem dubitare coegi, 740
 exclamo male victor: ' adest, mala, fictus adulter!
 verus eram coniunx! me, perfida, teste teneris.'
 illa nihil; tacito tantummodo victa pudore
 insidiosa malo cum coniuge limina fugit;
 offensaque mei genus omne perosa virorum 745
 montibus errabat, studiis operata Dianae.
 tum mihi deserto violentior ignis ad ossa
 pervenit: orabam veniam et peccasse fatebar
 et potuisse datis simili succumbere culpae
 me quoque muneribus, si munera tanta darentur. 750
 hoc mihi confesso, laesum prius ultra pudorem,
 redditur et dulces concorditer exigit annos;
 dat mihi praeterea, tamquam se parva dedisset
 dona, canem munus; quem cum sua traderet illi
 Cynthia, ' currendo superabit ' dixerat ' omnes.' 755
 dat simul et iaculum, manibus quod, cernis, habemus.
 muneris alterius quae sit fortuna, requiris?
 accipe mirandum: novitate movebere facti!

" Carmina Laiades non intellecta priorum
 solverat ingeniis, et praecipitata iacebat 760
 inmemor ambagum vates obscura suarum:
 protinus Aoniis inmittitur altera Thebis 763
 (scilicet alma Themis nec talia linquit inulta!) 762
 pestis, et exitio multi pecorumque suoque
 rurigenae pavere feram; vicina iuventus 765

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By promising to give fortunes for her favour, and at last, by adding to my promised gifts, I forced her to hesitate. Then, victor to my sorrow, I exclaimed: 'False one, he that is here is a feigned adulterer! I was really your husband! By my own witness, traitress, you are detected!' She, not a word. Only in silence, overwhelmed with shame, she fled her treacherous husband and his house. In hate for me, loathing the whole race of men, she wandered over the mountains, devoted to Diana's pursuits. Then in my loneliness the fire of love burned more fiercely, penetrating to the marrow. I craved pardon, owned that I had sinned, confessed that I too might have yielded in the same way under the temptation of gifts, if so great gifts were offered to me. When I had made this confession and she had sufficiently avenged her outraged feelings, she came back to me and we spent sweet years together in harmony. She gave me beside, as though she had given but small gifts in herself, a wonderful hound which her own Cynthia had given, and said as she gave: 'He will surpass all other hounds in speed.' She gave me a javelin also, this one which, as you see, I hold in my hands. Would you know the story of both gifts? Hear the wonderful story: you will be moved by the strangeness of the deed.

"Oedipus, the son of Laius, had solved the riddle which had been inscrutable to the understanding of all before; fallen headlong she lay, the dark prophet, forgetful of her own riddle. Straightway a second monster was sent against Aonian Thebes (and surely kind Themis does not let such things go unpunished!) and many country dwellers were in terror of the fierce creature, fearing both for their own and their flocks' destruction. We, the neighbouring youths,

OVID

venimus et latos indagine cinximus agros.
 illa levi velox superabat retia saltu
 summaque transibat postarum lina plagarum :
 copula detrahitur canibus, quos illa sequentes
 effugit et centum non segnior alite ludit. 770
 poscor et ipse meum consensu Laelapa magno
 (muneris hoc nomen) : iamdudum vincula pugnat
 exuere ipse sibi colloque morantia tendit.
 vix bene missus erat, nec iam poteramus, ubi esset,
 scire ; pedum calidus vestigia pulvis habebat, 775
 ipse oculis ereptus erat : non ocior illo
 hasta nec excussae contorto verbere glandes
 nec Gortyniaco calamus levis exit ab arcu.
 collis apex medii subiectis inminet arvis :
 tollor eo capioque novi spectacula cursus, 780
 quo modo deprendi, modo se subducere ab ipso
 vulnere visa fera est ; nec limite callida recto
 in spatiumque fugit, sed decipit ora sequentis
 et redit in gyrum, ne sit suus inpetus hosti :
 inminet hic sequiturque parem similisque tenenti
 non tenet et vanos exercet in aera morsus. 786
 ad iaculi vertebar opem ; quod dextera librat
 dum mea, dum digitos amentis addere tempto,
 lumina deflexi. revocataque rursus eodem
 rettuleram : et medio (mirum) duo marmora campo
 adspicio ; fugere hoc, illud captare putares. 791
 scilicet invictos ambo certamine cursus
 esse deus voluit, si quis deus adfuit illis."

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came and encircled the broad fields with our hunting-nets. But that swift beast leaped over the nets, over the very tops of the toils which we had spread. Then we let slip our hounds from the leash; but she escaped their pursuit and mocked the hundred dogs with speed like any bird. Then all the hunters called upon me for my Laelaps (that is the name of the hound my wife had given me). Long since he had been struggling to get loose from the leash and straining his neck against the strap that held him. Scarce was he well released when we could not tell where he was. The warm dust kept the imprint of his feet, he himself had quite disappeared from sight. No spear is swifter than he, nor leaden bullets thrown by a whirled sling, or the light reed shot from a Gortynian bow. There was a high hill near by, whose top overlooked the surrounding plain. Thither I climbed and gained a view of that strange chase, in which the beast seemed now to be caught and now to slip from the dog's very teeth. Nor does the cunning creature flee in a straight course off into the distance, but it eludes the pursuer's jaws and wheels sharply round, so that its enemy may lose his spring. The dog presses him hard, follows him step for step, and, while he seems to hold him, does not hold, and snaps at the empty air. I turned to my javelin's aid. As my right hand was balancing it, while I was fitting my fingers into the loop, I turned my eyes aside for a single moment; and when I turned them back again to the same spot—oh, wonderful! I saw two marble images in the plain; the one you would think was fleeing, the other catching at the prey. Doubtless some god must have willed, if there was any god with them, that both should be unconquered in their race." Thus far he spoke and fell silent.

OVID

hactenus, et tacuit; "iaculo quod crimen in ipso est?"
 Phocus ait; iaculi sic crimina reddidit ille: 795

"Gaudia principium nostri sunt, Phoce, doloris:
 illa prius referam. iuvat o meminisse beati
 temporis, Aeacida, quo primos rite per annos
 coniuge eram felix, felix erat illa marito.

mutua cura duos et amor socialis habebat, 800
 nec Iovis illa meo thalamos praeferret amori,
 nec me quae caperet, non si Venus ipsa veniret,
 ulla erat; aequales urebant pectora flammae.

sole fere radiis feriente cacumina primis
 venatum in silvas iuvenaliter ire solebam 805
 nec mecum famuli nec equi nec naribus acres
 ire canes nec lina sequi nodosa solebant:

tutus eram iaculo; sed cum satiata ferinae
 dextera caedis erat, repetebam frigus et umbras
 et quae de gelidis exibat vallibus aura: 810

aura petebatur medio mihi lenis in aestu,
 auram exspectabam, requies erat illa labori.
 'aura' (recordor enim), 'venias' cantare solebam,
 'meque iuves intresque sinus, gratissima, nostros,
 utque facis, relevare velis, quibus urimur, aestus!'
 forsitan addiderim (sic me mea fata trahebant), 816

blanditias plures et 'tu mihi magna voluptas'
 dicere sim solitus, 'tu me reficisque fovesque,
 tu facis, ut silvas, ut amem loca sola: meoque
 spiritus iste tuus semper captatur ab ore.' 820

vocibus ambiguis deceptam praebuit aurem
 nescio quis nomenque aurae tam saepe vocatum

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“ But what charge have you to bring against the javelin itself? ” asked Phocus. The other thus told what charge he had against the javelin :

“ My joys, Phocus, were the beginning of my woe. These I will describe first. Oh, what a joy it is, son of Aeacus, to remember the blessed time when during those first years I was happy in my wife, as I should be, and she was happy in her husband. Mutual cares and mutual love bound us together. Not Jove’s love would she have preferred to mine; nor was there any woman who could lure me away from her, no, not if Venus herself should come. An equal passion burned in both our two hearts. In the early morning, when the sun’s first rays touched the tops of the hills, with a young man’s eagerness I used to go hunting in the woods. Nor did I take attendants with me, or horses or keen-scented dogs or knotted nets. I was safe with my javelin. But when my hand had had its fill of slaughter of wild creatures, I would come back to the cool shade and the breeze that came forth from the cool valleys. I wooed the breeze, blowing gently on me in my heat; the breeze I waited for. She was my labour’s rest. ‘ Come, Aura,’ I remember I used to cry, ‘ come soothe me; come into my breast, most welcome one, and, as indeed you do, relieve the heat with which I burn.’ Perhaps I would add, for so my fates drew me on, more endearments, and say: ‘ Thou art my greatest joy; thou dost refresh and comfort me; thou makest me to love the woods and solitary places. It is ever my joy to feel thy breath upon my face.’ Some one overhearing these words was deceived by their double meaning; and, thinking that the word ‘ Aura ’ so often on my lips was a nymph’s name, was convinced that I was in love with

OVID

esse putat nymphae : nympham mihi credit amari.
 criminis extemplo ficti temerarius index
 Procrin adit linguaque refert audita susurra. 825
 credula res amor est : subito conlapsa dolore,
 ut mihi narratur, cecidit ; longoque refecta
 tempore se miseram, se fati dixit iniqui
 deque fide questa est et crimine concita vano,
 quod nil est, metuit, metuit sine corpore nomen 830
 et dolet infelix veluti de paelice vera.
 saepe tamen dubitat speratque miserrima falli
 indicioque fidem negat et, nisi viderit ipsa,
 damnatura sui non est delicta mariti.
 postera depulerant Aurorae lumina noctem : 835
 egredior silvamque peto victorque per herbas
 ' aura, veni ' dixi ' nostroque medere labori ! '
 et subito gemitus inter mea verba videbar
 nescio quos audisse ; ' veni ' tamen, ' optima ! ' dixi.
 fronde levem rursus strepitum faciente caduca 840
 sum ratus esse feram telumque volatile misi :
 Procris erat medioque tenens in pectore vulnus
 ' ei mihi ' conclamat ! vox est ubi cognita fidae
 coniugis, ad vocem praeceps amensque cucurri. 844
 semianimem et sparsas foedantem sanguine vestes
 et sua (me miserum !) de vulnere dona trahentem
 invenio corpusque meo mihi carius ulnis
 mollibus attollo scissaque a pectore veste
 vulnera saeva ligo conorque inhibere cruorem
 neu me morte sua sceleratum deserat, oro. 850

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

some nymph. Straightway the rash tell-tale went to Procris with the story of my supposed unfaithfulness and reported in whispers what he had heard. A credulous thing is love. Smitten with sudden pain (as I heard the story), she fell down in a swoon. Reviving at last, she called herself wretched, victim of cruel fate; complained of my unfaithfulness, and, excited by an empty charge, she feared a mere nothing, feared an empty name and grieved, poor girl, as over a real rival. And yet she would often doubt and hope in her depth of misery that she was mistaken; she refused to believe the story she had heard, and, unless she saw it with her own eyes, would not think her husband guilty of such sin. The next morning, when the early dawn had banished night, I left the house and sought the woods; there, successful, as I lay on the grass, I cried: 'Come, Aura, come and soothe my toil'—and suddenly, while I was speaking, I thought I heard a groan. 'Come, dearest one,' I cried again. And as the fallen leaves made a slight rustling sound, I thought it was some beast and hurled my javelin at the place. It was Procris, and, clutching at the wound in her breast, she cried, 'Oh, woe is me.' When I recognized the voice of my faithful wife, I rushed headlong towards the sound, beside myself with horror. There I found her dying, her disordered garments stained with blood, and oh, the pity! trying to draw the very weapon she had given me from her wounded breast. With loving arms I raised her body, dearer to me than my own, tore open the garment from her breast and bound up the cruel wound, and tried to staunch the blood, praying that she would not leave me stained with her death. She, though strength failed her, with a

OVID

viribus illa carens et iam moribunda coegit
haec se pauca loqui: ' per nostri foedera lecti
perque deos supplex oro superosque meosque,
per si quid merui de te bene perque manentem
nunc quoque, cum pereo, causam mihi mortis amorem,
ne thalamis Auram patiare innubere nostris!' 856
dixit, et errorem tum denique nominis esse
et sensi et docui. sed quid docuisse iuvabat?
labitur, et parvae fugiunt cum sanguine vires,
dumque aliquid spectare potest, me spectat et in me
infelicem animam nostroque exhalat in ore; 861
sed vultu meliore mori segura videtur."

Flentibus haec lacrimans heros memorabat, et ecce
Aeacus ingreditur duplici cum prole novoque
milite; quem Cephalus cum fortibus accipit armis. 865

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

dying effort forced herself to say these few words: 'By the union of our love, by the gods above and my own gods, by all that I have done for you, and by the love that still I bear you in my dying hour, the cause of my own death, I beg you, do not let this Aura take my place.' And then I knew at last that it was a mistake in the name, and I told her the truth. But what availed then the telling? She fell back in my arms and her last faint strength fled with her blood. So long as she could look at anything she looked at me and breathed out her unhappy spirit on my lips. But she seemed to die content and with a happy look upon her face."

This story the hero told with many years. And now Aeacus came in with his two sons and his new levied band of soldiers, which Cephalus received with their valiant arms.

BOOK VIII

LIBER VIII

IAM nitidum retegente diem noctisque fugante
tempora Lucifero cadit Eurus, et umida surgunt
nubila : dant placidi cursum redeuntibus Austri
Aeacidis Cephaloque ; quibus feliciter acti
ante expectatum portus tenuere petitos. 5
interea Minos Lelegeia litora vastat
praetemptatque sui vires Mavortis in urbe
Alcathoi, quam Nisus habet, cui splendidus ostro
inter honoratos medioque in vertice canos
crinis inhaerebat, magni fiducia regni. 10
Sexta resurgebant orientis cornua lunae,
et pendebat adhuc belli fortuna, diuque
inter utrumque volat dubiis Victoria pennis.
regia turris erat vocalibus addita muris,
in quibus auratam proles Letoia fertur 15
deposuisse lyram : saxo sonus eius inhaesit.
saepe illuc solita est ascendere filia Nisi
et petere exiguo resonantia saxa lapillo,
tum cum pax esset ; bello quoque saepe solebat
spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis, 20
iamque mora belli procerum quoque nomina norat
armaque equosque habitusque Cydonaeasque
pharetras ;

BOOK VIII

Now when Lucifer had banished night and ushered in the shining day, the east wind fell and moist clouds arose. The peaceful south wind offered a safe return to Cephalus and the mustered troops of Aeacus, and, speeding their voyage, brought them, sooner than they had hoped, to their desired haven. Meanwhile King Minos was laying waste the coast of Megara, and was trying his martial strength against the city of Alcatheüs,¹ where Nisus reigned. This Nisus had growing on his head, amidst his locks of honoured grey, a brilliant purple lock on whose preservation rested the safety of his throne.

Six times had the new moon shown her horns, and still the fate of war hung in the balance ; so long did Victory hover on doubtful wings between the two. There was a royal tower reared on the tuneful walls where Latona's son was said to have laid down his golden lyre, whose music still lingered in the stones. Often to this tower the daughter of King Nisus used to climb and set the rocks resounding with a pebble, in the day when peace was. Also after the war began she would often look out from this place upon the rough martial combats. And now, as the war dragged on, she had come to know even the names of the warring chieftains, their arms, their horses, their dress, their Cretan quivers. And

¹ *i.e.* Megara.

OVID

noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europaei,
 plus etiam, quam nosse sat est: hac iudice Minos,
 seu caput abdiderat cristata casside pennis, 25
 in galea formosus erat; seu sumpserat aere
 fulgentem clipeum, clipeum sumpsisse decebat;
 torserat adductis hastilia lenta lacertis:
 laudabat virgo iunctam cum viribus artem;
 inposito calamo patulos sinuaverat arcus: 30
 sic Phoebum sumptis iurabat stare sagittis;
 cum vero faciem dempto nudaverat aere
 purpureusque albi stratis insignia pictis
 terga premebat equi spumantiaque ora regebat,
 vix sua, vix sanae virgo Niseia compos 35
 mentis erat: felix iaculum, quod tangeret ille,
 quaeque manu premeret, felicia frena vocabat.
 impetus est illi, liceat modo, ferre per agmen
 virgineos hostile gradus, est impetus illi
 turribus e summis in Gnosia mittere corpus 40
 castra vel aeratas hosti recludere portas,
 vel siquid Minos aliud velit. utque sedebat
 candida Dictaei spectans tentoria regis,
 "laeter," ait "doleamne geri lacrimabile bellum,
 in dubio est; doleo, quod Minos hostis amanti est. 45
 sed nisi bella forent, numquam mihi cognitus esset!
 me tamen accepta poterat deponere bellum
 obside: me comitem, me pacis pignus haberet.
 si quae te peperit, talis, pulcherrime rerum,
 qualis es, ipsa fuit, merito deus arsit in illa. 50
 o ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras
 Gnosiaci possem castris insistere regis
 fassaque me flammasque meas, qua dote, rogarem,

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above all others did she know the face of their leader, Europa's son, yes, better than she should. If he had hidden his head in a crested casque, Minos in a helmet was lovely to her eyes: or if he carried his shining golden shield, the shield became him well. Did he hurl his tough spear with tense muscles, the girl admired the strength and the skill he showed. Did he bend the wide-curving bow with arrow fitted to the string, thus she would swear that Phoebus stood with arrows in his hand. But when unhelmed he showed his face, when clad in purple he bestrode his milk-white steed gorgeous with broidered trappings, and managed the foaming bit, then was Nisus' daughter hardly her own, hardly mistress of a sane mind. Happy the javelin which he touched and happy the reins which he held in his hand, she thought. She longed, were it but allowed, to speed her maiden steps through the foemen's line; she longed to leap down from her lofty tower into the Cretan camp, to open the city's bronze-bound gates to the enemy, to do any other thing which Minos might desire. And, as she sat gazing at the white tents of the Cretan king, she said: "Whether I should rejoice or grieve at this woeful war, I cannot tell. I grieve because Minos is the foe of her who loves him; but if there were no war, he would never have been known to me. Suppose he had me as a hostage, then he could give up the war; I should be in his company, should be a pledge of peace. If she who bore you, O loveliest of all the world, was such as you are, good reason was it that the god burned for her. Oh, thrice happy should I be, if only I might fly through the air and stand within the camp of the Cretan king, and confess my love, and ask what dower he would wish to be paid for me. Only let him not ask my

OVID

vellet emi, tantum patrias ne posceret arces !
 nam pereant potius sperata cubilia, quam sim 55
 proditione potens !—quamvis saepe utile vinci
 victoris placidi fecit clementia multis.
 iusta gerit certe pro nato bella perempto :
 et causaque valet causamque tenentibus armis,
 et, puto, vincemur ; qui si manet exitus urbem, 60
 cur suus haec illi reseret mea moenia Mavors
 et non noster amor ? melius sine caede moraque
 impensaue sui poterit superare cruoris.
 non metuam certe, ne quis tua pectora, Minos,
 vulneret imprudens : quis enim tam durus, ut in te 65
 dirigere inमितem non inscius audeat hastam ? ”
 coepta placent, et stat sententia tradere secum
 dotalem patriam finemque inponere bello ;
 verum velle parum est ! “ aditus custodia servat,
 claustraque portarum genitor tenet : hunc ego solum
 infelix timeo, solus mea vota moratur. 71
 di facerent, sine patre forem ! sibi quisque profecto
 est deus : ignavis precibus Fortuna repugnat.
 altera iamdudum succensa cupidine tanto
 perdere gauderet, quodcumque obstaret amori. 75
 et cur ulla foret me fortior ? ire per ignes
 et gladios ausim ; nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis
 aut gladiis opus est, opus est mihi crine paterno.
 illa mihi est auro pretiosior, illa beatam
 purpura me votique mei factura potentem.” 80
 Talia dicenti curarum maxima nutrix
 nox intervenit, tenebrisque audacia crevit.
 prima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis

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country's citadel. For may all my hopes of wedlock perish ere I gain it by treachery. And yet oft-times many have found it good to be overcome, when an appeased victor has been merciful. Surely he wages a just war for his murdered son; and he is strong both in his cause and in the arms that defend his cause. We shall be conquered, I am sure. And if that doom awaits our city, why shall his warrior hand unbar these walls of ours, and not my love? Far better will it be without massacre and suspense and the cost of his own blood for him to conquer. In that case truly I should not fear lest someone should pierce your breast unwittingly, dear Minos; for, if not unwitting, who so cruel that he could bring himself to throw his pitiless spear at you?" She likes the plan, and decides to give up herself with her country as her dowry, and so to end the war. But merely to will is not enough. "A watch guards the entry; my father holds the keys of the city gates. Him only do I fear, unhappy! Only he delays the wish of my heart. Would to God I had no father! But surely everyone is his own god; Fortune resists half-hearted prayers. Another girl in my place, fired with so great a love, would long since have destroyed, and that with joy, whatever stood in the way of her love. And why should another be braver than I? Through fire and sword would I dare go. And yet here there is no need of fire or sword. I need but my father's lock of hair. That is to me more precious than gold; that purple lock will make me blest, will give me my heart's desire."

While she thus spoke night came on, most potent healer of our cares; and with the darkness her boldness grew. The first rest had come, when sleep

OVID

pectora somnus habet: thalamos taciturna paternos
 intrat et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem 85
 crine suum spoliat praedaeque potita nefanda
 per medios hostes (meriti fiducia tanta est) 88
 pervenit ad regem; quem sic adfata paventem est:
 "suasit amor facinus: proles ego regia Nisi 90
 Scylla tibitrado patriaeque meosque penates;
 praemia nulla peto nisi te: cape pignus amoris
 purpureum crinem nec me nunc tradere crinem,
 sed patrium tibi crede caput!" scelerataque dextra
 munera porrexit; Minos porrecta refugit 95
 turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti:
 "di te summoveant, o nostri infamia saeculi,
 orbe suo, tellusque tibi pontusque negetur!
 certe ego non patiar Iovis incunabula, Creten,
 qui meus est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum." 100

Dixit, et ut leges captis iustissimus auctor
 hostibus inposuit, classis retinacula solvi
 iussit et aeratas impleri remige puppes.
 Scylla freto postquam deductas nare carinas
 nec praestare ducem sceleris sibi praemia vidit, 105
 consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram
 intendensque manus passis furibunda capillis
 "quo fugis" exclamat "meritorum auctore relicta,
 o patriae praelate meae, praelate parenti?
 quo fugis, inmitis, cuius victoria nostrum 110
 et scelus et meritum est? nec te data munera, nec te
 noster amor movit, nec quod spes omnis in unum

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holds the heart weary with the cares of day: the daughter steals silently into her father's chamber, and—oh, the horrid crime!—she despoils him of the tress where his life lay. With this cursed prize, through the midst of her foes, so sure is she of a welcome for her deed, she goes straight to the king; and thus she addresses him, startled at her presence: "Love has led me to this deed. I, Scylla, daughter of King Nisus, do here deliver to your hands my country and my house. I ask no reward save only you. Take as the pledge of my love this purple lock, and know that I am giving to you not a lock, but my father's life." And in her sin-stained hand she held out the prize to him. Minos recoiled from the proffered gift, and, in horror at the sight of so unnatural an act, he replied: "May the gods banish you from their world, O foul disgrace of our age! May both land and sea be denied to you! Be sure that I shall not permit so vile a monster to set foot on Crete, my world, the cradle of Jove's infancy."

He spoke; and when this most upright lawgiver had imposed laws upon his conquered foes, he bade loose the hawsers of the fleet, and the rowers to man the bronze-bound ships. When Scylla saw that the ships were launched and afloat, and that the king refused her the reward of her sin, having prayed until she could pray no more, she became violently enraged, and stretching out her hands, with streaming hair and mad with passion, she exclaimed: "Whither do you flee, abandoning the giver of your success, O you whom I put before my fatherland, before my father? Whither do you flee, you cruel man, whose victory is my sin, 'tis true, but is my merit also? Does not the gift I gave move you, do not my love and

OVID

te mea congesta est? nam quo deserta revertar?
 in patriam? superata iacet! sed finge manere:
 prodicione mea clausa est mihi! patris ad ora? 115
 quem tibi donavi! cives odere merentem,
 finitimi exemplum metuunt: exponimur orbe
 terrarum, nobis ut Crete sola pateret.
 hac quoque si prohibes et nos, ingrate, relinquis,
 non genetrix Europa tibi est, sed inhospita Syrtis, 120
 Armeniae tigres austroque agitata Charybdis.
 Nec Iove tu natus, nec mater imagine tauri
 ducta tua est: generis falsa est ea fabula! verus
 et ferus et captus nullius amore iuvencae,
 qui te progenuit, taurus fuit. exige poenas, 125
 Nise pater! gaudete malis modo prodita nostris
 moenia! nam, fateor, merui et sum digna perire.
 sed tamen ex illis aliquis, quos impia laesi,
 me perimat! cur, qui vicisti crimine nostro,
 insequeris crimen? scelus hoc patriaeque patrique,
 officium tibi sit! te vere coniuge digna est, 131
 quae torvum ligno decepit adultera taurum
 discordemque utero fetum tulit. ecquid ad aures
 perveniunt mea dicta tuas, an inania venti
 verba ferunt idemque tuas, ingrate, carinas? 135
 iam iam Pasiphaen non est mirabile taurum
 praeposuisse tibi: tu plus feritatis habebas.
 me miseram! properare iubet! divulsaque remis
 unda sonat, mecumque simul mea terra recedit.

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all my hopes built on you alone? Deserted, whither shall I go? Back to my fatherland? It lies overthrown. But suppose it still remained: it is closed to me by my treachery. To my father's presence? him whom I betrayed to you? My countrymen hate me, and with just cause; the neighbouring peoples fear my example. I am banished from all the world, that Crete alone might be open to me. And if you forbid me Crete as well, and, O ungrateful, leave me here, Europa is not your mother, but the inhospitable Syrtis, the Armenian tigress and storm-tossed Charybdis. You are no son of Jove, nor was your mother tricked by the false semblance of a bull. That story of your birth is a lie: it was a real bull that begot you, a fierce, wild thing that loved no heifer. Inflict my punishment, O Nisus, my father! Rejoice in my woes, O ye walls that I have but now betrayed! For I confess I have merited your hate and I deserve to die. But let some one of those whom I have foully injured slay me. Why should you, who have triumphed through my sin, punish my sin? Let this act which was a crime against my country and my father be but a service in your eyes. She is a true mate¹ for you who with unnatural passion deceived the savage bull by that shape of wood and bore a hybrid offspring in her womb. Does my voice reach your ears? Or do the same winds blow away my words to emptiness that fill your sails, you ingrate? Now, now I do not wonder that Pasiphaë preferred the bull to you, for you were a more savage beast than he. Alas for me! He orders his men to haste away! and the waves resound as the oars dash into them, and I and my land are both fading from his sight. But it

¹ Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos and mother of the Minotaur.

OVID

nil agis, o frustra meritōrum oblite meorum : 140
 insequar invitum puppimque amplexa recurvam
 per freta longa trahar." Vix dixerat, insilit undis
 consequiturque rates faciente cupidine vires
 Gnōsiacaeque haeret comes invidiosa carinae.
 quam pater ut vidit (nam iam pendebat in aura 145
 et modo factus erat fulvis haliaetetus alis),
 ibat, ut haerentem rostro laceraret adunco ;
 illa metu puppim dimisit, et aura cadentem
 sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret aequora, visa est.
 pluma fuit : plumis in avem mutata vocatur 150
 Ciris et a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.

Vota Iovi Minos taurorum corpora centum
 solvit, ut egressus ratibus Curētida terram
 contigit, et spoliis decorata est regia fixis.
 creverat obprobrium generis, foedumque patebat 155
 matris adulterium monstri novitate biformis ;
 destinat hunc Minos thalamo remove pudorem
 multiplicique domo caecisque includere tectis.
 Daedalus ingenio fabrae celeberrimus artis
 ponit opus turbatque notas et lumina flexu 160
 ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum.
 non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Maeandrus in arvis
 ludit et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque
 occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas
 et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum 165
 incertas exercet aquas, ita Daedalus implet

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is in vain; you have forgotten my deserts in vain; I shall follow you against your will, and clinging to the curving stern, I shall be drawn over the long reaches of the sea." Scarce had she spoken when she leaped into the water, swam after the ship, her passion giving strength, and clung, hateful and unwelcome, to the Cretan boat. When her father saw her—for he was hovering in the air, having but now been changed into an osprey with tawny wings—he came on that he might tear her, as she clung there, with his hooked beak. In terror she let go her hold upon the boat, and as she fell the light air seemed to hold her up and keep her from touching the water. She was like a feather! Changed to a feathered bird, she is called Ciris, and takes this name from the shorn lock of hair.¹

Minos duly paid his vows to Jove, a hundred bulls, when he disembarked upon the Cretan strand; and he hung up his spoils of war to adorn his palace. But now his family's disgrace had grown big, and the queen's foul adultery was revealed to all by her strange hybrid monster-child. Minos planned to remove this shame from his house and to hide it away in a labyrinthine enclosure with blind passages. Daedalus, a man famous for his skill in the builder's art, planned and performed the work. He confused the usual passages and deceived the eye by a conflicting maze of divers winding paths. Just as the watery Maeander plays in the Phrygian fields, flows back and forth in doubtful course and, turning back on itself, beholds its own waves coming on their way, and sends its uncertain waters now towards their source and now towards the open sea: so Daedalus made those innumerable winding passages, and was

¹ Ciris, as if from *κείρω*, "I cut."

OVID

innumeras errore vias vixque ipse reverti
ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.

Quo postquam geminam tauri iuvenisque figuram
clausit, et Actaeo bis pastum sanguine monstrum 170
tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,
utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum
ianua difficilis filo est inventa relecto,
protinus Aegides rapta Minoide Diam
vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo 175
litore destituit; desertae et multa querenti
amplexus et opem Liber tulit utque perenni
sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam
inmisit caelo: tenues volat illa per auras
dumque volat, gemmae nitidos vertuntur in ignes 180
consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae,
qui medius Nixique genu est Anguemque tenentis.

Daedalus interea Cretan longumque perosus
exilium tactusque loci natalis amore
clausus erat pelago. " terras licet " inquit " et undas
obstruat: et caelum certe patet; ibimus illac: 186
omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos."
dixit et ignotas animum dimittit in artes
naturamque novat. nam ponit in ordine pennas
a minima coeptas, longam brevior sequenti, 190
ut clivo crevisse putes: sic rustica quondam
fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis;
tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas
atque ita compositas parvo curvamine flectit,

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himself scarce able to find his way back to the place of entry, so deceptive was the enclosure he had built.

In this labyrinth Minos shut up the monster of the bull-man form and twice he fed him on Athenian blood; but the third tribute, demanded after each nine years, brought the creature's overthrow. And when, by the virgin Ariadne's help, the difficult entrance, which no former adventurer had ever reached again, was found by winding up the thread, straightway the son of Aegeus, taking Minos' daughter, spread his sails for Dia; and on that shore he cruelly abandoned his companion. To her, deserted and bewailing bitterly, Bacchus brought love and help. And, that she might shine among the deathless stars, he sent the crown she wore up to the skies. Through the thin air it flew; and as it flew its gems were changed to gleaming fires and, still keeping the appearance of a crown, it took its place between the Kneeler¹ and the Serpent-holder.²

Meanwhile Daedalus, hating Crete and his long exile, and longing to see his native land, was shut in by the sea. "Though he may block escape by land and water," he said, "yet the sky is open, and by that way will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he does not rule the air." So saying, he sets his mind at work upon unknown arts, and changes the laws of nature. For he lays feathers in order, beginning at the smallest, short next to long, so that you would think they had grown upon a slope. Just so the old-fashioned rustic pan-pipes with their unequal reeds rise one above another. Then he fastened the feathers together with twine and wax at the middle and bottom; and, thus arranged, he bent them with a gentle curve, so that they looked like

¹ The constellation of Hercules.

² Ophiuchus.

OVID

ut veras imitetur aves. puer Icarus una 195
 stabat et ignarus, sua se tractare pericla,
 ore rendenti modo, quas vaga moverat aura,
 captabat plumas, flavam modo pollice ceram
 mollibat lusuque suo mirabile patris
 impediabat opus. postquam manus ultima coepto 200
 inposita est, geminas opifex libravit in alas
 ipse suum corpus motaque pependit in aura ;
 instruit et natum " medio " que " ut limite curras,
 Icare," ait " moneo, ne, si demissior ibis,
 unda gravet pennas, si celsior, ignis adurat : 205
 inter utrumque vola. nec te spectare Booten
 aut Helicen iubeo strictumque Orionis ensem :
 me duce carpe viam ! " pariter praecepta volandi
 tradit et ignotas umeris accommodat alas.
 inter opus monitusque genae maduere seniles, 210
 et patriae tremuere manus ; dedit oscula nato
 non iterum repetenda suo pennisque levatus
 ante volat comitique timet, velut ales, ab alto
 quae teneram prolem produxit in aera nido,
 hortaturque sequi damnosasque erudit artes 215
 et movet ipse suas et nati respicit alas.
 hos aliquis tremula dum captat harundine pisces,
 aut pastor baculo stivave innixus arator
 vidit et obstipuit, quique aethera carpere possent,
 credidit esse deos. et iam Iunonia laeva 220
 parte Samos (fuerant Delosque Parosque relictæ)
 dextra Lebinthus erat fecundaque melle Calymne,
 cum puer audaci coepit gaudere volatu

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real birds' wings. His son, Icarus, was standing by and, little knowing that he was handling his own peril, with gleeful face would now catch at the feathers which some passing breeze had blown about, now mould the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his sport would hinder his father's wondrous task. When now the finishing touches had been put upon the work, the master workman himself balanced his body on two wings and hung poised on the beaten air. He taught his son also and said: "I warn you, Icarus, to fly in a middle course, lest, if you go too low, the water may weight your wings; if you go too high, the fire may burn them. Fly between the two. And I bid you not to shape your course by Boötes or Helice or the drawn sword of Orion, but fly where I shall lead." At the same time he tells him the rules of flight and fits the strange wings on his boy's shoulders. While he works and talks the old man's cheeks are wet with tears, and his fatherly hands tremble. He kissed his son, which he was destined never again to do, and rising on his wings, he flew on ahead, fearing for his companion, just like a bird which has led forth her fledglings from the high nest into the unsubstantial air. He encourages the boy to follow, instructs him in the fatal art of flight, himself flapping his wings and looking back on his son. Now some fisherman spies them, angling for fish with his flexible rod, or a shepherd, leaning upon his crook, or a plowman, on his plow-handles—spies them and stands stupefied, and believes them to be gods that they could fly through the air. And now Juno's sacred Samos had been passed on the left, and Delos and Paros; Lebinthus was on the right and Calymne, rich in honey, when the boy began to rejoice in his bold flight and, deserting his leader,

OVID

deseruitque ducem caelique cupidine tractus
 altius egit iter. rapidi vicina solis 225
 mollit odoratas, pennarum vincula, ceras;
 tabuerant cerae: nudos quatit ille lacertos,
 remigioque carens non ullas percipit auras,
 oraque caerulea patrium clamantia nomen
 excipiuntur aqua, quae nomen traxit ab illo. 230
 at pater infelix, nec iam pater, "Icare," dixit,
 "Icare," dixit "ubi es? qua te regione requiram?"
 "Icare" dicebat: pennas aspexit in undis
 devovitque suas artes corpusque sepulcro
 condidit, et tellus a nomine dicta sepulti. 235
 Hunc miseri tumulo ponentem corpora nati
 garrula limoso prospexit ab elice perdix
 et plausit pennis testataque gaudia cantu est,
 unica tunc volucris nec visa prioribus annis,
 factaque nuper avis longum tibi, Daedale, crimen. 240
 namque huic tradiderat, fatorum ignara, docendam
 progeniem germana suam, natalibus actis
 bis puerum senis, animi ad praecepta capacis;
 ille etiam medio spinas in pisce notatas
 traxit in exemplum ferroque incidit acuto 245
 perpetuos dentes et serrae repperit usum;
 primus et ex uno duo ferrea bracchia nodo
 vinxit, ut aequali spatio distantibus illis
 altera pars staret, pars altera duceret orbem.
 Daedalus invidit sacraque ex arce Minervae 250
 praecipitem misit, lapsum mentitus; at illum,
 quae favet ingeniis, excepit Pallas avemque
 reddidit et medio velavit in aere pennis,

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led by a desire for the open sky, directed his course to a greater height. The scorching rays of the nearer sun softened the fragrant wax which held his wings. The wax melted; his arms were bare as he beat them up and down, but, lacking wings, they took no hold on the air. His lips, calling to the last upon his father's name, were drowned in the dark blue sea, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now no longer father, called: "Icarus, Icarus, where are you? In what place shall I seek you? Icarus," he called again; and then he spied the wings floating on the deep, and cursed his skill. He buried the body in a tomb, and the land was called from the name of the buried boy.

As he was consigning the body of his ill-fated son to the tomb, a chattering partridge looked out from a muddy ditch and clapped her wings uttering a joyful note. She was at that time a strange bird, of a kind never seen before, and but lately made a bird; a lasting reproach to you, Daedalus. For the man's sister, ignorant of the fates, had sent him her son to be trained, a lad of teachable mind, who had now passed his twelfth birthday. This boy, moreover, observed the backbone of a fish and, taking it as a model, cut a row of teeth in a thin strip of iron and thus invented the saw. He also was the first to bind two arms of iron together at a joint, so that, while the arms kept the same distance apart, one might stand still while the other should trace a circle. Daedalus envied the lad and thrust him down headlong from the sacred citadel of Minerva, with a lying tale that the boy had fallen. But Pallas, who favours the quick of wit, caught him up and made him a bird, and clothed him with feathers in mid-air. His old quickness of wit passed

OVID

sed vigor ingenii quondam velocis in alas
 inque pedes abiit; nomen, quod et ante, remansit.
 non tamen haec alte volucris sua corpora tollit, 256
 nec facit in ramis altoque cacumine nidos:
 propter humum volitat ponitque in saepibus ova
 antiquique memor metuit sublimia casus.

Iamque fatigatum tellus Aetnaea tenebat 260
 Daedalon, et sumptis pro supplice Cocalus armis
 mitis habebatur; iam lamentabile Athenae
 pendere desierant Thesea laude tributum:
 templa coronantur, bellatricemque Minervam
 cum Iove disque vocant aliis, quos sanguine voto 265
 muneribusque datis et acerris turis honorant;
 sparserat Argolicas nomen vaga fama per urbes
 Theseos, et populi, quos dives Achaia cepit,
 huius opem magnis imploravere periclis,
 huius opem Calydon, quamvis Meleagron haberet,
 sollicita supplex petiit prece: causa petendi 271
 sus erat, infestae famulus vindexque Dianae.
 Oenea namque ferunt pleni successibus anni
 primitias frugum Cereri, sua vina Lyaeo,
 Palladios flavae latices libasse Minervae; 275
 coeptus ab agricolis superos pervenit ad omnes
 ambitiosus honor: solas sine ture relictas
 praeteritae cessasse ferunt Latoidos aras.
 tangit et ira deos. "at non inpune feremus,
 quaeque inhonoratae, non et dicemur inultae" 280
 inquit, et Oeneos ultorem spreta per agros

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

into his wings and legs, but he kept the name which he had before. Still the bird does not lift her body high in flight nor build her nest on trees or on high points of rock; but she flutters along near the ground and lays her eggs in hedgerows; and, remembering that old fall, she is ever fearful of lofty places.

Now the land of Aetna received the weary Dædalus, where King Cocalus took up arms in the suppliant's defence and was esteemed most kind.¹ Now also Athens, thanks to Theseus, had ceased to pay her doleful tribute. The temple is wreathed with flowers, the people call on Minerva, goddess of battles, with Jove and the other gods, whom they worship with sacrificial blood, with gifts and burning incense. Quick-flying fame had spread the name of Theseus through all the towns of Greece, and all the peoples of rich Achaia prayed his help in their own great perils. Suppliant Calydon sought his help with anxious prayers, although she had her Meleager. The cause of seeking was a monster boar, the servant and avenger of outraged Diana. For they say that Oeneus, king of Calydon, in thanksgiving for a bounteous harvest-time, paid the first-fruits of the grain to Ceres, paid his wine to Bacchus, and her own flowing oil to golden-haired Minerva. Beginning with the rural deities, the honour they craved was paid to all the gods of heaven; only Diana's altar was passed by (they say) and left without its incense. Anger also can move the gods. "But we shall not bear this without vengeance," she said; "and though unhonoured, it shall not be said that we are unavenged." And the scorned goddess sent over Oeneus' fields an avenging boar, as great as

¹ This phrase has no point, and there seems to be something wrong with the text.

OVID

misit aprum, quanto maiores herbida tauros
 non habet Epiros, sed habent Sicula arva minores :
 sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget ardua cervix,
 et setae similes rigidis hastilibus horrent : ¹ 285
 fervida cum rauco latos stridore per armos 287
 spuma fluit, dentes aequantur dentibus Indis,
 fulmen ab ore venit, frondes afflatibus ardent.
 is modo crescentes segetes proculcat in herba, 290
 nunc matura metit fleturi vota coloni
 et Cererem in spicis intercipit : area frustra
 et frustra expectant promissas horrea messes.
 sternuntur gravidi longo cum palmite fetus
 bacaque cum ramis semper frondentis olivae. 295
 saevit et in pecudes : non has pastorve canisve,
 non armenta truces possunt defendere tauri.
 diffugiunt populi nec se nisi moenibus urbis.
 esse putant tutos, donec Meleagros et una
 lecta manus iuvenum coiere cupidine laudis : 300
 Tyndaridae gemini, spectatus caestibus alter,
 alter equo, primaeque ratis molitor Iason,
 et cum Pirithoo, felix concordia, Theseus,
 et duo Thestiadae prolesque Aphareia, Lynceus
 et velox Idas, et iam non femina Caeneus, 305
 Leucippusque ferox iaculoque insignis Acastus
 Hippothousque Dryasque et cretus Amyntore Phoenix
 Actoridaeque pares et missus ab Elide Phyleus.
 nec Telamon aberat magnique creator Achillis
 cumque Pheretiade et Hyanteo Iolao 310

¹ *Ehwald omits, as well as line 286 :*

stantque velut vallum, velut alta hastilia setae.

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the bulls which feed on grassy Epirus, and greater than those of Sicily. His eyes glowed with blood and fire; his neck was stiff and high; his bristles stood up like lines of stiff spear-shafts; amidst deep, hoarse grunts the hot foam flecked his broad shoulders; his tusks were long as the Indian elephant's, lightning flashed from his mouth, the herbage shrivelled beneath his breath. Now he trampled down the young corn in the blade, and now he laid waste the full-grown crops of some farmer who was doomed to mourn, and cut off the ripe grain in the ear. In vain the threshing-floor, in vain the granary awaited the promised harvests. The heavy bunches of grapes with their trailing vines were cast down, and berry and branch of the olive whose leaf never withers. He vents his rage on the cattle, too. Neither herdsmen nor dogs can protect them, nor can the fierce bulls defend their herds. The people flee in all directions, nor do they count themselves safe until protected by a city's walls. Then at last Meleager and a picked band of youths assembled, fired with the love of glory: the twin sons of Leda, wife of Tyndarus, one famous for boxing, the other for horsemanship; Jason, the first ship's builder; Theseus and Pirithöus, inseparable friends; the two sons of Thestius;¹ Lynceus and swift-footed Idas, sons of Aphareus; Caeneus,² no longer a woman; warlike Leucippus and Acastus, famed for his javelin; Hippothöus and Dryas; Phoenix, the son of Amyntor; Actor's two sons³ and Elean Phyleus. Telamon was also there, and the father of great Achilles; and, along with the son of Pheres⁴ and Boeotian Iolaüs,

¹ Plexippus and Toxeus, brothers of Althaea, the mother of Meleager.

² See XII. 189 ff. ³ Eurytus and Cleatus. ⁴ Admetus.

OVID

inpiger Eurytion et cursu invictus Echion
 Naryciusque Lelex Panopeusque Hyleusque feroxque
 Hippasus et primis etiamnum Nestor in annis,
 et quos Hippocoon antiquis misit Amyclis,
 Penelopaeque socer cum Parrhasio Ancaeo, 315
 Ampycidesque sagax et adhuc a coniuge tutus
 Oeclides nemorisque decus Tegeaea Lycaei :
 rasilis huic summam mordebat fibula vestem,
 crinis erat simplex, nodum conlectus in unum,
 ex umero pendens resonabat eburnea laevo 320
 telorum custos, arcum quoque laeva tenebat ;
 talis erat cultu, facies, quam dicere vere
 virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine possis.
 hanc pariter vidit, pariter Calydonius heros
 optavit renuente deo flammasque latentes 325
 hausit et “ o felix, siquem dignabitur ” inquit
 “ ista virum ! ” nec plura sinit tempusque pudorque
 dicere : maius opus magni certaminis urguet.

Silva frequens trabibus, quam nulla ceciderat aetas,
 incipit a plano devexaque prospicit arva : 330
 quo postquam venere viri, pars retia tendunt,
 vincula pars adimunt canibus, pars pressa sequuntur
 signa pedum, cupiuntque suum reperire periculum.
 concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
 adsuerunt pluvialis aquae ; tenet ima lacunae 335
 lenta salix ulvaeque leves iuncique palustres
 viminaeque et longa parvae sub harundine cannae :

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were Eurytion, quick in action, and Echion, of unconquered speed; Locrian Lelex, Panopeus, Hyleus and Hippasus, keen for the fray; Nestor, then in the prime of his years; and those whom Hippocoön sent from ancient Amyclae; the father-in-law of Penelope,¹ and Arcadian Ancaeus; Ampycus' prophetic son,² and the son³ of Oecleus, who had not yet been ruined by his wife; and Atalanta of Tegea, the pride of the Arcadian woods. A polished buckle clasped her robe at the neck; her hair, plainly dressed, was caught up in one knot. From her left shoulder hung an ivory quiver, resounding as she moved, with its shafts, and her left hand held a bow. Such was she in dress. As for her face, it was one which you could truly say was maidenly for a boy or boyish for a maiden. As soon as his eyes fell on her, the Calydonian hero straightway longed for her (but God forbade); he felt the flames of love steal through his heart; and "O happy man," he said, "if ever that maiden shall deem any man worthy to be hers." Neither the occasion nor his own modesty permitted him more words; the greater task of the mighty conflict urged him to action.

There was a dense forest, that past ages had never touched with the axe, rising from the plain and looking out on the downward-sloping fields. When the heroes came to this, some stretched the hunting-nets, some slipped the leashes from the dogs, some followed the well-marked trail as they longed to come at their dangerous enemy. There was a deep dell, where the rain-water from above drained down; the lowest part of this marshy spot was covered with a growth of pliant willows, sedge-grass and swamp-rushes, osiers and tall bulrushes, with an under-

¹ Laërtes.

² Mopsus.

³ Amphiaratüs.

OVID

hinc aper excitus medios violenter in hostes
 fertur, ut excussis elisi nubibus ignes.
 sternitur incursu nemus, et propulsa fragorem 340
 silva dat: exclamant iuvenes praetentaque forti
 tela tenent dextra lato vibrantia ferro.
 ille ruit spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti
 obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu.
 cuspis Echionio primum contorta lacerto 345
 vana fuit truncoque dedit leve vulnus acerno;
 proxima, si nimiis mittentis viribus usa
 non foret, in tergo visa est haesura petito:
 longius it; auctor teli Pagasaeus Iason.
 "Phoebe," ait Ampycides, "si te coluique colloque,
 da mihi, quod petitur, certo contingere telo!" 351
 qua potuit, precibus deus adnuit: ictus ab illo est,
 sed sine vulnere aper: ferrum Diana volanti
 abstulerat iaculo; lignum sine acumine venit.
 ira feri mota est, nec fulmine lenius arsit: 355
 emicat ex oculis, spirat quoque pectore flamma,
 utque volat moles adducto concita nervo,
 cum petit aut muros aut plenas milite tures,
 in iuvenes certo sic impete vulnificus sus
 fertur et Eupalamon Pelagonaque, dextra tuentes 360
 cornua, prosternit: socii rapuere iacentes;
 at non letiferos effugit Enaesimus ictus
 Hippocoonte satus: trepidantem et terga parantem
 vertere succisso liquerunt poplite nervi.

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growth of small reeds. From this covert the boar was roused and launched himself with a mad rush against his foes, like lightning struck out from the clashing clouds. The grove is laid low by his onrush, and the trees crash as he knocks against them. The heroes raise a halloo and with unflinching hands hold their spears poised with the broad iron heads well forward. The boar comes rushing on, scatters the dogs one after another as they strive to stop his mad rush, and thrusts off the baying pack with his deadly sidelong stroke. The first spear, thrown by Echion's arm, missed its aim and struck glancing on the trunk of a maple-tree. The next, if it had not been thrown with too much force, seemed sure of transfixing the back where it was aimed. It went too far. Jason of Pagasae was the marksman. Then Mopsus cried: "O Phoebus, if I have ever worshipped and do still worship thee, grant me with unerring spear to reach my mark." So far as possible the god heard his prayer. His spear did strike the boar, but without injury; for Diana had wrenched the iron point from the javelin as it sped, and pointless the wooden shaft struck home. But the beast's savage anger was roused, and it burned hotter than the lightning. Fire gleamed from his eyes, seemed to breathe from his throat. And, as a huge rock, shot from a catapult sling, flies through the air against walls or turrets filled with soldiery; so with irresistible and death-dealing force the beast rushed on the youths, and overbore Eupalamus and Pelagon, who were stationed on the extreme right. Their comrades caught them up as they lay. But Enaesimus, the son of Hippocoon, did not escape the boar's fatal stroke. As he in fear was just turning to run he was hamstrung and his muscles gave way beneath him. Pylian

OVID

forsitan et Pylius citra Troiana perisset 365
 tempora, sed sumpto posita conamine ab hasta
 arboris insiluit, quae stabat proxima, ramis
 despexitque, loco tutus, quem fugerat, hostem.
 dentibus ille ferox in querno stipite tritis
 inminet exitio fidensque recentibus armis 370
 Eurytidae magni rostro femur hausit adunco.
 at gemini, nondum caelestia sidera, fratres,
 ambo conspicui, nive candidioribus ambo
 vectabantur equis, ambo vibrata per auras
 hastarum tremulo quatiebant spicula motu. 375
 vulnera fecissent, nisi saetiger inter opacas
 nec iaculis isset nec equo loca pervia silvas.
 persequitur Telamon studioque incautus eundi
 pronus ab arborea cecidit radice retentus.
 dum levat hunc Peleus, celerem Tegeaea sagittam
 inposuit nervo sinuatoque expulit arcu : 381
 fixa sub aure feri summum destrinxit harundo
 corpus et exiguo rubefecit sanguine saetas ;
 nec tamen illa sui successu laetior ictus
 quam Meleagros erat : primus vidisse putatur 385
 et primus sociis visum ostendisse cruorem
 et “ meritum ” dixisse “ feres virtutis honorem.”
 erubuere viri seque exhortantur et addunt
 cum clamore animos iaciuntque sine ordine tela :
 turba nocet iactis et, quos petit, impedit ictus. 390
 ecce furens contra sua fata bipennifer Arcas

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Nestor came near perishing before he ever went to the Trojan War; but, putting forth all his strength, he leaped by his spear-pole into the branches of a tree which stood near by, and from this place of safety he looked down upon the foe he had escaped. The raging beast whetted his tusks on an oak-tree's trunk; and, threatening destruction and emboldened by his freshly sharpened tusks, ripped up the thigh of the mighty Hippias with one sweeping blow. But now the twin brothers,¹ not yet set in the starry heavens, came riding up, both conspicuous among the rest, both on horses whiter than snow, both poising their spears, which they threw quivering through the air. And they would have struck the boar had not the bristly monster taken refuge in the dense woods, whither neither spear nor horse could follow him. Telamon did attempt to follow, and in his eagerness, careless where he went, he fell prone on the ground, caught by a projecting root. While Peleus was helping him to rise, Atalanta notched a swift arrow on the cord and sent it speeding from her bent bow. The arrow just grazed the top of the boar's back and remained stuck beneath his ear, staining the bristles with a trickle of blood. Nor did she show more joy over the success of her own stroke than Meleager. He was the first to see the blood, the first to point it out to his companions, and to say: "Due honour shall your brave deed receive." The men, flushed with shame, spurred each other on, gaining courage as they cried out, hurling their spears in disorder. The mass of missiles made them of no effect, and kept them from striking as they were meant to do. Then Ancaeus, the Arcadian, armed with a two-headed axe raging to meet his fate, cried out:

¹ Castor and Pollux.

OVID

“ discite, femineis quid tela virilia praestent,
 o iuvenes, operique meo concedite! ” dixit.
 “ ipsa suis licet hunc Latonia protegat armis,
 invita tamen hunc perimet mea dextra Diana.” 395
 talia magniloquo tumidus memoraverat ore
 ancipitemque manu tollens utraque securim
 institerat digitis pronus suspensus in ictus :
 occupat audentem, quaque est via proxima leto,
 summa ferus geminos direxit ad inguina dentes. 400
 concidit Ancaeus glomerataque sanguine multo
 viscera lapsa fluunt : madefacta est terra cruore.
 ibat in adversum proles Ixionis hostem
 Pirithous valida quatiens venabula dextra ;
 cui “ procul ” Aegides “ o me mihi carior ” inquit 405
 “ pars animae consistite meae ! licet eminus esse
 fortibus : Ancaeo nocuit temeraria virtus. ”
 dixit et aerata torsit grave cuspide cornum ;
 quo bene librato votique potente futuro
 obstitit aesculea frondosus ab arbore ramus. 410
 misit et Aesonides iaculum : quod casus ab illo
 vertit in inmeriti fatum latrantis et inter
 ilia coniectum tellure per ilia fixum est.
 at manus Oenidae variat, missisque duabus
 hasta prior terra, medio stetit altera tergo. 415
 nec mora, dum saevit, dum corpora versat in orbem
 stridentemque novo spumam cum sanguine fundit,
 vulneris auctor adest hostemque inritat ad iram
 splendidaque adversos venabula condit in armos.

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“ Learn now, O youths, how far a man’s weapons surpass a girl’s; and leave this task to me. Though Latona’s daughter herself shield this boar with her own arrows, in spite of Diana shall my good right arm destroy him.” So, swollen with pride and with boastful lips, he spoke: and, heaving up in both hands his two-edged axe, he stood on tiptoe, poised to strike. The boar made in upon his bold enemy, and, as the nearest point for death, he fiercely struck at the upper part of the groins with his two tusks. Ancaeus fell; his entrails poured out amid streams of blood and the ground was soaked with gore. Then Ixion’s son, Pirithoüs, advanced against the foe, brandishing a hunting-spear in his strong right hand. To him Theseus cried out in alarm: “ Keep away, O dearer to me than my own self, my soul’s other half; it is no shame for brave men to fight at long range. Ancaeus’ rash valour has proved his bane.” He spoke and hurled his own heavy shaft with its sharp bronze point. Though this was well aimed and seemed sure to reach the mark, a leafy branch of an oak-tree turned it aside. Then the son of Aeson hurled his javelin, which chance caused to swerve from its aim and fatally wound an innocent dog, passing clear through his flanks and pinning him to the ground. But the hand of Meleager had a different fortune: he threw two spears, the first of which stood in the earth, but the second stuck squarely in the middle of the creature’s back. Straightway, while the boar rages and whirls round and round, spouting forth foam and fresh blood in a hissing stream, the giver of the wound presses his advantage, pricks his enemy on to madness, and at last plunges his gleaming hunting-spear right through the shoulder. The others vent their joy by wild

OVID

gaudia testantur socii clamore secundo 420
 victricemque petunt dextrae coniungere dextram
 inmanemque ferum multa tellure iacentem
 mirantes spectant neque adhuc contingere tutum
 esse putant, sed tela tamen sua quisque cruentat.

Ipse pede inposito caput exitiabile pressit 425
 atque ita “ sume mei spoliū, Nonacria, iuris,”
 dixit “ et in partem veniat mea gloria tecum.”

protinus exuvias rigidis horrentia saetis
 terga dat et magnis insignia dentibus ora.

illi laetitiae est cum munere muneris auctor; 430
 invidere alii, totoque erat agmine murmur.

e quibus ingenti tendentes bracchia voce
 “ pone age nec titulos intercipe, femina, nostros,”
 Thestiadae clamant, “ nec te fiducia formae
 decipiat, ne sit longe tibi captus amore 435
 auctor,” et huic adimunt munus, ius muneris illi.

non tulit et tumida frendens Mavortius ira
 “ discite, raptores alieni ” dixit “ honoris,
 facta minis quantum distent,” hausitque nefando
 pectora Plexippi nil tale timentia ferro. 440

Toxea, quid faciat, dubium pariterque volentem
 ulcisci fratrem fraternaue fata timentem
 haud patitur dubitare diu calidumque priori
 caede recalfecit consorti sanguine telum.

Dona deum templis nato victore ferebat, 445
 cum videt exstinctos fratres Althaea referri.
 quae plangore dato maestis clamoribus urbem

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shouts of applause and crowd around to press the victor's hand. They gaze in wonder at the huge beast lying stretched out over so much ground, and still think it hardly safe to touch him. But each dips his spear in the blood.

Then Meleager, standing with his foot upon that death-dealing head, spoke thus to Atalanta: "Take thou the prize that is of my right, O fair Arcadian, and let my glory be shared with thee." And therewith he presented her with the spoils: the skin with its bristling spikes, and the head remarkable for its huge tusks. She rejoiced in the gift and no less in the giver; but the others begrudged it, and an angry murmur rose through the whole company. Then two, the sons of Thestius, stretching out their arms, cried with a loud voice: "Let be, girl, and do not usurp our honours. And be not deceived by trusting in your beauty, lest this lovesick giver be far from helping you." And they took from her the gift, and from him the right of giving. This was more than that son of Mars could bear, and, gnashing his teeth with rage, he cried: "Learn then, you that plunder another's rights, the difference between deeds and threats," and plunged his impious steel deep in Plexippus' heart, who was taken off his guard. Then, as Toxeus stood hesitating what to do, wishing to avenge his brother, but at the same time fearing to share his brother's fate, Meleager gave him scant time to hesitate, but, while his spear was still warm with its first victim's slaughter, he warmed it again in his comrade's blood.

Althaea in the temple of the gods was offering thanksgiving for her son's victory, when she saw the corpses of her brothers carried in. She beat her breast and filled the city with woeful lamentation,

OVID

inplet et auratis mutavit vestibus atras ;
 at simul est auctor necis editus, excidit omnis
 luctus et a lacrimis in poenae versus amorem est. 450

Stipes erat, quem, cum partus enixa iaceret
 Thestias, in flammam triplices posuere sorores
 staminaque inpresso fatalia pollice nentes
 “ tempora ” dixerunt “ eadem lignoque tibi que,
 o modo nate, damus.” quo postquam carmine dicto
 excessere deae, flagrantem mater ab igne 456

eripuit ramum sparsitque liquentibus undis.
 ille diu fuerat penetralibus abditus imis
 servatusque tuos, iuvenis, servaverat annos.
 protulit hunc genetrix taedasque et fragmina poni
 imperat et positos inimicos admovet ignes. 461

tum conata quater flammis inponere ramum
 coepta quater tenuit : pugnat materque sororque,
 et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.
 saepe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri, 465

saepe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem,
 et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti
 vultus erat, modo quem misereri credere posses ;
 cumque ferus lacrimas animi siccaverat ardor,
 inveniebantur lacrimae tamen, utque carina, 470

quam ventus ventoque rapit contrarius aestus,
 vim geminam sentit paretque incerta duobus,
 Thestias haud aliter dubiis affectibus errat
 inque vices ponit positamque resuscitat iram.
 incipit esse tamen melior germana parente 475

et consanguineas ut sanguine leniat umbras,
 impietate pia est. nam postquam pestifer ignis

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and changed her gold-spangled robes for black. But when she learned who was their murderer, her grief all fell away and was changed from tears to the passion for vengeance.

There was a billet of wood which, when the daughter of Thestius lay in childbirth, the three sisters threw into the fire and, spinning the threads of life with firm-pressed thumb, they sang: "An equal span of life we give to thee and to this wood, O babe new-born." When the three goddesses had sung this prophecy and vanished, the mother snatched the blazing brand from the fire, and quenched it in water. Long had it lain hidden away in a secret place and, guarded safe, had safeguarded your life, O youth. And now the mother brought out this billet and bade her servants make a heap of pine-knots and fine kindling, and lit the pile with cruel flame. Then four times she made to throw the billet in the flames and four times she held her hand. Mother and sister strove in her, and the two names tore one heart this way and that. Often her cheeks grew pale with fear of the impious thing she planned; as often blazing wrath gave its own colour to her eyes. Now she looked like one threatening some cruel deed, and now you would think her pitiful. And when the fierce anger of her heart had dried up her tears, still tears would come again. And as a ship, driven by the wind, and against the wind by the tide, feels the double force and yields uncertainly to both, so Thestius' daughter wavered betwixt opposing passions; now quenched her wrath and now fanned it again. At last the sister in her overcomes the mother, and, that she may appease with blood the shades of her blood-kin, she is pious in impiety. For when the devouring flames grow hot, she cries: "Be that

OVID

convaluit, " rogi iste cremet mea viscera " dixit,
 utque manu dira lignum fatale tenebat,
 ante sepulcrales infelix adstitit aras 480
 " poenarum " que " deae triplices, furialibus," inquit
 " Eumenides, sacris vultus advertite vestros!
 ulciscor facioque nefas; mors morte pianda est,
 in scelus addendum scelus est, in funera funus:
 per coacervatos pereat domus in pia luctus! 485
 an felix Oeneus nato victore fruatur,
 Thestius orbis erit? melius lugebitis ambo.
 vos modo, fraterni manes animaeque recentes,
 officium sentite meum magnoque paratas
 accipite inferias, uteri mala pignora nostri! 490
 ei mihi! quo rapior? fratres, ignoscite matri!
 deficiunt ad coepta manus: meruisse fatemur
 illum, cur pereat; mortis mihi displicet auctor.
 ergo inpune feret vivusque et victor et ipso
 successu tumidus regnum Calydonis habebit, 495
 vos cinis exiguus gelidaeque iacebitis umbrae?
 haud equidem patiar: pereat sceleratus et ille
 spemque patris regnumque trahat patriaeque ruinam!
 mens ubi materna est? ubi sunt pia iura parentum
 et quos sustinui bis mensum quinque labores? 500
 o utinam primis arsisses ignibus infans,
 idque ego passa forem! vixisti munere nostro;
 nunc merito moriere tuo! cape praemia facti
 bisque datam, primum partu, mox stipite rapto,
 redde animam vel me fraternis adde sepulcris! 505
 et cupio et nequeo. quid agam? modo vulnera fratrum
 ante oculos mihi sunt et tantae caedis imago,

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the funeral pyre of my own flesh." And, as she held the fateful billet in her relentless hand and stood, unhappy wretch, before the sepulchral fires, she said: "O ye triple goddesses of vengeance, Eumenides, behold these fearful rites. I avenge and I do a wicked deed: death must be atoned by death; to crime must crime be added, death to death. Through woes on woes heaped up let this accursed house go on to ruin! Shall happy Oeneus rejoice in his victorious son and Thestius be childless? 'Twill be better for you both to grieve. Only do you, my brothers' manes, fresh-made ghosts, appreciate my service, and accept the sacrifice I offer at so heavy cost, the baleful tribute of my womb. Ah me, whither am I hurrying? Brothers, forgive a mother's heart! My hands refuse to finish what they began. I confess that he deserves to die; but that I should be the agent of his death, I cannot bear. And shall he go scathless then? Shall he live, victorious and puffed up with his own success, and lord it in Calydon, while you are naught but a handful of ashes, shivering ghosts? I will not suffer it. Let the wretch die and drag to ruin with him his father's hopes, his kingdom and his fatherland! Where is my mother-love? Where are parents' pious cares? Where are those pangs which ten long months I bore? O that you had perished in your infancy by those first fires, and I had suffered it! You lived by my gift; now you shall die by your own desert; pay the price of your deed. Give back the life I twice gave you, once at your birth, once when I saved the brand; or else add me to my brothers' pyre. I both desire to act, and cannot. Oh, what shall I do? Now I can see only my brothers' wounds, the sight of that deed of blood: and now

OVID

nunc animum pietas maternaque nomina frangunt.
 me miseram! male vincetis, sed vincite, fratres,
 dummodo, quae dederō vobis, solacia vosque 510
 ipsa sequar! ” dixit dextraque aversa trementi
 funereum torrem medios coniecit in ignes:
 aut dedit aut visus gemitus est ipse dedisse
 stipes, ut invitis conreptus ab ignibus arsit.

Inscius atque absens flamma Meleagros ab illa 515
 uritur et caecis torreri viscera sentit
 ignibus ac magnos superat virtute dolores.
 quod tamen ignavo cadat et sine sanguine leto,
 maeret et Ancaei felicia vulnera dicit
 grandaevumque patrem fratresque piasque sorores
 cum gemitu sociamque tori vocat ore supremo, 521
 forsitan et matrem. crescunt ignisque dolorque
 languescuntque iterum; simul est exstinctus uterque,
 inque leves abiit paulatim spiritus auras
 paulatim cana prunam velante favilla. 525

Alta iacet Calydon: lugent iuvenesque senesque,
 vulgusque proceresque gemunt, scissaeque capillos
 planguntur matres Calydonides Eueninae;
 pulvere canitiem genitor vultusque seniles
 foedat humi fusus spatiosumque increpat aevum. 530
 nam de matre manus diri sibi conscia facti
 exegit poenas acto per viscera ferro.
 non mihi si centum deus ora sonantia linguis
 ingeniumque capax totumque Heliconā dedisset,
 tristia persequerer miserarum dicta sororum. 535
 inmemores decoris liventia pectora tundunt,
 dumque manet corpus, corpus refoventque fiventque,

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love and the name of mother break me down. Woe is my, my brothers! It is ill that you should win, but win you shall; only let me have the solace that I grant to you, and let me follow you!" She spoke, and turning away her face, with trembling hand she threw the fatal billet into the flames. The brand either gave or seemed to give a groan as it was caught and consumed by the unwilling fire.

Unconscious, far away, Meleager burns with those flames; he feels his vitals scorching with hidden fire, and o'ercomes the great pain with fortitude. But yet he grieves that he must die a cowardly and bloodless death, and he calls Ancaeus happy for the wounds he suffered. With groans of pain he calls with his dying breath on his aged father, his brothers and loving sisters and his wife, perchance also upon his mother. The fire and his pains increase, and then die down. Both fire and pain go out together; his spirit gradually slips away into the thin air as white ashes gradually overspread the glowing coals.

Lofty Calydon is brought low. Young men and old, chieftains and commons, lament and groan; and the Calydonian women, dwellers by Euenus' stream, tear their hair and beat their breasts. The father, prone on the ground, defiles his white hair and his aged head with dust, and laments that he has lived too long. For the mother, now knowing her awful deed, has punished herself, driving a dagger through her heart. Not if some god had given me a hundred mouths each with its tongue, a master's genius, and all Helicon's inspiration, could I describe the piteous prayers of those poor sisters. Careless of decency, they beat and bruise their breasts; and, while their brother's corpse remains, they caress that corpse over and

OVID

oscula dant ipsi, posito dant oscula lecto.
 post cinerem cineres haustos ad pectora pressant
 adfusaeque iacent tumulo signataque saxo 540
 nomina complexae lacrimas in nomina fundunt.
 quas Parthaoniae tandem Latonia clade
 exsatiata domus praeter Gorgenque nurumque
 nobilis Alcmenae natis in corpore pennis
 adlevat et longas per brachia porrigit alas 545
 corneaque ora facit versasque per aera mittit.

Interea Theseus sociati parte laboris
 functus Erechtheas Tritonidos ibat ad arces.
 clausit iter fecitque moras Achelous eunti
 imbre tumens: "succede meis," ait "inclite, tectis,
 Cecropida, nec te committe rapacibus undis: 551
 ferre trabes solidas obliquaque volvere magno
 murmure saxa solent. vidi contermina ripae
 cum gregibus stabula alta trahi; nec fortibus illic
 profuit armentis nec equis velocibus esse. 555
 multa quoque hic torrens nivibus de monte solutis
 corpora turbineo iuvenalia flumine mersit.
 tutior est requies, solito dum flumina currant
 limite, dum tenues capiat suus alveus undas."
 adnuit Aegides "utar," que "Acheloe, domoque 560
 consilioque tuo" respondit; et usus utroque est.
 pumice multicavo nec levibus atria topis
 structa subit: molli tellus erat umida musco,

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over, kiss him and kiss the bier as it stands before them. And, when he is ashes, they gather the ashes and press them to their hearts, throw themselves on his tomb in abandonment of grief and, clasping the stone on which his name has been carved, they drench the name with their tears. At length Diana, satisfied with the destruction of Parthaon's house, made feathers spring on their bodies—all save Gorge and great Alcmena's daughter-in-law¹—stretched out long wings over their arms, gave them a horny beak, and sent them transfigured into the air.²

Meanwhile Theseus, having done his part in the confederate task, was on his way back to Tritonia's city where Erechtheus ruled. But Acheloüs, swollen with rain, blocked his way and delayed his journey. "Enter my house, illustrious hero of Athens," said the river-god, "and do not entrust yourself to my greedy waters. The current is wont to sweep down solid trunks of trees and huge boulders in zig-zag course with crash and roar. I have seen great stables that stood near by the bank swept away, cattle and all, and in that current neither strength availed the ox nor speed the horse. Many a strong man also has been overwhelmed in its whirling pools when swollen by melting snows from the mountain-sides. It is safer for you to rest until the waters shall run within their accustomed bounds, until its own bed shall hold the slender stream." The son of Aegeus replied: "I will use both your house, Acheloüs, and your advice." And he did use them both. He entered the river-god's dark dwelling, built of porous pumice and rough tufa; the floor was damp with soft

¹ Deianira, the wife of Hercules.

² These birds were called *Meleagrides*, guinea-hens.

OID

summa lacunabant alterno murice conchae.
iamque duas lucis partes Hyperione menso 565
discubuere toris Theseus comitesque laborum,
hac Ixionides, illa Troezenius heros
parte Lelex, raris iam sparsus tempora canis,
quosque alios parili fuerat dignatus honore
Amnis Acarnanum, laetissimus hospite tanto. 570
protinus adpositas nudae vestigia nymphae
instruxere epulis mensas dapibusque remotis
in gemma posuere merum. tum maximus heros,
aequora prospiciens oculis subiecta, " quis " inquit
" ille locus? " (digitoque ostendit) " et insula
nomen 575
quod gerit illa, doce, quamquam non una videtur! "
Amnis ad haec " non est " inquit " quod cernitis
unum :
quinque iacent terrae ; spatium discrimina fallit.
quoque minus spretae factum mirere Dianae,
naides hae fuerant, quae cum bis quinque iuencos
mactassent rurisque deos ad sacra vocassent, 581
inmemores nostri festas duxere choreas.
intumui, quantusque ferror, cum plurimus umquam,
tantus eram, pariterque animis inmanis et undis
a silvis silvas et ab arvis arva revulsi 585
cumque loco nymphas, memores tum denique nostri,
in freta provolvi. fluctus nosterque marisque
continuum diduxit humum partesque resolvit
in totidem, mediis quot cernis Echinadas undis.
ut tamen ipse vides, procul, en procul una recessit
insula, grata mihi ; Perimelen navita dicit : 591

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

moss, conchs and purple-shells panelled the ceiling. Now had the blazing sun traversed two-thirds of his daily course, when Theseus and his comrades of the chase disposed themselves upon the couches. Ixion's son¹ lay here, and there Lelex, the hero of Troezen, took his place, his temples already sprinkled with grey; and others who had been deemed worthy of equal honour by the Acarnanian river-god, who was filled with joy in his noble guest. Without delay barefoot nymphs set the feast upon the tables, and then when the food had been removed, they set out the wine in jewelled cups. Then the noble hero, looking forth upon the wide water spread before his eyes, pointed with his finger and said: "What place is that? Tell me the name which that island bears. And yet it seems not to be one island." The river-god replied: "No, what you see is not one island. There are five islands lying there together; but the distance hides their divisions. And, that you may wonder the less at what Diana did when she was slighted, those islands once were nymphs, who, when they had slaughtered ten bullocks and had invited all the other rural gods to their sacred feast, forgot me as they led the festal dance. I swelled with rage, as full as when my flood flows at the fullest; and so, terrible in wrath, terrible in flood, I tore forests from forests, fields from fields; and with the place they stood on, I swept the nymphs away, who at last remembered me then, into the sea. There my flood and the sea, united, cleft the undivided ground into as many parts as now you see the Echinades yonder amid the waves. But, as you yourself see, away, look, far away beyond the others is one island that I love: the sailors call it Perimele.

¹ Pirithoüs.

OVID

huic ego virgineum dilectae nomen ademi ;
 quod pater Hippodamas aegre tulit inque profun-
 dum

propulit e scopulo periturae corpora natae.
 excepi nantemque ferens 'o proxima mundi
 regna vagae ' dixi ' sortite, Tridentifer, undae, 596
 adfer opem mersaeque, precor, feritate paterna ; 601
 da, Neptune, locum ; vel sit locus ipsa licebit ! '
 dum loquor, amplexa est artus nova terra natantes 609
 et gravis increvit mutatis insula membris." 610

Amnis ab his tacuit. factum mirabile cunctos
 moverat : inridet credentes, utque deorum
 spreto erat mentisque ferox, Ixione natus
 " ficta refers nimiumque putas, Acheloe, potentes
 esse deos," dixit " si dant adimuntque figuras." 615
 obstipuere omnes nec talia dicta probarunt,
 ante omnesque Lelex animo maturus et aevo,
 sic ait : " immensa est finemque potentia caeli
 non habet, et quicquid superi voluere, peractum est ;
 quoque minus dubites, tiliae contermina quercus 620
 collibus est Phrygiis modico circumdata muro ;
 ipse locum vidi ; nam me Pelopeia Pittheus
 misit in arva suo quondam regnata parenti.
 haud procul hinc stagnum est, tellus habitabilis olim,
 nunc celebres mergis fulicisque palustribus undae ;
 Iuppiter huc specie mortali cumque parente 626
 venit Atlantiades positus caducifer alis.

mille domos adiere locum requiemque petentes,
 mille domos clausere serae ; tamen una recepit,

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She was beloved by me, and from her I took the name of maiden. Her father, Hippodamas, was enraged with this, and he hurled his daughter to her death down from a high cliff into the deep. I caught her, and supporting her as she swam, I cried: 'O thou god of the trident, to whom the lot gave the kingdom next to the world, even the wandering waves, bring aid, I pray, to one drowned by a father's cruelty; give her a place, O Neptune, or else let her become a place herself.' While I prayed a new land embraced her floating form and a solid island grew from her transformed shape."

With these words the river was silent. The story of the miracle had moved the hearts of all. But one mocked at their credulity, a scoffer at the gods, one reckless in spirit, Ixion's son, Pirithoüs. "These are but fairy-tales you tell, Acheloüs," he said, "and you concede too much power to the gods, if they give and take away the forms of things." All the rest were shocked and disapproved such words, and especially Lelex, ripe both in mind and years, who replied: "The power of heaven is indeed immeasurable and has no bounds; and whatever the gods decree is done. And, that you may believe it, there stand in the Phrygian hill-country an oak and a linden-tree side by side, surrounded by a low wall. I have myself seen the spot; for Pittheus sent me to Phrygia, where his father once ruled. Not far from the place I speak of is a marsh, once a habitable land, but now water, the haunt of divers and coots. Hither came Jupiter in the guise of a mortal, and with his father came Atlas' grandson, he that bears the caduceus, his wings laid aside. To a thousand homes they came, seeking a place for rest; a thousand homes were barred against them. Still one house

OVID

parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri, 630
 sed pia Baucis anus parilique aetate Philemon
 illa sunt annis iuncti iuvenalibus, illa
 consenuere casa paupertatemque fatendo
 effecere levem nec iniqua mente ferendo ;
 nec refert, dominos illic famulosne requiras : 635
 tota domus duo sunt, idem parentque iubentque.
 ergo ubi caelicolae parvos tetigere penates
 summissoque humiles intrarunt vertice postes,
 membra senex posito iussit relevare sedili ;
 quo superiniecit textum rude sedula Baucis 640
 inque foco tepidum cinerem dimovit et ignes
 suscitatur hesternos foliisque et cortice sicco
 nutrit et ad flammam anima producit anili
 multifidasque faces ramaliaque arida tecto
 detulit et minuit parvoque admovit aeno, 645
 quodque suus coniunx riguo conlegerat horto,
 truncat holus foliis ; furca levat ille bicorni
 sordida terga suis nigro pendentia tigno
 servatoque diu resecat de tergore partem
 exiguam sectamque domat ferventibus undis. 650
 interea medias fallunt sermonibus horas ¹
 * * * * torus de molli fluminis ulva 655
 inpositus lecto sponda pedibusque salignis.
 vestibus hunc velant, quas non nisi tempore festo
 sternere consuerant, sed et haec vilisque vetusque
 vestis erat, lecto non indignanda saligno.
 adcubere dei. mensam succincta tremensque 660

¹ *The following lines are omitted by Ehwald :*

sentirique moram prohibent. erat alveus illic
 fagineus, dura clavo suspensus ab ansa :
 is tepidis impletur aquis artusque fovendos
 accipit, in medio torus est de mollibus ulvis.

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received them, humble indeed, thatched with straw and reeds from the marsh; but pious old Baucis and Philemon, of equal age, were in that cottage wedded in their youth, and in that cottage had grown old together; there they made their poverty light by owning it, and by bearing it in a contended spirit. It was of no use to ask for masters or for servants in that house; they two were the whole household, together they served and ruled. And so when the heavenly ones came to this humble home and, stooping, entered in at the lowly door, the old man set out a bench and bade them rest their limbs, while over this bench busy Baucis threw a rough covering. Then she raked aside the warm ashes on the hearth and fanned yesterday's coals to life, which she fed with leaves and dry bark, blowing them into flame with the breath of her old body. Then she took down from the roof some fine-split wood and dry twigs, broke them up and placed them under the little copper kettle. And she took the cabbage which her husband had brought in from the well-watered garden and lopped off the outside leaves. Meanwhile the old man with a forked stick reached down a chine of smoked bacon, which was hanging from a blackened beam and, cutting off a little piece of the long-cherished pork, he put it to cook in the boiling water. Meanwhile they beguiled the intervening time with their talk * * * * a mattress of soft sedge-grass was placed on a couch with frame and feet of willow. They threw drapery over this, which they were not accustomed to bring out except on festal days; but even this was a cheap thing and well-worn, a very good match for the willow couch. The gods reclined. The old woman, with her skirts tucked up, with trembling hands set out the table.

OVID

ponit anus, mensae sed erat pes tertius inpar :
testa parem fecit ; quae postquam subdita clivum
sustulit, aequatam mentae tersere virentes.
ponitur hic bicolor sinceræ baca Minervæ
conditaque in liquida corna autumnalia faece 665
intibaque et radix et lactis massa coacti
ovaque non acri leviter versata favilla,
omnia fictilibus. post hæc caelatus eodem
sistitur argento crater fabricataque fago
pocula, qua cava sunt, flaventibus inlita ceris ; 670
parva mora est, epulasque foci misere calentes,
nec longæ rursus referuntur vina senectæ
dantque locum mensis paulum seducta secundis :
hic nux, hic mixta est rugosis carica palmis
prunaque et in patulis redolentia mala canistris 675
et de purpureis conlectæ vitibus uvæ,
candidus in medio favus est ; super omnia vultus
accessere boni nec iners pauperque voluntas.

“ Interea totiens haustum cratera repleti
sponte sua per seque vident succrescere vina : 680
attoniti novitate pavent manibusque supinis
concipiunt Baucisque preces timidusque Philemon
et veniam dapibus nullisque paratibus orant.
unicus anser erat, minimæ custodia villæ :
quem dis hospitibus domini mactare parabant ; 685
ille celer penna tardos ætate fatigat
eluditque diu tandemque est visus ad ipsos
confugisse deos : superi vetuere necari.

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But one of its three legs was too short; so she propped it up with a potsherd. When this had levelled the slope, she wiped it, thus levelled, with green mint. Next she placed on the board some olives, green and ripe, truthful Minerva's berries, and some autumnal cornel-cherries pickled in the lees of wine; endives and radishes, cream cheese and eggs, lightly roasted in the warm ashes, all served in earthen dishes. After these viands, an embossed mixing-bowl of the same costly ware was set on together with cups of beechwood coated on the inside with yellow wax. A moment and the hearth sent its steaming viands on, and wine of no great age was brought out, which was then pushed aside to give a small space for the second course. Here were nuts and figs, with dried dates, plums and fragrant apples in broad baskets, and purple grapes just picked from the vines; in the centre of the table was a comb of clear white honey. Besides all this, pleasant faces were at the board and lively and abounding goodwill.

“Meanwhile they saw that the mixing-bowl, as often as it was drained, kept filling of its own accord, and that the wine welled up of itself. The two old people saw this strange sight with amaze and fear, and with upturned hands they both uttered a prayer, Baucis and the trembling old Philemon, and they craved indulgence for their fare and meagre entertainment. They had one goose, the guardian of their tiny estate; and him the hosts were preparing to kill for their divine guests. But the goose was swift of wing, and quite wore the slow old people out in their efforts to catch him. He eluded their grasp for a long time, and finally seemed to flee for refuge to the gods themselves. Then the gods told them not

OVID

‘dique sumus, meritasque luet vicinia poenas
 inpia’ dixerunt; ‘vobis immunibus huius 690
 esse mali dabitur; modo vestra relinquitte tecta
 ac nostros comitate gradus et in ardua montis
 ite simul!’ parent ambo baculisque levati
 nituntur longo vestigia ponere clivo.
 tantum aberant summo, quantum semel ire sagitta 695
 missa potest: flexere oculos et mersa palude
 cetera prospiciunt, tantum sua tecta manere,
 dumque ea mirantur, dum deflent fata suorum,
 illa vetus dominis etiam casa parva duobus
 vertitur in templum: furcas subiere columnae, 700
 stramina flavescunt aurataque tecta videntur
 caelataeque fores adopertaque marmore tellus.
 talia tum placido Saturnius edidit ore:
 ‘dicite, iuste senex et femina coniuge iusto
 digna, quid optetis.’ cum Baucide pauca locutus 705
 iudicium superis aperit commune Philemon:
 ‘esse sacerdotes delubraque vestra tueri
 poscimus, et quoniam concordēs egimus annos,
 auferat hora duos eadem, nec coniugis umquam
 busta meae videam, neu sim tumulandus ab illa.’ 710
 vota fides sequitur: templi tutela fuere,
 donec vita data est; annis aevoque soluti
 ante gradus sacros cum starent forte locique
 narrarent casus, frondere Philemona Baucis,
 Baucida conspexit senior frondere Philemon. 715
 iamque super geminos crescente cacumine vultus
 mutua, dum licuit, reddebant dicta ‘vale’ que
 ‘o coniunx’ dixere simul, simul abdita textit

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to kill the goose. 'We are gods,' they said, 'and this wicked neighbourhood shall be punished as it deserves; but to you shall be given exemption from this punishment. Leave now your dwelling and come with us to that tall mountain yonder.' They both obeyed and, propped on their staves, they struggled up the long slope. When they were a bowshot distant from the top, they looked back and saw the whole country-side covered with water, only their own house remaining. And, while they wondered at this, while they wept for the fate of their neighbours, that old house of theirs, which had been small even for its two occupants, was changed into a temple. Marble columns took the place of the forked wooden supports; the straw grew yellow and became a golden roof; there were gates richly carved, a marble pavement covered the ground. Then calmly the son of Saturn spoke: 'Now ask of us, thou good old man, and thou wife, worthy of thy good husband, any boon you will.' When he had spoken a word with Baucis, Philemon announced their joint decision to the gods: 'We ask that we may be your priests, and guard your temple; and, since we have spent our lives in constant company, we pray that the same hour may bring death to both of us—that I may never see my wife's tomb, nor be buried by her.' Their request was granted. They had the care of the temple as long as they lived. And at last, when, spent with extreme old age, they chanced to stand before the sacred edifice talking of old times, Baucis saw Philemon putting forth leaves, Philemon saw Baucis; and as the tree-top formed over their two faces, while still they could they cried with the same words: 'Farewell, dear mate,' just as the bark closed over and hid

OVID

ora frutex : ostendit adhuc Thyneius illic
incola de gemino vicinos corpore truncos. 720
haec mihi non vani (neque erat, cur fallere vellent)
narravere senes ; equidem pendentia vidi
serta super ramos ponensque recentia dixi
' cura deum di sunt, et, qui coluere, colantur.' "

Desierat, cunctosque et res et moverat auctor, 725
Thesea praecipue ; quem facta audire volentem
mira deum innixus cubito Calydonius amnis
talibus adloquitur : " sunt, o fortissime, quorum
forma semel mota est et in hoc renovamine mansit ;
sunt, quibus in plures ius est transire figuras, 730
ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu.
nam modo te iuvenem, modo te videre leonem,
nunc violentus aper, nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,
anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua taurum ;
saepe lapis poteras, arbor quoque saepe videri, 735
interdum, faciem liquidarum imitatus aquarum,
flumen, eras, interdum undis contrarius ignis.

" Nec minus Autolycci coniunx, Erysichthone nata,
iuris habet : pater huius erat, qui numina divum
sperneret et nullos aris adoleret odores ; 740
ille etiam Cereale nemus violasse securi
dicitur et lucos ferro temerasse vetustos.
stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus,
una nemus ; vittae mediam memoresque tabellae
sertaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentis. 745

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their lips. Even to this day the Bithynian peasant in that region points out two trees standing close together, and growing from one double trunk. These things were told me by staid old men who could have had no reason to deceive. With my own eyes I saw votive wreaths hanging from the boughs, and placing fresh wreaths there myself, I said: 'Those whom the gods care for are gods; let those who have worshipped be worshipped.' "

Lelex made an end: both the tale and the teller had moved them all; Theseus especially. When he would hear more of the wonderful doings of the gods, the Calydonian river-god, propped upon his elbow, thus addressed him: "Some there are, bravest of heroes, whose form has been once changed and remained in its new state. To others the power is given to assume many forms, as to thee, Proteus, dweller in the earth-embracing sea. For now men saw thee as a youth, now as a lion; now thou wast a raging boar, now a serpent whom men would fear to touch; now horns made thee a bull; often thou couldst appear as a stone, often, again, a tree; sometimes, assuming the form of flowing water, thou wast a stream, and sometimes a flame, the water's enemy.

"No less power had the wife of Autolycus, Erysichthon's daughter. This Erysichthon was a man who scorned the gods and burnt no sacrifice on their altars. He, so the story goes, once violated the sacred grove of Ceres with the axe and profaned those ancient trees with steel. There stood among these a mighty oak with strength matured by centuries of growth, itself a grove. Round about it hung woollen fillets, votive tablets, and wreaths of flowers, witnesses of granted prayers. Often beneath

OVID

saepe sub hac dryades festas duxere choreas,
 saepe etiam manibus nexis ex ordine trunci
 circuiere modum, mensuraque roboris ulnas
 quinque ter inplebat, nec non et cetera tantum
 silva sub hac, silva quantum fuit herba sub omni. 750
 non tamen idcirco ferrum Triopeius illa
 abstinuit famulosque iubet succidere sacrum
 robur, et ut iussos cunctari vidit, ab uno
 edidit haec rapta sceleratus verba securi :
 ‘ non dilecta deae solum, sed et ipsa licebit 755
 sit dea, iam tanget frondente cacumine terram.’
 dixit, et obliquos dum telum librat in ictus,
 contremuit gemitumque dedit Deoia quercus,
 et pariter frondes, pariter pallescere glandes
 coepere ac longi pallorem ducere rami. 760
 cuius ut in trunco fecit manus in pia vulnus,
 haud aliter fluxit discusso cortice sanguis,
 quam solet, ante aras ingens ubi victima taurus
 concidit, abrupta cruor e cervice profundi.
 obstipuere omnes, aliquisque ex omnibus audet
 deterrere nefas saevamque inhibere bipennem : 766
 aspicit hunc ‘ mentis’ que ‘ piae cape praemia!’ dixit
 Thessalus inque virum convertit ab arbore ferrum
 detruncatque caput repetitaque robora caedit,
 redditus et medio sonus est de robore talis : 770
 ‘ nympha sub hoc ego sum Cereri gratissima ligno,
 quae tibi factorum poenas instare tuorum
 vaticinor moriens, nostri solacia leti.’
 persequitur scelus ille suum, labefactaque tandem
 ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor 775
 corrui et multam prostravit pondere silvam.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

this tree dryads held their festival dances; often with hand linked to hand in line they would encircle the great tree whose mighty girth was full fifteen ells. It towered as high above other trees as they were higher than the grass that grew beneath. Yet not for this did Triopas' son¹ withhold his axe, as he bade his slaves cut down the sacred oak. But when he saw that they shrank back, the wretch snatched an axe from one of them and said: 'Though this be not only the tree that the goddess loves, but even the goddess herself, now shall its leafy top touch the ground.' He spoke; and while he poised his axe for the slanting stroke, the oak of Deo² trembled and gave forth a groan; at the same time its leaves and its acorns grew pale, its long branches took on a pallid hue. But when that impious stroke cut into the trunk, blood came streaming forth from the severed bark, even as when a huge sacrificial bull has fallen at the altar, and from his smitten neck the blood pours forth. All were astonished, and one, bolder than the rest, tried to stop his wicked deed and stay his cruel axe. But the Thessalian looked at him and said: 'Take that to pay you for your pious thought!' and, turning the axe from the tree against the man, lopped off his head. Then, as he struck the oak blow after blow, from within the tree a voice was heard: 'I, a nymph most dear to Ceres, dwell within this wood, and I prophesy with my dying breath, and find my death's solace in it, that punishment is at hand for what you do.' But he accomplished his crime; and at length the tree, weakened by countless blows and drawn down by ropes, fell and with its weight laid low a wide stretch of woods around.

¹ Erysichthon.

² *i.e.* Ceres.

OVID

“ Attonitae dryades damno nemorumque suoque,
 omnes germanae, Cererem cum vestibus atris
 maerentes adeunt poenamque Erysichthonis orant.
 adnuit his capitisque sui pulcherrima motu 780
 concussit gravidis oneratos messibus agros,
 moliturque genus poenae miserabile, si non
 ille suis esset nulli miserabilis actis,
 pestifera lacerare Fame, quae quatenus ipsi
 non adeunda deae est (neque enim Cereremque
 Famemque 785
 fata coire sinunt), montani numinis unam
 talibus agrestem compellat oreada dictis :
 ‘ est locus extremis Scythiae glacialis in oris,
 triste solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore tellus ;
 Frigus iners illic habitant Pallorque Tremorque 790
 et ieiuna Fames : ea se in praecordia condat
 sacrilegi scelerata, iube, nec copia rerum
 vincat eam superetque meas certamine vires,
 neve viae spatium te terreat, accipe currus,
 accipe, quos frenis alte moderere, dracones ! ’ 795
 et dedit ; illa dato subvecta per aera curru
 devenit in Scythiam : rigidique cacumine montis
 (Caucason appellant) serpentum colla levavit
 quaesitamque Famem lapidoso vidit in agro
 unguibus et raras vellentem dentibus herbas. 800
 hirtus erat crinis, cava lumina, pallor in ore,
 labra incana situ, scabrae rubigine fauces,
 dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent ;
 ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis,
 ventris erat pro ventre locus ; pendere putares 805
 pectus et a spinae tantummodo crate teneri.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

“ All the dryad sisters were stupefied at their own and their forest’s loss and, mourning, clad in black robes, they went to Ceres and prayed her to punish Erysichthon. The beautiful goddess consented, and with a nod of her head shook the fields heavy with ripening grain. She planned in her mind a punishment that might make men pity (but that no man could pity him for such deeds), to rack him with dreadful Famine. But, since the goddess herself could not go to her (for the fates do not permit Ceres and Famine to come together), she summoned one of the mountain deities, a rustic oread, and thus addressed her: ‘ There is a place on the farthest border of icy Scythia, a gloomy and barren soil, a land without corn, without trees. Sluggish Cold dwells there and Pallor, Fear, and gaunt Famine. So, bid Famine hide herself in the sinful stomach of that impious wretch. Let no abundance satisfy her, and let her overcome my utmost power to feed. And, that the vast journey may not daunt you, take my chariot and my winged dragons and guide them aloft.’ And she gave the reins into her hands. The nymph, borne through the air in her borrowed chariot, came to Scythia, and on a bleak mountain-top which men call Caucasus, unyoked her dragon steeds. Seeking out Famine, she saw her in a stony field, plucking with nails and teeth at the scanty herbage. Her hair hung in matted locks, her eyes were sunken, her face ghastly pale; her lips were wan and foul, her throat rough with scurf; her skin was hard and dry so that the entrails could be seen through it; her skinny hip-bones bulged out beneath her hollow loins, and her belly was but a belly’s place; her breast seemed to be hanging free and just to be held by the framework of the spine;

OVID

auxerat articulos macies, genuumque tumebat
orbis, et inmodico prodibant tubere tali.

“ Hanc procul ut vidit, (neque enim est accedere
iuxta

ausa) refert mandata deae paulumque morata, 810
quamquam aberat longe, quamquam modo venerat
illuc,

visa tamen sensisse famem retroque dracones
egit in Haemoniam versus sublimis habenis.

“ Dicta Fames Cereris, quamvis contraria semper
illius est operi, peragit perque aera vento 815
ad iussam delata domum est, et protinus intrat
sacrilegi thalamos altoque sopore solutum
(noctis enim tempus) geminis amplectitur ulnis,
seque viro inspirat, faucesque et pectus et ora
adflat et in vacuis spargit ieiunia venis; 820
functaque mandato fecundum deserit orbem
inque domos inopes adsueta revertitur antra.

“ Lenis adhuc Somnus placidis Erysichthona pennis
mulcebat: petit ille dapes sub imagine somni,
oraque vana movet dentemque in dente fatigat, 825
exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani
proque epulis tenues nequiquam devorat auras;
ut vero est expulsa quies, furit ardor edendi
perque avidas fauces incensaque viscera regnat.
nec mora; quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aer,
poscit et adpositis queritur ieiunia mensis 831
inque epulis epulas quaerit; quodque urbibus esse,
quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni,
plusque cupit, quo plura suam demittit in alvum.
utque fretum recipit de tota flumina terra 835

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

her thinness made her joints seem large, her knees were swollen, and her ankles were great bulging lumps.

“When the nymph saw her in the distance (for she did not dare approach her), she delivered to her the goddess’ commands. And, though she tarried but a little while, though she kept far from her and had but now arrived, still she seemed to feel the famine. Then, mounting high in air, she turned her course and drove the dragons back to Thessaly.

“Famine did the bidding of Ceres, although their tasks are ever opposite, and flew through the air on the wings of the wind to the appointed mansion. Straight she entered the chamber of the impious king, who was sunk in deep slumber (for it was night); there she wrapped her skinny arms about him and filled him with herself, breathing upon his throat and breast and lips; and in his hollow veins she planted hunger. When her duty was done, she left the fertile world, and returned to the homes of want and her familiar caverns.

“Still gentle Sleep, hovering on peaceful wings, soothes Erysichthon. And in his sleep he dreams of feasting, champs his jaws on nothing, wearies tooth upon tooth, cheats his gullet with fancied food; for his banquet is nothing but empty air. But when he awakes, a wild craving for food lords it in his ravenous jaws and in his burning stomach. Straightway he calls for all that sea and land and air can furnish; with loaded tables before him, he complains still of hunger; in the midst of feasts seeks other feasts. What would be enough for whole cities, enough for a whole nation, is not enough for one. The more he sends down into his maw the more he wants. And as the ocean receives the streams from a whole land

OVID

nec satiatur aquis peregrinosque ebibit amnes,
 utque rapax ignis non umquam alimenta recusat
 innumerasque faces cremat et, quo copia maior
 est data, plura petit turbaque voracior ipsa est :
 sic epulas omnes Erysichthonis ora profani 840
 accipiunt poscuntque simul. cibus omnis in illo
 causa cibi est, semperque locus fit inanis edendo.

“ Iamque fame patrias altaque voragine ventris
 attenuarat opes, sed inattenuata manebat
 tum quoque dira fames, inplacataeque vigebat 845
 flamma gulae. tandem, demisso in viscera censu,
 filia restabat, non illo digna parente.

hanc quoque vendit inops: dominum generosa recusat
 et vicina suas tendens super aequora palmas
 ‘ eripe me domino, qui raptae praemia nobis 850
 virginitatis habes ! ’ ait : haec Neptunus habebat ;
 qui prece non sprete, quamvis modo visa sequenti
 esset ero, formamque novat vultumque virilem
 induit et cultus pisces capientibus aptos.

hanc dominus spectans ‘ o qui pendentia parvo 855
 aera cibo celas, moderator harundinis, ’ inquit
 ‘ sic mare compositum, sic sit tibi piscis in unda
 credulus et nullos, nisi fixus, sentiat hamos :
 quae modo cum vili turbatis veste capillis 859
 litore in hoc steterat (nam stantem in litore vidi),
 dic, ubi sit : neque enim vestigia longius exstant.’
 illa dei munus bene cedere sensit et a se
 se quaeri gaudens his est resecuta rogantem :
 ‘ quisquis es, ignoscas ; in nullam lumina partem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

and is not filled with his waters, but swallows up the streams that come to it from afar; and as the all-devouring fire never refuses fuel, but burns countless logs, seeks ever more as more is given it, and is more greedy by reason of the quantity: so do the lips of impious Erysichthon receive all those banquets, and ask for more. All food in him is but the cause of food, and ever does he become empty by eating.

“And now famine and his belly’s deep abyss had exhausted his ancestral stores; but even then ravenous Famine remained unexhausted and his raging greed was still unappeased. At last, when all his fortunes had been swallowed up, there remained only his daughter, worthy of a better father. Penniless, he sold even her. The high-spirited girl refused a master, and stretching out her hands over the neighbouring waves, she cried: ‘Save me from slavery, O thou who hast already stolen my virginity.’ This Neptune had taken; he did not refuse her prayer; and though her master following her had seen her but now, the god changed her form, gave her the features of a man and garments proper to a fisherman. Her master, looking at this person, said: ‘Ho, you who conceal the dangling hook in a little bait, you that handle the rod; so may the sea be calm, so be the fish trustful in the wave for your catching, and feel no hook until you strike: where is she, tell me, who but now stood on this shore with mean garments and disordered hair, for I saw her standing upon the shore, and her tracks go no farther!’ She perceived by this that the god’s gift was working well, and, delighted that one asked her of herself, answered his question in these words: ‘Whoever you are, excuse me, sir; I have not taken my eyes from this pool to look in any direction. I

OVID

gurgite ab hoc flexi studioque operatus inhaesi, 865
 quoque minus dubites, sic has deus aequoris artes
 adiuvet, ut nemo iamdudum litore in isto,
 me tamen excepto, nec femina constitit ulla.
 credidit et verso dominus pede pressit harenam
 elususque abiit: illi sua reddita forma est. 870
 ast ubi habere suam transformia corpora sensit,
 saepe pater dominis Triopeida tradit, at illa
 nunc equa, nunc ales, modo bos, modo cervus abibat
 praebebatque avido non iusta alimenta parenti.
 vis tamen illa mali postquam consumpserat omnem
 materiam dederatque gravi nova pabula morbo, 876
 ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu
 coepit et infelix minuendo corpus alebat.—

“ Quid moror externis? etiam mihi nempe novandi
 est
 corporis, o iuvenis, numero finita, potestas. 880
 nam modo, qui nunc sum, videor, modo flector in
 anguem,
 armenti modo dux vires in cornua sumo,—
 cornua, dum potui. nunc pars caret altera telo
 frontis, ut ipse vides.” gemitus sunt verba secuti.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

have been altogether bent on my fishing. And that you may believe me, so may the god of the sea assist this art of mine, as it is true that for a long time back no man has stood upon this shore except myself, and no woman, either.' Her master believed, and turning upon the sands, he left the spot, completely deceived. Then her former shape was given back to her. But when her father perceived that his daughter had the power to change her form, he sold her often and to many masters. But now in the form of a mare, now bird, now cow, now deer, away she went, and so found food, though not fairly, for her greedy father. At last, when the strength of the plague had consumed all these provisions, and but added to his fatal malady, the wretched man began to tear his own flesh with his greedy teeth and, by consuming his own body, fed himself.

"But why do I dwell on tales of others? I myself, young sirs, have often changed my form; but my power is limited in its range. For sometimes I appear as you see me now; sometimes I change to a serpent; again I am leader of a herd and put my strength into my horns—horns, I say, so long as I could. But now one of the weapons of my forehead is gone, as you yourself can see." He ended with a groan.

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METAMORPHOSES

II

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METAMORPHOSES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

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PH.D., LL.D.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

II

BOOKS IX-XV



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METAMORPHOSES

METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER IX

QVAE gemitus truncaeque deo Neptunius heros
causa rogat frontis, cum sic Calydonius amnis
coepit inornatos redimitus harundine crines :
“ triste petis munus. quis enim sua proelia victus
commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam
turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est, 6
magnaque dat nobis tantus solacia victor.
nomine siqua suo fando pervenit ad aures
Deïanira tuas, quondam pulcherrima virgo
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum. 10
cum quibus ut soceri domus est intrata petiti,
‘ accipe me generum,’ dixi ‘ Parthaone nate ’ :
dixit et Alcides. alii cessere duobus.
ille Iovem socerum dare se, famamque laborum,
et superata suae referebat iussa novercae. 15
contra ego ‘ turpe deum mortali cedere ’ dixi—
nondum erat ille deus—‘ dominum me cernis aquarum

METAMORPHOSES

BOOK IX

THE Neptunian hero¹ asked the god why he groaned and what was the cause of his mutilated forehead. And thus the Calydonian river, binding up his rough locks with a band of reeds, made answer: "'Tis an unpleasant task you set; for who would care to chronicle his defeats? Still I will tell the story as it happened: nor was it so much a disgrace to be defeated as it was an honour to have striven at all, and the thought that my conqueror was so mighty is a great comfort to me. Deianira (if you have ever heard of her) was once a most beautiful maiden and the envied hope of many suitors. When along with them I entered the house of the father² of the maid I sought, I said: 'Take me for son-in-law, O son of Parthaon.' Hercules said the same, and the others yielded their claims to us two. He pleaded the fact that Jove was his father, pleaded his famous labours and all that he had overcome at the command of his stepmother. In reply I said: 'It is a shame for a god to give place to a mortal' (Hercules had not yet been made a god); 'you behold in me the lord of the

¹ Theseus was the reputed son of Aegeus; but there was a current tradition that he was really the son of Neptune.

² Oeneus.

OVID

cursibus obliquis inter tua regna fluentum.
 nec gener externis hospes tibi missus ab oris,
 sed popularis ego et rerum pars una tuarum. 20
 tantum ne noceat, quod me nec regia Iuno
 odit, et omnis abest iussorum poena laborum.
 nam, quo te iactas, Alcmena nate, creatum,
 Iuppiter aut falsus pater est, aut crimine verus.
 matris adulterio patrem petis. elige, fictum 25
 esse Iovem malis, an te per dedecus ortum.
 talia dicentem iandudum lumine torvo
 spectat, et accensae non fortiter imperat irae,
 verbaque tot reddit: ' melior mihi dextera lingua.
 dummodo pugnando superem, tu vince loquendo ' 30
 concrediturque ferox. puduit modo magna locutum
 cedere: reieci viridem de corpore vestem,
 bracchiaque opposui, tenuique a pectore varas
 in statione manus et pugnae membra paravi.
 ille cavis hausto spargit me pulvere palmis, 35
 inque vicem fulvae tactu flavescit harenae.
 et modo cervicem, modo crura micantia captat,
 aut captare putes, omnique a parte lacessit.
 me mea defendit gravitas frustra que petebar;
 haud secus ac moles, magno quam murmure fluctus
 oppugnant; manet illa, suoque est pondere tuta. 41
 digredimur paulum, rursusque ad bella coimus,
 inque gradu stetimus, certi non cedere, eratque
 cum pede pes iunctus, totoque ego pectore pronus
 et digitos digitis et frontem fronte premebam. 45
 non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

waters which flow down their winding courses through your realm. If I wed your daughter, it will be no stranger from foreign shores; but I shall be one of your own countrymen, a part of your own kingdom. Only let it not be to my disadvantage that Queen Juno does not hate me and that no labours are imposed upon me in consequence of her hate. For Jove, from whom you boast that you have sprung, O son of Alcmena, is either not your father, or is so to your disgrace. Through your mother's sin you claim your father. Choose, then, whether you prefer to say that your claim to Jove is false, or to confess yourself the son of shame.' As I thus spoke he eyed me for a long while with lowering gaze and, unable to control his hot wrath longer, he answered just these words: 'My hand is better than my tongue. Let me but win in fighting and you may win in speech'; and he came at me fiercely. I was ashamed to draw back after having spoken so boldly; and so I threw off my green coat, put up my arms, held my clenched hands out in front of my breast in position, and so prepared me for the fight. He caught up some dust in the hollow of his hand and threw it over me and in turn himself became yellow with the tawny sand. And now he caught at my neck, now at my quick-moving legs (or you would think he did), and attacked me at every point. My weight protected me and I was attacked in vain. Just like a cliff I stood, which, though the roaring waves dash against it, stands secure, safe in its own bulk. We draw apart a little space, then rush together again to the fray and stand firm in our tracks, each determined not to yield. Foot locked with foot, fingers with fingers clenched, brow against brow, with all my body's forward-leaning weight I pressed upon him. Like that have I seen two strong bulls rush

OVID

cum, pretium pugnae, toto nitidissima saltu
 expetitur coniunx : spectant armenta paventque
 nescia, quem maneat tanti victoria regni.
 ter sine profectu voluit nitentia contra 50
 reicere Alcides a se mea pectora ; quarto
 excutit amplexus, adductaque bracchia solvit,¹
 impulsumque manu—certum est mihi vera fateri—
 protinus avertit, tergoque onerosus inhaesit.
 siqua fides,—neque enim ficta mihi gloria voce 55
 quaeritur—inposito pressus mihi monte videbar.
 vix tamen inserui sudore fluentia multo
 bracchia, vix solvi duros a pectore nexus.
 instat anhelanti, prohibetque resumere vires,
 et cervice mea potitur. tum denique tellus 60
 pressa genu nostro est, et harenas ore momordi.
 inferior virtute, meas divertor ad artes,
 elaborque viro longum formatus in anguem.
 qui postquam flexos sinuavi corpus in orbes,
 cumque fero movi linguam stridore bisulcam, 65
 risit, et inludens nostras Tirynthius artes
 ‘ cunarum labor est angues superare mearum,’
 dixit ‘ et ut vincas alios, Acheloe, dracones,
 pars quota Lernaeae serpens eris unus echidnae ?
 vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa, nec ullum 70
 de centum numero caput est inpune recisum,
 quin gemino cervix herede valentior esset.
 hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris
 crescentemque malo domui, domitanque reclusi.
 quid fore te credas, falsum qui versus in anguem 75

¹ *So Merkel: Ehwald volvit.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

together when they strive for the sleekest heifer in the pasture as the prize of conflict. The herd looks on in fear and trembling, not knowing to which one victory will award so great dominion. Three times without success did Alcides strive to push away from him my opposing breast ; at the fourth attempt he shook off my embrace, broke my hold, and, giving me a sharp buffet with his hand (I am determined to tell it as it was), he whirled me round and clung with all his weight upon my back. If you will believe me (for I am not trying to gain any credit by exaggeration), I seemed to bear the weight of a mountain on my back. With difficulty I thrust in my arms streaming with sweat, with difficulty I broke his hard grip from my body. He pressed close upon me as I panted for breath, gave me no chance to regain my strength, and got me around the neck. Then at length I fell to my knees upon the earth and bit the dust. Finding myself no match for him in strength, I had recourse to my arts, and glided out of his grasp in the form of a long snake. But when I wound my body into twisting coils, and darted out my forked tongue and hissed fiercely at him, the hero of Tiryns only laughed, and mocking at my arts he said : ' It was the task of my cradle days to conquer snakes ; and though you should outdo all other serpents, Achelous, how small a part of that Lernaean monster would you, just one snake, be ? For it throve on the wounds I gave ; nor was any one of its hundred heads cut off without its neck being the stronger by two succeeding heads. This creature, branching out with serpents sprung from death and thriving on destruction, I overmastered and, having overmastered, destroyed. And what do you think will become of you who, having assumed but a lying serpent form, make use of

OVID

arma aliena moves, quem forma precaria celat ?'
 dixerat, et summo digitorum vincula collo
 inicit : angebar, ceu guttura forcipe pressus,
 pollicibusque meas pugnabam evellere fauces.
 sic quoque devicto restabat tertia tauri 80
 forma trucis. tauro mutatus membra rebello.
 induit ille toris a laeva parte lacertos,
 admissumque trahens sequitur, depressaque dura
 cornua figit humo, meque alta sternit harena.
 nec satis hoc fuerat : rigidum fera dextera cornu 85
 dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revellit.
 naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
 sacrarunt ; divesque meo Bona Copia cornu est."

Dixerat : et nymphe ritu succincta Dianae,
 una ministrarum, fuis utrimque capillis, 90
 incessit totumque tulit praedivite cornu
 autumnum et mensas, felicia poma, secundas.
 lux subit ; et primo feriente cacumina sole
 discedunt iuvenes, neque enim dum flumina pacem
 et placidos habeant lapsus totaeque residant 95
 opperiantur aquae. vultus Achelous agrestis
 et lacerum cornu mediis caput abdidit undis.

Hunc tamen ablati domuit iactura decoris,
 cetera sospes habet. capitis quoque fronde saligna
 aut superinposita celatur harundine damnum. 100
 at te, Nesse ferox, eiusdem virginis ardor
 perdiderat volucris traiectum terga sagitta.
 namque nova repetens patrios cum coniuge muros

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

borrowed arms, who are masked in a shifting form?' So saying he fixed his vice-like grip upon my throat. I was in anguish, as if my throat were in a forceps' grip, and struggled to tear my jaws from his fingers. Conquered in this form also, there remained to me my third refuge, the form of a savage buli. And so in bull form I fought him. He threw his arms around my neck on the left, kept up with me as I ran at full speed, dragging upon me; and, finally, forced down my hard horns and thrust them into the earth and laid me low in the deep dust. Nor was this enough: holding my tough horn in his pitiless right hand, he broke it off and tore it from my forehead, mutilating me. This horn the naiads took, filled it with fruit and fragrant flowers, and hallowed it. And now the goddess of glad Abundance is enriched with my horn."

So spoke the river-god; and lo, a nymph girl like Diana, one of the attendants with locks flowing free, appeared and served them from her bounteous horn with all the fruits of Autumn, and wholesome apples for the second course. The dawn came on, and, as the first rays of the sun smote the mountain-tops, the youths took their departure; for they did not wait until the river should flow in peaceful current and all the flood-waters should subside. And Achelöus hid his rustic features and his head, scarred from the wrenched-off horn, beneath his waves.

He was humbled indeed by the loss of his beauteous horn, which had been taken from him, though scathless in all else, a loss which he could hide with willow boughs and reeds entwined about his head. But, O savage Nessus, a passion for the same maiden utterly destroyed you, pierced through the body by a flying arrow. For, seeking his native city with his

OVID

venerat Eueni rapidas love natus ad undas.
 uberior solito, nimbis hiemalibus auctus, 105
 verticibusque frequens erat atque inpervius amnis.
 intrepidum pro se, curam de coniuge agentem
 Nessus adit, membrisque valens scitusque vadorum,
 "officio" que "meo ripa sistetur in illa
 haec," ait "Alcide. tu viribus utere nando!" 110
 pallentemque metu, fluviumque ipsumque timentem
 tradidit Aonius pavidam Calydonida Nesso.
 mox, ut erat, pharetraque gravis spolioque leonis—
 nam clavam et curvos trans ripam miserat arcus—
 "quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina" dixit,
 nec dubitat nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis, 116
 quaerit, et obsequio deferri spernit aquarum.
 iamque tenens ripam, missos cum tolleret arcus,
 coniugis agnovit vocem Nessoque paranti
 fallere depositum "quo te fiducia" clamat 120
 "vana pedum, violente, rapit? tibi, Nesse biformis,
 dicimus. exaudi, nec res intercipe nostras.
 si te nulla mei reverentia movit, at orbes
 concubitus vetitos poterant inhibere paterni.
 haud tamen effugies, quamvis ope fidis equina; 125
 vulnere, non pedibus te consequar." ultima dicta
 res probat, et missa fugientia terga sagitta
 traicit. exstabat ferrum de pectore aduncum

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

bride, the son of Jove had come to the swift waters of Euenus. The stream was higher than its wont, swollen with winter rains, full of wild eddies, and quite impassable. As the hero stood undaunted for himself, but anxious for his bride, Nessus came up, strong of limb and well acquainted with the fords, and said: "By my assistance, Alcides, she shall be set on yonder bank; and do you use your strength and swim across!" The Theban accordingly entrusted to Nessus' care the Calydonian maid, pale and trembling, fearing the river and the centaur himself. At once, just as he was, burdened with his quiver and the lion's skin (for he had tossed his club and curving bow across to the other bank), the hero said: "Since I have undertaken it, these waters shall be overcome." And in he plunged; nor did he seek out where the stream was kindliest, and scorned to reach his goal by the courtesy of the waters. And now he had just gained the other bank, and was picking up his bow which he had thrown across, when he heard his wife's voice calling; and to Nessus, who was in act to betray his trust, he shouted: "Where is your vain confidence in your fleetness carrying you, you ravisher? To you, two-formed Nessus, I am talking: listen, and do not dare come between me and mine. If no fear of me has weight with you, at least your father's¹ whirling wheel should prevent the outrage you intend. You shall not escape, however much you trust in your horse's fleetness. With my deadly wound, if not with my feet, I shall overtake you." Suiting the action to his last words, he shot an arrow straight into the back of the fleeing centaur. The barbed point protruded from his

¹ *i.e.* Ixion, who also had been guilty of an outrage for which he suffered his well-known punishment in Hades.

OVID

quod simul evulsum est, sanguis per utrumque foramen
emicuit mixtus Lernaevi tabe veneni. 130

excipit hunc Nessus: "neque enim moriemur inulti"
secum ait, et calido velamina tincta cruore
dat munus raptae velut iritamen amoris.

Longa fuit medii mora temporis, actaque magni
Herculis inplerant terras odiumque novercae. 135

victor ab Oechalia Ceneae sacra parabat
vota Iovi, cum Fama loquax praecessit ad aures,
Deianira, tuas, quae veris addere falsa
gaudet, et e minimo sua per mendacia crescit,
Amphitryoniaden Ioles ardore teneri. 140

credit amans, venerisque novae perterrita fama
indulsit primo lacrimis, flendoque dolorem
diffudit miseranda suum. mox deinde "quid autem
flemus?" ait "paelix lacrimis laetabitur istis.
quae quoniam adveniet, properandum aliquidque
novandum est, 145

dum licet, et nondum thalamos tenet altera nostros.
conquerar, an sileam? repetam Calydonam, morerne?
excedam tectis? an, si nihil amplius, obstem?
quid si me, Meleagre, tuam memor esse sororem
forte paro facinus, quantumque iniuria possit 150
femineusque dolor, iugulata paelice testor?"
incursus animus varios habet. omnibus illis
praetulit inbutam Nesseo sanguine vestem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

breast. This he tore out, and spurting forth from both wounds came the blood mixed with the deadly poison of the Lernaean hydra. Nessus caught this, and muttering, "I shall not die unavenged," he gave his tunic, soaked with his warm blood, to Deianira as a gift, potent to revive waning love. /

Meanwhile, long years had passed; the deeds of the mighty Hercules had filled the earth and had sated his stepmother's hate. Returning victorious from Oechalia, he was preparing to pay his vows to Jove at Cenaeum, when tattling Rumour came on ahead to your ears, Deianira, Rumour, who loves to mingle false and true and, though very small at first, grows huge through lying, and she reported that the son of Amphitryon¹ was enthralled by love of Iole.² The loving wife believes the tale, and completely overcome by the report of this new love, she indulges her tears at first and, poor creature, pours out her grief in a flood of weeping. But soon she says: "Why do I weep? My rival will rejoice at my tears. But since she is on her way hither I must make haste and devise some plan while I may, and while as yet another woman has not usurped my couch. Shall I complain or shall I grieve in silence? Shall I go back to Calydon or tarry here? Shall I leave my house or, if I can nothing more, stay and oppose her? What if, O Meleager, remembering that I am your sister, I make bold to plan some dreadful deed, and by killing my rival prove how much a woman's outraged feelings and grief can do?" Her mind has various promptings; but to all other plans she prefers to send to her husband the tunic soaked in Nessus' blood, in the hope that this

¹ The husband of Alcmena and putative father of Hercules.

² The daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia.

OVID

mittere, quae vires defecto reddat amori,
 ignaroque Lichae, quid tradat, nescia, luctus 155
 ipsa suos tradit blandisque miserrima verbis,
 dona det illa viro, mandat. capit inscius heros,
 induiturque umeris Lernaeae virus echidnae.

Tura dabat primis et verba precantia flammis,
 vinaque marmoreas patera fundebat in aras : 160

incaluit vis illa mali, resolutaque flammis
 Herculeos abiit late dilapsa per artus.
 dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.
 victa malis postquam est patientia, reppulit aras,
 inplevitque suis nemorosum vocibus Oeten. 165

nec mora, letiferam conatur scindere vestem :
 qua trahitur, trahit illa cutem, foedumque relatu,
 aut haeret membris frustra temptata revelli,
 aut laceros artus et grandia detegit ossa.

ipse cruor, gelido ceu quondam lammina candens 170
 tincta lacu, stridit coquiturque ardente veneno.

nec modus est, sorbent avidae praecordia flammae,
 caeruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor,
 ambustique sonant nervi, caecaque medullis
 tabe liquefactis tollens ad sidera palmas 175

“ cladibus,” exclamat “ Saturnia, pascere nostris :
 pascere, et hanc pestem specta, crudelis, ab alto,
 corque ferum satia. vel si miserandus et hosti,
 hoc est, si tibi sum, diris cruciatibus aegram
 invisamque animam natamque laboribus aufer. 180
 hoc mihi munus erit ; decet haec dare dona
 novercam.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

may revive her husband's failing love; and to Lichas, ignorant of what he bears, with her own hands she all unwittingly commits the cause of her future woe, and with honeyed words the unhappy woman bids him take this present to her lord. The hero innocently received the gift and put on his shoulders the tunic soaked in the Lernaean hydra's poison.

He was offering incense and prayers amid the kindling flames and pouring wine from the libation bowl upon the marble altar: then was the virulence of that pest aroused and, freed by the heat, went stealing throughout the frame of Hercules. While he could, with his habitual manly courage he held back his groans. But when his endurance was conquered by his pain, he overthrew the altar and filled woody Oeta with his cries. At once he tries to tear off the deadly tunic; but where it is torn away, it tears the skin with it and, ghastly to relate, it either sticks to his limbs, from which he vainly tries to tear it, or else lays bare his torn muscles and huge bones. His very blood hisses and boils with the burning poison, as when a piece of red-hot metal is plunged into a cold pool. Without limit the greedy flames devour his vitals; the dark sweat pours from his whole body; his burnt sinews crackle and, while his very marrow melts with the hidden, deadly fire, he stretches suppliant hands to heaven and cries: "Come, feast, Saturnia,¹ upon my destruction; feast, I say; look down, thou cruel one, from thy lofty seat, behold my miserable end, and glut thy savage heart! Or, if I merit pity even from my enemy—that is, from thee—take hence this hateful life, sick with its cruel sufferings and born for toil. This will be a boon to me, surely a fitting boon

¹ Juno.

OVID

ergo ego foedantem peregrino templa cruore
 Busirin domui? saevoque alimenta parentis
 Antaeo eripui? nec me pastoris Hiberi
 forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movit?
 vosne, manus, validi pressistis cornua tauri? 186
 vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stympthalides undae,
 Partheniumque nemus? vestra virtute relatus
 Thermodontiaco caelatus balteus auro,
 pomaque ab insomni concustodita dracone? 190
 nec mihi centauri potuere resistere, nec mi
 Arcadiae vastator aper? nec profuit hydrae
 crescere per damnum geminasque resumere vires?
 quid, quod Thracis equos humano sanguine pingues
 plenaque corporibus laceris praesepia vidi, 195
 visaque deieci, dominumque ipsosque peremi?
 his elisa iacet moles Nemeaea lacertis:
 hac caelum cervice tuli. defessa iubendo est
 saeva Iovis coniunx: ego sum indefessus agendo.
 sed nova pestis adest, cui nec virtute resisti 200
 nec telis armisque potest. pulmonibus errat
 ignis edax imis, perque omnes pascitur artus.
 at valet Eurystheus! et sunt, qui credere possint
 esse deos!" dixit, perque altum saucius Oeten
 haud aliter graditur, quam si venabula taurus 205
 corpore fixa gerat, factique refugerit auctor.
 saepe illum gemitus edentem, saepe frementem,
 saepe retemptantem totas infringere vestes
 sternentemque trabes irascentemque videres
 montibus aut patrio tendentem bracchia caelo. 210

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for a stepmother to bestow! Was it for this I slew Busiris, who defiled his temples with strangers' blood? that I deprived the dread Antaeus of his mother's strength? that I did not fear the Spanish shepherd's¹ triple form, nor thy triple form, O Cerberus? Was it for this, O hands, that you broke the strong bull's horns? that Elis knows your toil, the waves of Stymphalus, the Parthenian woods? that by your prowess the girdle wrought of Thermodonian gold in relief was secured, and that fruit guarded by the dragon's sleepless eyes? Was it for this that the centaurs could not prevail against me, nor the boar that wasted Arcady? that it did not avail the hydra to grow by loss and gain redoubled strength? What, when I saw the Thracian's horses fat with human blood and those mangers full of mangled corpses and, seeing, threw them down and slew the master² and the steeds themselves? By these arms the monster of Nemea lies crushed; upon this neck I upheld the sky! The cruel wife of Jove is weary of imposing toils; but I am not yet weary of performing them. But now a strange and deadly thing is at me, which neither by strength can I resist, nor yet by weapons nor by arms. Deep through my lungs steals the devouring fire, and feeds through all my frame. But Eurystheus is alive and well! And there are those who can believe that there are gods!" He spoke and in sore distress went ranging along high Oeta; just as a bull carries about the shaft that has pierced his body, though the giver of the wound has fled. See him there on the mountains oft uttering heart-rending groans, oft roaring in agony, oft struggling to tear off all his garments, uprooting great trunks of trees, and raging o'er the mountains or stretching out his arms to his father's skies.

¹ Geryon.

² Diomedes.

OVID

Ecce Lichan trepidum latitantem rupe cavata
aspicit, utque dolor rabiem conlegerat omnem,
“tune, Licha,” dixit “feralia dona dedisti?
tune meae necis auctor eris?” tremit ille, pavetque
pallidus, et timide verba excusantia dicit. 215
dicentem genibusque manus adhibere parantem
corripit Alcides, et terque quaterque rotatum
mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas.
ille per aërias pendens induruit auras:
utque ferunt imbres gelidis concreescere ventis, 220
inde nives fieri, nivibus quoque molle rotatis
astringi et spissa glomerari grandine corpus,
sic illum validis iactum per inane lacertis
exsanguemque metu nec quicquam umoris habentem
in rigidos versum silices prior edidit aetas. 225
nunc quoque in Euboico scopulus brevis eminent alto
gurgite et humanae servat vestigia formae,
quem, quasi sensurum, nautae calcare verentur,
appellantque Lichan. at tu, Iovis inclita proles,
arboribus caesis, quas ardua gesserat Oete, 230
inque pyram structis arcum pharetramque capacem
regnaque visuras iterum Troiana sagittas
ferre iubes Poeante satum, quo flamma ministro
subdita. dumque avidis comprehenditur ignibus agger,
congeriem silvae Nemeaeo vellere summam 235
sternis, et inposita clavae cervice recumbis,
haud alio vultu, quam si conviva iaceres
inter plena meri redimitus pocula sertis.

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Of a sudden he caught sight of Lichas cowering with fear and hiding beneath a hollow rock, and with all the accumulated rage of suffering he cried: "Was it you, Lichas, who brought this fatal gift? And shall you be called the author of my death?" The young man trembled, grew pale with fear, and timidly attempted to excuse his act. But while he was yet speaking and striving to clasp the hero's knees, Alcides caught him up and, whirling him thrice and again about his head, he hurled him far out into the Euboean sea, swifter than a missile from a catapult. The youth stiffened as he yet hung high in air; and as drops of rain are said to congeal beneath the chilling blast and change to snow, then whirling snowflakes condense to a soft mass and finally are packed in frozen hail: so, hurled by strong arms through the empty air, bloodless with fear, his vital moisture dried, he changed, old tradition says, to flinty rock. Even to this day in the Euboean sea a low rock rises from the waves, keeping the semblance of a human form; this rock, as if it were sentient, the sailors fear to tread on, and they call it Lichas. But you, illustrious son of Jove, cut down the trees which grew on lofty Oeta, built a huge funeral pyre, and bade the son of Poeas,¹ who set the torch beneath, to take in recompense your bow, capacious quiver and arrows, destined once again to see the realm of Troy. And as the pyre began to kindle with the greedy flames, you spread the Nemean lion's skin on top of the pile of wood and, with your club for pillow, laid you down with peaceful countenance, as if, amid cups of generous wine and crowned with garlands, you were reclining on a banquet-couch.

¹ Philoctetes.

OVID

Iamque valens et in omne latus diffusa sonabat,
 securosque artus contemptoremque petebat 240
 flamma suum. timuere dei pro vindice terrae.
 quos ita, sensit enim, laeto Saturnius ore
 Iuppiter adloquitur: "nostra est timor iste voluptas,
 o superi, totoque libens mihi pectore grator,
 quod memoris populi dicor rectorque paterque 245
 et mea progenies vestro quoque tuta favore est.
 nam quamquam ipsius datis hoc inmanibus actis,
 obligor ipse tamen. sed enim nec pectora vano
 fida metu paveant. istas nec spernite flammam!
 omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes; 250
 nec nisi materna Vulcanum parte potentem
 sentiet. aeternum est a me quod traxit, et expers
 atque immune necis, nullique domabile flammae.
 idque ego defunctum terra caelestibus oris
 accipiam, cunctisque meum laetabile factum 255
 dis fore confido. siquis tamen Hercule, siquis
 forte deo doliturus erit, data praemia nolet,
 sed meruisse dari sciet, invitisque probabit."
 adsensere dei. coniunx quoque regia visa est
 cetera non duro, duro tamen ultima vultu 260
 dicta tulisse Iovis, seque indoluisse notatam.
 interea quodcumque fuit populabile flammae,
 Mulciber abstulerat, nec cognoscenda remansit
 Herculis effigies, nec quicquam ab imagine ductum
 matris habet, tantumque Iovis vestigia servat. 265
 utque novus serpens posita cum pelle senecta
 luxuriare solet, squamaque nitere recenti,

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And now on all sides the spreading flames were crackling fiercely, and licking at the careless limbs that scorned their power. The gods felt fear for the earth's defender. Then Saturnian Jove, well pleased (for he knew their thoughts), addressed them: "Your solicitude is a joy to me, ye gods of heaven, and I rejoice with all my heart that I am called king and father of a grateful race of gods, and that my offspring is safe under your protecting favour also. For, though you offer this tribute to his own mighty deeds, still I myself am much beholden to you. But let not your faithful hearts be filled with needless fear. Scorn not those flames! He who has conquered all things shall conquer these fires which you see; nor shall he feel Vulcan's power save in the part his mother gave him. Immortal is the part which he took from me, and that is safe and beyond the power of death, which no flame can destroy. And when this is done with earth I shall receive him on the heavenly shores, and I trust that this act of mine will be pleasing to all the gods. But if there is anyone, if there is anyone, I say, who is going to be sorry that Hercules is made a god, why then, he will begrudge the prize, but he will at least know that it was given deservedly, and will be forced to approve the deed." The gods assented; even Juno seemed to take all else complacently, but not complacently the last words of Jove, and she grieved that she had been singled out for rebuke. Meanwhile, whatever the flames could destroy, Mulciber had now consumed, and no shape of Hercules that could be recognized remained, nor was there anything left which his mother gave. He kept traces only of his father; and as a serpent, its old age sloughed off with its skin, revels in fresh life, and shines resplendent in its

OVID

sic ubi mortales Tirynthius exiit artus,
 parte sui meliore viget, maiorque videri
 coepit et augusta fieri gravitate verendus. 270
 quem pater omnipotens inter cava nubila raptum
 quadriugo curru radiantibus intulit astris.

Sensit Atlas pondus. neque adhuc Stheneleüs iras
 solverat Eurystheus, odiumque in prole paternum
 exercebat atrox. at longis anxia curis 275

Argolis Alcmene, questus ubi ponat aniles,
 cui referat nati testatos orbe labores,
 cuive suos casus, Iolen habet. Herculis illam
 imperiis thalamoque animoque receperat Hyllus,
 inpleratque uterum generoso semine; cui sic 280

incipit Alcmene: "faveant tibi numina saltem,
 conripiantque moras tum cum matura vocabis
 praepositam timidis parientibus Ilithyiam,
 quam mihi difficilem Iunonis gratia fecit.
 namque laboriferi cum iam natalis adesset 285

Herculis et decimum premeretur sidere signum,
 ten'ebat gravitas uterum mihi, quodque ferebam,
 tantum erat, ut posses auctorem dicere tecti
 ponderis esse Iovem. nec iam tolerare labores
 ulterius poteram. quin nunc quoque frigidus artus,
 dum loquor, horror habet, parsque est meminisse
 doloris. 291

septem ego per noctes, totidem cruciata diebus,
 fessa malis, tendensque ad caelum bracchia, magno
 Lucinam Nixosque patres clamore vocabam.
 illa quidem venit, sed praecorrupta, meumque 295
 quae donare caput Iunoni vellet iniquae.

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bright new scales; so when the 'Tirynthian put off his mortal frame, he gained new vigour in his better part, began to seem of more heroic size, and to become awful in his godlike dignity. Him the Almighty Father sped through the hollow clouds with his team of four, and set him amid the glittering stars.

Atlas felt his weight. But not even now did Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, put away his wrath; but his bitter hatred for the father he still kept up towards his race. Now, spent with long-continued cares, Argive Alcmena had in Iole one to whom she could confide her old woman's troubles, to whom she could relate her son's labours witnessed by all the world, and her own misfortunes. For by Hercules' command, Hyllus had received Iole to his arms and heart, and to him she was about to bear a child of that noble race. Thus spoke Alcmena to her: "May the gods be merciful to you at least and give you swift deliverance in that hour when in your need you call on Ilithyia, goddess of frightened mothers in travail, whom Juno's hatred made so bitter against me. For when the natal hour of toil-bearing Hercules was near and the tenth sign was being traversed by the sun, my burden was so heavy and what I bore so great that you could know Jove was the father of the unborn child; nor could I longer bear my pangs. Nay, even now as I tell it, cold horror holds my limbs and my pains return even as I think of it. For seven nights and days I was in torture; then, spent with anguish, I stretched my arms to heaven and with a mighty wail I called upon Lucina and the three guardian deities of birth. Lucina came, indeed, but pledged in advance to give my life to cruel Juno. There she sat upon the altar before the door, listening to my groans, with her

OVID

utque meos audit gemitus, subsedit in illa
 ante fores ara, dextroque a poplite laevum
 pressa genu et digitis inter se pectine iunctis
 sustinuit partus. tacita quoque carmina voce 300
 dixit, et inceptos tenuerunt carmina partus.
 nitor, et ingrato facio convicia demens
 vana Iovi, cupioque mori, moturaque duros
 verba queror silices. matres Cadmeïdes adsunt,
 vota que suscipiunt, exhortanturque dolentem. 305
 una ministrarum, media de plebe, Galanthis,
 flava comas, aderat, faciendis strenua iussis,
 officiis dilecta suis. ea sensit iniqua
 nescio quid Iunone geri, dumque exit et intrat
 saepe fores, divam residentem vidit in ara 310
 brachiaque in genibus digitis conexas tenentem,
 et 'quaecumque es,' ait 'dominae gratare. levata est
 Argolis Alcmene, potiturque puerpera voto.'
 exsiluit, iunctasque manus pavefacta remisit
 diva potens uteri: vinculis levor ipsa remissis. 315
 numine decepto risisse Galanthida fama est.
 ridentem prensamque ipsis dea saeva capillis
 traxit, et e terra corpus relevare volentem
 arcuit, inque pedes mutavit brachia primos.
 strenuitas antiqua manet; nec terga colorem 320
 amisere suum: forma est diversa priori.
 quae quia mendaci parientem iuverat ore,
 ore parit nostrasque domos, ut et ante, irrequat."

Dixit, et admonitu veteris commota ministrae

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right knee crossed over her left, and with her fingers interlocked; and so she stayed the birth. Charms also, in low muttered words, she chanted, and the charms prevented my deliverance. I fiercely strove and, mad with pain, I shrieked out vain revilings against ungrateful Jove. I longed to die, and my words would have moved the unfeeling rocks. The Theban matrons stood around me, appealed to heaven, and strove to stay my grief. There was one of my attendants born of the common folk, Galanthis, with hair of reddish hue, active always in obedience to my commands, well loved by me for her faithful services. She felt assured that unjust Juno was working some spell against me; and as she was passing in and out the house, she saw the goddess seated on the altar holding her clinched hands upon her knees, and said to her: 'Whoever you are, congratulate our mistress: Argive Alcmena is relieved; her prayers are answered and her child is born.' Up leaped the goddess of birth, unclinched her hands and spread them wide in consternation; my bonds were loosed and I was delivered of my child. They said Galanthis laughed in derision of the cheated deity. And as she laughed the cruel goddess caught her by the hair and dragged her on the ground; and, as the girl strove to rise, she kept her there and changed her arms into the fore-legs of an animal. Her old activity remained and her hair kept its former hue; but her former shape was changed. And because she had helped her labouring mistress with her deceitful lips, through her mouth must she bring forth her young. And still, as of yore, she makes our dwelling-place her home."¹

She spoke and, stirred by the warning fate of her former attendant, groaned deeply. And as she

¹ Galanthis was changed into a weasel.

OVID

ingemuit. quam sic nurus est affata dolentem : 325
 ‘ te tamen, o genetrix, alienae sanguine nostro
 rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
 fata meae referam ? quamquam lacrimaeque dolorque
 impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri—
 me pater ex alia genuit—notissima forma 330

Oechalidum, Dryope. quam virginitate carentem
 vimque dei passam Delphos Delumque tenentis
 excipit Andraemon, et habetur coniuge felix.
 est lacus, adclivis devexo margine formam
 litoris efficiens, summum myrteta coronant. 335

venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia, quoque
 indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas,
 inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum
 dulce ferebat onus tepidique ope lactis alebat.
 haut procul a stagno Tyrios imitata colores 340
 in spem bacarum florebat aquatica lotos.

carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
 porrigeret, flores, et idem factura videbar—
 namque aderam—vidi guttas e flore cruentas
 decidere et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 345

scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscena Priapi,
 contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

“ Nescierat soror hoc. quae cum perterrita retro
 ire et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis, 350
 haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat,
 nec quicquam, nisi summa movet. subcrescit ab imo,
 totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.

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grieved her daughter-in-law thus addressed her: "And yet, my mother, 'tis the changed form of one not of our blood you grieve for. What if I should tell you of the strange misfortunes of my own sister? And yet my tears and grief check me and almost prevent my speech. She was her mother's only child (for I was born of my father's second wife), Dryope, the most beautiful of all the Oechalian maids. Her, a maid no more through the violence of him who rules at Delphi and at Delos, Andraemon took and was counted happy in his wife. There is a pool whose shelving banks take the form of sloping shores, the top of which a growth of myrtle crowns. Dryope had come hither innocent of the fates and, that you may be the more indignant, with the intention of gathering garlands for the nymphs. In her arms she bore a pleasing burden, her infant boy not yet a full year old, and nursed him at her breast. Near the margin of the pool a plant of the water-lotus grew full of bright blossoms, the harbingers of fruit. To please her little son the mother plucked some of these blossoms, and I was in the act to do the same (for I was with her), when I saw drops of blood falling from the flowers and all the branches shivering with horror. For, you must know, as the slow rustics still relate, Lotis, a nymph, while fleeing from Priapus' vile pursuit, had taken refuge in this shape, changed as to features but keeping still her name.

"But my sister knew naught of this. And when she started back in terror and, with prayers to the nymphs, strove to leave the place, her feet clung, root-like, to the ground; she struggled to tear herself away, but nothing moved except the upper part of her body; the slow-creeping bark climbed upward from her feet and covered all her loins. When

OVID

ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
 fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tene-
 bant. 355

at puer Amphissos, (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 addiderat nomen,) materna rigescere sentit
 ubera; nec sequitur ducentem lacteus umor.
 spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque
 non poteram tibi ferre, soror, quantumque valebam,
 crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa morabar, 361
 et, fateor, volui sub eodem cortice condi.

“Ecce vir Andraemon genitorque miserrimus adsunt,
 et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
 ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 365
 adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent.

nil nisi iam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat
 cara soror: lacrimae misero de corpore factis
 inrorant foliis; et, dum licet, oraque praestant
 vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus: 370

‘siqua fides miseris, hoc me per numina iuro
 non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam.
 viximus innocuae. si mentior, arida perdam
 quas habeo frondes, et caesa securibus urar.

hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis, 375
 et date nutrici, nostraque sub arbore saepe
 lac facitote bibat, nostraque sub arbore ludat.
 cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
 et tristis dicat “latet hoc in stipite mater.”

stagna tamen timeat, nec carpat ab arbore flores, 380

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she saw this, she strove to tear her hair with her hands, but only filled her hands with leaves; for leaves now covered all her head. But the boy, Amphissos (for so his grandsire, Eurytus, had named him), felt his mother's breast grow hard, nor could he any longer draw his milky feast. I stood and saw your cruel fate, my sister, nor could I bring you any aid at all. And yet, so far as I could, I delayed the change by holding your growing trunk and branches fast in my embrace; and (shall I confess it?) I longed to hide me beneath that selfsame bark.

“But lo, her husband, Andraemon, and her most unhappy father came seeking for Dryope; and Dryope, in response to their questionings, I showed them as the lotus-tree. They printed kisses on the warm wood and, prostrate on the ground, they clung about the roots of their darling tree. And now my dear sister had only her face remaining, while all the rest was tree. Her tears rained down upon the leaves made from her poor body; and while they could, and her lips afforded utterance for her voice, it poured forth these complaints into the air: ‘If oaths of wretched sufferers have any force, I swear by the gods that I have not merited this dreadful thing. In utter innocence I am suffering, and in innocence I have always lived. If I say not the truth, parched with the drought may I lose my foliage and may I be cut down by the axe and burned. But take this infant from his mother's limbs and give him to a nurse. Beneath my tree let him often come and take his milk; beneath my tree let him play. And when he learns to talk, have him greet his mother and sadly say: “Here in this tree-trunk is my mother hid.” Still let him fear the pool, pluck no blossoms from the trees, and think all shrubs are goddesses in

OVID

et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum.
 care vale coniunx, et tu, germana, paterque !
 quin, siqua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis,
 a pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.
 et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est, 385
 erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
 dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum !
 plura loqui nequeo. nam iam per candida mollis
 colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor.
 ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro 390
 contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex !
 desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse. diuque
 corpore mutato rami caluere recentes."

Dumque refert Iole factum mirabile, dumque
 Eurytidos lacrimas admoto pollice siccat 395
 Alceme, (flet et ipsa tamen,) compescuit omnem
 res nova tristitiam. nam limine constitit alto
 paene puer dubiaque tegens lanugine malas,
 ora reformatus primos Iolaus in annos.
 hoc illi dederat Iunonia muneris Hebe, 400
 victa viri precibus. quae cum iurare pararet,
 dona tributuram post hunc se talia nulli,
 non est passa Themis : " nam iam discordia Thebae
 bella movent," dixit " Capaneusque nisi ab Iove vinci
 haud poterit, fientque pares in vulnere fratres, 405
 subductaque suos manes tellure videbit

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disguise! Farewell, dear husband, and you, sister, and my father! Nay, if you love me still, protect my branches from the sharp knife, my foliage from the browsing sheep. And, since it is not permitted me to bend down to you, reach up to me and let me kiss you while I may; and reach me once more my little son! Now I can say no more; for over my white neck the soft bark comes creeping, and I am buried in its overtopping folds. You need not close my eyes with your hands; without your service let the bark creep up and close my dying eyes!’ In the same moment did she cease to speak and cease to be; and long did the new-made branches keep the warmth of the transformed body.”

While Iole was telling this wonderful tale, and while Alcmena, herself also in tears, was drying with her sympathetic hand the tears of the daughter of Eurytus, a startling circumstance banished the grief of both. For there, in the deep doorway, stood a youth, almost a boy, with delicate down covering his cheeks, Iolaüs,¹ restored in features to his youthful prime. Hebe, Juno’s daughter, won by her husband’s² prayers, had given him this boon; and when she was on the point of swearing that to no one after him would she bestow such gifts, Themis checked her vow. “For,” said she, “Thebes is even now embroiled in civil strife, Capaneus shall be invincible save by the hand of Jove himself; the two brothers³ shall die by mutual wounds; the propheting⁴ shall in the flesh behold his own spirits,

¹ The son of Iphicles, half-brother to Hercules.

² *i.e.* Hercules, to whom, after his translation to heaven, Hebe had been given in marriage.

³ Eteocles and Polynices

⁴ Amphiaraus.

OVID

vivus adhuc vates; ultusque parente parentem
natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem
attonitusque malis, exul mentisque domusque,
vultibus Eumenidum matrisque agitabitur umbris, 410
donec eum coniunx fatale poposcerit aurum,
cognatumque latus Phegeus hauserit ensis.
tum demum magno petet hos Acheloia supplex
ab Iove Callirhoe natis infantibus annos,
neve necem sinat esse diu victoris inultam. 415
Iuppiter his motus privignae dona nurusque
praecipiet, facietque viros inpubibus annis."

Haec ubi faticano venturi praescia dixit
ore Themis, vario superi sermone fremebant,
et, cur non aliis eadem dare dona liceret, 420
murmur erat. queritur veteres Pallantias annos
coniugis esse sui, queritur canescere mitis
Iasiona Ceres, repetitum Mulciber aevum
poscit Erichthonio, Venerem quoque cura futuri
tangit, et Anchisae renovare paciscitur annos. 425
cui studeat, deus omnis habet; crescitque favore
turbida seditio, donec sua Iuppiter ora
solvit, et "o! nostri siqua est reverentia," dixit
"quo ruitis? tantumne aliquis sibi posse videtur,
fata quoque ut superet? fatis Iolaus in annos, 430
quos egit, rediit. fatis iuvenescere debent

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

engulfed by the yawning earth; and his son¹ shall avenge parent on parent,² filial and accursed in the selfsame act; stunned by these evil doings, banished from reason and from home, he shall be hounded by the Furies and by his mother's ghost until his wife³ shall ask of him the fatal golden necklace and the sword of Phegeus shall have drained his kinsman's blood. And then at last shall Callirhoë, daughter of Acheloüs, by prayer obtain from mighty Jove that her infant sons may attain at once to manly years, that so their victorious father's death be not long unavenged. Jove, thus prevailed upon, shall claim in advance for these the gifts of his stepdaughter⁴ and daughter-in-law,⁵ and shall in an act change beardless boys to men."

When Themis, who knew what was to come, thus spoke with prophetic lips, a confused murmur of varying demands arose among the gods, and they inquired why they were not allowed to grant the same boon to others. Pallantis⁶ lamented her husband's⁷ hoary age; mild Ceres bewailed Iasion's whitening locks; Mulciber demanded renewed life for Erichthonius, and Venus, too, with care for the future, stipulated that old Anchises' years should be restored. Each god had his own favourite; and the noisy, partisan strife kept on, until Jupiter opened his lips and spoke: "Oh, if you have any reverence for me, what are you coming to? Does anyone suppose that he can so far prevail as to alter Fate's decrees? 'Twas by the will of Fate that Iolaüs was restored to the years which he had passed, by Fate

1 Alcmaeon.

2 Eriphyle.

3 Callirhoë.

4 Hebe.

5 Ibid.

6 Aurora.

7 Tithonus.

OVID

Callirhoe geniti, non ambitione nec armis.
 vos etiam, quoque hoc animo meliore feratis,
 me quoque fata regunt. quae si mutare valerem,
 nec nostrum seri curvarent Aeacon anni, 435
 perpetuumque aevi florem Rhadamanthus haberet
 cum Minoe meo, qui propter amara senectae
 pondera despicitur, nec quo prius ordine regnat."

Dicta Iovis movere deos; nec sustinet ullus,
 cum videat fessos Rhadamanthon et Aeacon annis
 et Minoa, queri. qui, dum fuit integer aevi, 441
 terruerat magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes;
 tunc erat invalidus, Deïonidenque iuventae
 robore Miletum Phoeboque parente superbum
 pertimuit, credensque suis insurgere regnis, 445
 haut tamen est patriis arcere penatibus ausus.
 sponte fugis, Milete, tua, celerique carina
 Aegaeas metiris aquas, et in Aside terra
 moenia constituis positoris habentia nomen.
 hic tibi, dum sequitur patriae curvamina ripae, 450
 filia Maeandri totiens redeuntis eodem
 cognita Cyanae, praestanti corpora forma,
 Byblida cum Cauno, prolem est enixa gemellam.

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellae,
 Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris; 451
 non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amabat.
 illa quidem primo nullos intellegit ignes,
 nec peccare putat, quod saepius oscula iungat,
 quod sua fraterno circumdet bracchia collo;

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also Callirhoë's sons are destined to leap to manhood from infancy, and not by any ambition or strife of theirs. You, too (I say this that you may be of better mind), and me also the Fates control. If I could change them, old age would not bend low my Aeacus; Rhadamanthus, too, would enjoy perpetual youth, together with my Minos, who, because of the galling weight of age, is now despised and no longer reigns in his former state."

Jove's words appeased the gods; nor could anyone complain when he saw Rhadamanthus, Aeacus, and Minos spent with years. Now Minos, while in his prime, had held great nations in fear of him by his very name; but at that time he was infirm with age and in fear of Miletus, son of Deione and Phoebus, proud of his youthful strength and parentage; and, though he believed that the youth was planning a rebellion against his kingdom, still he did not dare to banish him from his ancestral home. But of your own accord you fled, Miletus, and in your swift vessel crossed the Aegean sea and on the shores of Asia built a city which still bears its founder's name. There, while wandering along the banks of her father's winding stream, Cyanee, a nymph of unrivalled beauty, daughter of Maeander, who oft returns upon his former course, was known by you; and of this union Byblis and Caunus, twin progeny, were born.

Byblis is a warning that girls should not love unlawfully, Byblis, smitten with a passion for her brother, the grandson of Apollo. She loved him not as a brother, nor as a sister should. At first, indeed, she did not recognize the fires of love, nor think it wrong often to kiss him, often to throw her arms about her brother's neck, and she was long deceived

mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra. 460
 paulatim declinat amor, visuraque fratrem
 culta venit, nimiumque cupit formosa videri
 et siqua est illic formosior, invidet illi.
 sed nondum manifesta sibi est, nullumque sub illo
 igne facit votum, verumtamen aestuat intus. 465
 iam dominum appellat, iam nomina sanguinis odit,
 Byblida iam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem.

Spes tamen obscenas animo demittere non est
 ausa suo vigilans; placida resoluta quiete
 saepe videt quod amat: visa est quoque iungere
 fratri 470

corpus et erubuit, quamvis sopita iacebat.
 somnus abit; silet illa diu repetitque quietis
 ipsa suae speciem dubiaque ita mente profatur:
 "me miseram! tacitae quid vult sibi noctis imago?
 quam nolim rata sit! cur haec ego somnia vidi? 475
 ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus iniquis
 et placet, et possim, si non sit frater, amare,
 et me dignus erat. verum nocet esse sororem.
 dummodo tale nihil vigilans, committere temptem,
 saepe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus! 480
 testis abest somno, nec obest imitata voluptas.
 pro Venus et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido,
 gaudia quanta tuli! quam me manifesta libido
 contigit! ut iacui totis resoluta medullis!
 ut meminisse iuvat! quamvis brevis illa voluptas 485
 noxque fuit praeceps et coeptis invida nostris.

"O ego, si liceat mutato nomine iungi,

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by the semblance of sisterly affection. But gradually this affection changed to love: carefully adorned she came to see her brother, too anxious to seem lovely in his sight; and if any other seemed more beautiful to him, she envied her. But not yet did she have a clear vision of herself, felt no desire, prayed for no joy of love; but yet the hidden fire burned on. Now she called him her lord, now hated the name of brother, and wished him to call her Byblis, rather than sister.

Still in her waking hours she does not let her mind dwell on impure desires; but when she is relaxed in peaceful slumber, she often has visions of her love: she sees herself clasped in her brother's arms and blushes, though she lies sunk in sleep. When sleep has fled, she lies still for long and pictures again the visions of her slumber and at last, with wavering mind, she exclaims: "Oh, wretched girl that I am! What means this vision of the night? Oh, but I would not have it so! Why do I have such dreams? He is indeed beautiful, even to eyes that look unkindly on him, and is pleasing, and I could love him if he were not my brother; and he would be worthy of me; but it is my bane that I am his sister. If only when I am awake I make trial of no such thing, still may sleep often return with a dream like that! There's no one to tell in sleep, and there is no harm in imagined joy. O Venus and winged Cupid with thy soft mother, how happy I was! How real my joy seemed! How my very heart melted within me as I lay! How sweet to remember it! And yet 'twas but a fleeting pleasure, and night was headlong and envious of the joys before me.

"Oh, if I could only change my name and be joined

OVID

quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse parenti !
 quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti !
 omnia, di facerent, essent communia nobis, 490
 praeter avos : tu me vellem generosior esses !
 nescioquam facies igitur, pulcherrime, matrem ;
 at mihi, quae male sum, quos tu, sortita parentes,
 nil nisi frater eris. quod obest, id habebimus unum.
 quid mihi significant ergo mea visa ? quod autem 495
 somnia pondus habent ? an habent et somnia pondus ?
 di melius ! di nempe suas habuere sorores.
 sic Saturnus Opem iunctam sibi sanguine duxit,
 Oceanus Tethyn, Iunonem rector Olympi.
 sunt superis sua iura ! quid ad caelestia ritus 500
exigere humanos diversaque foedera tempto ?
 aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,
 aut hoc si nequeo, peream, precor, ante toroque
 mortua componar, positaeque det oscula frater.
 et tamen arbitrium quaerit res ista duorum ! 505
 finge placere mihi : scelus esse videbitur illi.
 “ At non Aeolidae thalamos timuere sororum !
 unde sed hos novi ? cur haec exempla paravi ?
 quo feror ? obscenae procul hinc discedite flammae
 nec, nisi qua fas est germanae, frater ametur ! 510
 si tamen ipse meo captus prior esset amore,
 forsitan illius possem indulgere furori.
 ergo ego, quae fuerim non reiectura petentem,
 ipsa petam ! poterisne loqui ? poterisne fateri ?
 coget amor, potero ! vel, si pudor ora tenebit, 515
 littera celatos arcana fatebitur ignes.”

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to you, how good a daughter, Caunus, I could be to your father, how good a son, Caunus, you could be to mine! we should have all things in common, if heaven allowed, except our grandparents. I should want you to be better born than I! You will be someone's husband, I suppose, O most beautiful; but to me, who have unfortunately drawn the same parents as yourself, you will never be anything but brother: what is our bane, that alone we shall have in common. What then do my dreams mean for me!—But what weight have dreams? or have dreams really weight? The gods forbid!—But surely the gods have loved their sisters; so Saturn married Ops, blood-kin of his; Oceanus, Tethys; the ruler of Olympus, Juno. But the gods are a law unto themselves! Why should I try to measure human fashions by divine and far different customs? Either my passion will flee from my heart if I forbid its presence, or if I cannot do this, I pray that I may die before I yield, and be laid out dead upon my couch, and as I lie there may my brother kiss my lips. And yet that act requires the will of two! Supposing it please me, it will seem a crime to him.

“Yet the Aeolidae did not shun their sisters' chambers! But whence do I know these? Why do I quote these examples? Whither am I tending? Get you far hence, immodest love, and let not my brother be loved at all, save in sisterly fashion! And yet if he himself had first been smitten with love for me, I might perchance smile upon his passion. Let me myself, then, woo him, since I should not have rejected his wooing! And can you speak? can you confess? Love will compel me: I can! or if shame holds my lips, a private letter shall confess my secret love.”

OVID

Hoc placet, haec dubiam vicit sententia mentem.
in latus erigitur cubitoque innixa sinistro
“ viderit : insanos ” inquit “ fateamur amores !
ei mihi, quo labor ? quem mens mea concipit ignem ? ”
et meditata manu componit verba trementi. 521
dextra tenet ferrum, vacuam tenet altera ceram.
incipit et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas,
et notat et delet, mutat culpatque probatque
inque vicem sumptas ponit positasque resumit. 525
quid velit ignorat ; quicquid factura videtur,
displicet. in vultu est audacia mixta pudori.
scripta “ soror ” fuerat ; visum est delere sororem
verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris :
“ quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitura salutem, 530
hanc tibi mittit amans : pudet, a, pudet edere nomen,
et si quid cupiam quaeris, sine nomine vellem
posset agi mea causa meo, nec cognita Byblis
ante forem, quam spes votorum certa fuisset.
“ Esse quidem laesi poterat tibi pectoris index 535
et color et macies et vultus et umida saepe
lumina nec causa suspiria mota patenti
et crebri amplexus, et quae, si forte notasti,
oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent.
ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam,
quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci 541
(sunt mihi di testes), ut tandem sanior essem,
pugnavique diu violenta Cupidinis arma
effugere infelix, et plus, quam ferre puellam
posse putes, ego dura tuli. superata fateri 545

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This plan meets her approval; upon this her wavering mind decides. She half-way rises and, leaning upon her left elbow, says: "Let him see: let us confess our mad passion! Ah me! whither am I slipping? What hot love does my heart conceive?" And she proceeds to set down with a trembling hand the words she has thought out. In her right hand she holds her pen, in her left an empty waxen tablet. She begins, then hesitates and stops; writes on and hates what she has written; writes and erases; changes, condemns, approves; by turns she lays her tablets down and takes them up again. What she would do she knows not; on the point of action, she decides against it. Shame and bold resolution mingle in her face. She had begun with "sister"; but "sister" she decided to erase, and wrote these words on the amended wax: "A health to you, which, if you give it not to her, she will not have, one sends to you who loves you. Shamed, oh, she is ashamed to tell her name. And if you seek to know what I desire, I would that nameless I might plead my cause, and not be known as Byblis until my fond hopes were sure.

"You might have had knowledge of my wounded heart from my pale, drawn face, my eyes oft filled with tears, my sighs for no seeming cause, my frequent embraces and my kisses which you might have known, had you but marked them, were more than sisterly. Yet, though my heart was sore distressed, though full of hot passion, I have done everything (the gods are my witnesses) to bring myself to sanity. Long have I fought, unhappy that I am, to escape love's cruel charge, and I have borne more than you would think a girl could bear. But I have been overborne and am forced to confess my

OVID

cogor, opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis.
 tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem :
 elige, utrum facias. non hoc inimica precatur,
 sed quae, cum tibi sit iunctissima, iunctior esse
 expetit et vincolo tecum propiore ligari. 550

iura senes norint, et quid liceatque nefasque
 fasque sit, inquirant, legumque examina servent.
 conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris.
 quid liceat, nescimus adhuc, et cuncta licere
 credimus, et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum.
 nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famae 556
 aut timor impedit : tamen ut sit causa timendi,
 dulci fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus.
 est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi,
 et damus amplexus, et iungimus oscula coram. 560
 quantum est, quod desit ? miserere fatentis amores,
 et non fassurae, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor,
 neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulchro."

Talia nequiquam perarantem plena reliquit
 cera manum, summusque in margine versus adhaesit.
 protinus inpressa signat sua crimina gemma, 566
 quam tinxit lacrimis (linguam defecerat umor) :
 deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit,
 et pavidum blandita "fer has, fidissime, nostro" —
 dixit, et adiecit longo post tempore "fratri." 570
 cum daret, elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae.
 omine turbata est, misit tamen. apta minister

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

love, and with timid prayers to beg help of you. For you alone can save, you only can destroy your lover. Choose which you will do. It is no enemy who prays to you, but one who, though most closely joined to you, seeks to be more fully joined and to be bound by a still closer tie. Let old men know propriety and talk of what is fitting, what is right and wrong, and preserve the nice discrimination of the laws. But love is compliant and heedless for those of our age. What is allowed we have not yet discovered, and we believe all things allowed; and in this we do but follow the example of the gods. You and I have no harsh father, no care for reputation, no fear to hold us back. And yet even though there be cause for fear, beneath the sweet name of brother and sister we shall conceal our stolen love. I have full liberty to talk apart with you; we may embrace and kiss in open view of all. How much still is lacking? Pity her who confesses to you her love, but who would not confess if the utmost love did not compel her; and let it not be written on my sepulchre that for your sake I died."

The tablet was full when she had traced these words doomed to disappointment, the last line coming to the very edge. Straightway she stamped the shameful letter with her seal which she moistened with her tears (for moisture failed her tongue). Then, blushing hotly, she called one of her attendants and with timorous and coaxing voice said: "Take these tablets, most faithful servant, to my——"; and after a long silence added, "brother." While she was giving them, the tablets slipped from her hands and fell. Though much perturbed by the omen, she still sent the letter. The servant, finding a fitting time, went to the brother and delivered to

OVID

tempora nactus adit traditque fatentia verba.
 attonitus subita iuvenis Maeandrius ira
 proicit acceptas lecta sibi parte tabellas, 575
 vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri,
 “dum licet, o! vetitae scelerate libidinis auctor,
 effuge!” ait “qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem
 non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses.”
 ille fugit pavidus, dominaeque ferocia Cauni 580
 dicta refert. palles audita, Bybli, repulsa,
 et pavet obsessum glaciale frigore corpus.
 mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores,
 linguaque vix tales icto dedit aëre voces:
 “et merito! quid enim temeraria vulneris huius 585
 indicium feci? quid, quae celanda fuerunt,
 tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis?
 ante erat ambiguus animi sententia dictis
 praetemptanda mihi. ne non sequeretur euntem,
 parte aliqua veli, qualis foret aura, notare 590
 debueram, tutoque mari decurrere, quae nunc
 non exploratis inplevi lintea ventis.
 auferor in scopulos igitur, subversaue toto
 obruor oceano, neque habent mea vela recursus.

“Quid quod et ominibus certis prohibebat amor 59.
 indulgere meo, tum cum mihi ferre iubenti
 excidit et fecit spes nostras cera caducas?
 nonne vel illa dies fuerat, vel tota voluntas,
 sed potius mutanda dies? deus ipse monebat
 signaque certa dabat, si non male sana fuisssem. 600
 et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere cerae

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him the message of confession. The grandson of Maeander, in a passion of sudden rage, threw down the tablets which he had taken and read half through, and, scarcely restraining his hands from the trembling servant's throat, he cried: "Flee while you may, you rascally promoter of a lawless love! But if your fate did not involve our own disgrace, you should have paid the penalty for this with death." He fled in terror and reported to his mistress her brother's savage answer. When, Byblis, you heard that your love had been repulsed, you grew pale, and your whole body trembled in the grip of an icy chill. But when your senses came back, your mad love came back with equal force; and then with choked and feeble utterance you spoke: "Deservedly I suffer! For why did I so rashly tell him of this wound of mine? Why was I in such a haste to commit to tablets what should have been concealed? I should first have tried his disposition towards me by obscure hints. That my voyage might have a favourable wind, I should first have tested with a close-reefed sail what the wind was, and so have fared in safety; but now with sails full spread I have encountered unexpected winds. And so my ship is on the rocks; with the full force of ocean am I overwhelmed, and have no power to turn back upon my course.

"Nay, by the clearest omens I was warned not to confess my love, at the time when the letter fell from my hand as I bade my servant bear it, and taught me that my hopes must fall as well. Should not that day or my whole purpose—say rather, should not the day have been postponed? God himself warned me and gave me clear signs had I not been mad with love. And yet I should have told him with my own lips, I should in person have confessed my

OVID

debueram. praesensque meos aperire furores.
 vidisset lacrimas, vultum vidisset amantis ;
 plura loqui poteram, quam quae cepere tabellae.
 invito potui circumdare bracchia collo, 605
 et, si reicerer, potui moritura videri
 amplectique pedes, adfusaque poscere vitam.
 omnia fecissem, quorum si singula duram
 flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem.
 forsitan et missi sit quaedam culpa ministri : 610
 non adiit apte, nec legit idonea, credo,
 tempora, nec petiit horamque animumque vacantem.

“Haec nocuere mihi. neque enim est de tigride natus
 nec rigidas silices solidumve in pectore ferrum
 aut adamanta gerit, nec lac bibit ille leaenae. 615
 vincetur ! repetendus erit, nec taedia coepti
 ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.
 nam primum, si facta mihi revocare liceret,
 non coepisse fuit : coepta expugnare secundum est.
 quippe nec ille potest, ut iam mea vota reliquam,
 non tamen aursorum semper memor esse meorum. 621
 et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor,
 aut etiam temptasse illum insidiisque petisse,
 vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus arguet et urit
 pectora nostra, deo, sed victa libidine credar ; 625
 denique iam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum.
 et scripsi et petii : temerata est nostra voluntas ;
 ut nihil adiciam, non possum innoxia dici.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

passion, and not have trusted my inmost heart to waxen tablets! He should have seen my tears, he should have seen his lover's face; I could have spoken more than any tablets could hold; I could have thrown my arms about his unwilling neck and, if I were rejected, I could have seemed at the point of death, could have embraced his feet and, lying prostrate there, have begged for life. I should have done all things, which together might have won his stubborn soul if one by one they could not. Perhaps the servant whom I sent made some mistake: did not approach him rightly; chose an unfitting time, I suppose, nor sought an hour and mind that was free.

“All this has wrought against me. For he is no tigress' son; he has no heart of hard flint or solid iron or adamant; no lioness has suckled him. He shall be conquered! I must go to him again; nor shall I weary in my attempts while I have breath left in my body. For if it were not too late to undo what I have done, it was the best thing not to have begun at all; the second best is to win through with what I have begun. Though I should now abandon my suit, he cannot help remembering always how far I have already dared. And in that case, just because I did give up, I shall seem either to have been fickle in my desire, or else to have been trying to tempt him and catch him in a snare. Whichever of these he thinks of me, he certainly will not believe that I have been overcome by that god who more than all others rules and inflames our hearts, but actuated by lust alone. In short, I cannot now undo the wrong that I have done. I have both written and have wooed him and rash I was to do so. Though I do nothing more,

OVID

quod superest, multum est in vota, in crimina
parvum."

dixit, et (incertae tanta est discordia mentis,) 630
cum pigeat temptasse, libet temptare. modumque
exit et infelix committit saepe repelli.

mox ubi finis abest, patriam fugit ille nefasque,
inque peregrina ponit nova moenia terra.

Tum vero maestam tota Miletida mente 635
defecisse ferunt, tum vero a pectore vester.
diripuit planxitque suos furibunda lacertos ;
iamque palam est demens, inconcessamque fatetur
spem veneris, sine qua patriam invisosque penates
deserit, et profugi sequitur vestigia fratris. 640

utque tuo motae, proles Semeleïa, thyrsos
Ismariae celebrant repetita triennia bacchae,
Byblida non aliter latos ululasse per agros
Bubasides videre nurus. quibus illa relictis
Caras et armiferos Lelegas Lyciamque pererrat. 645
iam Cragon et Limyren Xanthique reliquerat undas,
quoque Chimaera iugo mediis in partibus ignem,
pectus et ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat.

deficiunt silvae, cum tu lassata sequendo
concidis, et dura positis tellure capillis, 650

Bybli, iaces, frondesque tuo premis ore caducas.
saepe etiam nymphae teneris Lelegeïdes ulnis
tollere conantur, saepe, ut medeatur amori,
praecipiant, surdaeque adhibent solacia menti.
muta iacet, viridesque suis tenet unguibus herbas 655
Byblis, et unectat lacrimarum gramina rivus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

I cannot seem other than guilty in his sight. As for the rest, I have much to hope and naught to fear." Thus does she argue ; and (so great is her uncertainty of soul), while she is sorry that she tried at all, she wants to try again. The wretched girl tries every art within her power, but is repeatedly repulsed. At length, when there seemed to be no limit to her importunity, the youth fled from his native land and from this shameful wooing, and founded a new city¹ in another land.

Then, they say, the wretched daughter of Miletus lost all control of reason ; she tore her garments from her breast, and in mad passion beat her arms. Now before all the world she rages and publicly proclaims her hope of unlawful love, disappointed in which she forsakes her land and her hated home and follows her fleeing brother. And just as, crazed by thy thyrsus, O son of Semele, thy Ismarian worshippers throng thy triennial orgies, so the women of Bubassus² beheld Byblis go shrieking through the broad fields. Leaving these behind, she wandered through the land of Caria, by the well-armed Leleges and the country of the Lycians. And now she had passed by Cragus and Limyre and Xanthus' stream and the ridge where dwelt Chimaera, that fire-breathing monster with lion's head and neck and serpent's tail. Clear beyond the wooded ridge she went, and then at last, wearied with pursuing, you fell, O Byblis, and lay there with your hair streaming over the hard ground and your face buried in the fallen leaves. Often the Lelegeian nymphs try to lift her in their soft arms, often advise her how she may cure her love and offer comfort to her unheeding soul. Byblis lies without a word,

¹ Caunus, in south-western Caria.

² A town in Caria.

OVID

naidas his venam, quae nunquam arescere posset,
 subposuisse ferunt. quid enim dare maius habebant?
 protinus, ut secto piceae de cortice guttae,
 utve tenax gravida manat tellure bitumen; 660
 utve sub adventu spirantis lene favoni
 sole remollescit quae frigore constitit unda;
 sic lacrimis consumpta suis Phoebeia Byblis
 vertitur in fontem, qui nunc quoque vallibus illis
 nomen habet dominae, nigraque sub ilice manat. 665

Fama novi centum Creteas forsitan urbes
 implesset monstri, si non miracula nuper
 Iphide mutata Crete propiora tulisset.
 proxima Gnosiaco nam quondam Phaestia regno
 progenuit tellus ignotum nomine Ligdum, 670
 ingenua de plebe virum, nec census in illo
 nobilitate sua maior, sed vita fidesque
 inculcata fuit. gravidae qui coniugis aures
 vocibus his monuit, cum iam prope partus adesset.
 “quae voveam, duo sunt: minimo ut relevere dolore,
 utque marem parias. onerosior altera sors est, 676
 et vires fortuna negat. quod abominor: ergo
 edita forte tuo fuerit si femina partu,—
 invitus mando; pietas, ignosce!—necetur.”
 dixerat, et lacrimis vultum lavere profusis, 680
 tam qui mandabat, quam cui mandata dabantur.
 sed tamen usque suum vanis Telethusa maritum

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clutching the green herbs with her fingers, and watering the grass with her flowing tears. The naiads are said to have given her a vein of tears which could never dry ; for what greater gift had they to bestow ? Straightway, as drops of pitch drip forth from the gashed pine-bark ; as sticky bitumen oozes from rich heavy earth ; or as, at the approach of the soft breathing west-wind, the water which had stood frozen with the cold now melts beneath the sun ; so Phoebean Byblis, consumed by her own tears, is changed into a fountain, which to this day in those valleys has the name of its mistress, and issues forth from under a dark ilex-tree.

The story of this unnatural passion would, perhaps, have been the talk of Crete's hundred towns, if Crete had not lately had a wonder of its own in the changed form of Iphis. For there once lived in the Phaestian country, not far from the royal town of Gnosus, a man named Ligdus, otherwise unknown, of free-born but humble parentage ; nor was his property any greater than his birth. But he was of blameless life and trustworthy. When now the time drew near when his wife should give birth to a child, he warned and instructed her with these words : " There are two things which I would ask of Heaven : that you may be delivered with the least possible pain, and that your child may be a boy. Girls are more trouble, and fortune has denied them strength. Therefore (and may Heaven save the mark !), if by chance your child should prove to be a girl (I hate to say it, and may I be pardoned for the impiety), let her be put to death." He spoke, and their cheeks were bathed in tears, both his who ordered and hers to whom the command was given. Nevertheless, Telethusa ceaselessly implored her husband

OVID

sollicitat precibus, ne spem sibi ponat in arto.
 certa sua est Ligdo sententia. iamque ferendo
 vix erat illa gravem maturo pondere ventrem, 685
 cum medio noctis spatio sub imagine somni
 Inachis ante torum, pompa comitata sacrorum,
 aut stetit aut visa est. inerant lunaria fronti
 cornua cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro
 et regale decus ; cum qua latrator Anubis, 690
 sanctaque Bubastis, variusque coloribus Apis,
 quique premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet ;
 sistraque crant, numquamque satis quaesitus Osiris,
 plenaque somniferis serpens peregrina venenis.
 tum velut excussam somno et manifesta videntem 695
 sic adfata dea est : “ pars o Telethusa mearum,
 pone graves curas, mandataque falle mariti.
 nec dubita, cum te partu Lucina levarit,
 tollere quicquid erit. dea sum auxiliaris opemque
 exorata fero ; nec te coluisse quereris 700
 ingratum numen.” monuit, thalamoque recessit.
 laeta toro surgit, purasque ad sidera supplex
 Cressa manus tollens, rata sint sua visa, precatur.

Ut dolor increvit, seque ipsum pondus in auras
 expulit, et nata est ignaro femina patre, 705
 iussit ali mater puerum mentita. fidemque
 res habuit, neque erat ficti nisi conscia nutrix,

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(though all in vain) not so to straiten her expectation ; but Ligdus remained steadfast in his determination. And now the time was at hand when the child should be born, when at midnight, in a vision of her dreams, she saw or seemed to see the daughter¹ of Inachus standing before her bed, accompanied by a solemn train of sacred beings. She had crescent horns upon her forehead, and a wheaten garland yellow with bright gold about her head, a sight of regal beauty. Near her were seen the dog Anubis, sacred Bubastis, dappled Apis, and the god² who enjoins silence with his finger on his lips ; there also were the sacred rattles, and Osiris, for whom none ever search enough, and the Egyptian serpent swelling with sleep-producing venom. She seemed to be thoroughly awake and to see all things about her clearly as the goddess spoke to her : “ O Telethusa, one of my own worshippers, put away your grievous cares, and think not to obey your husband’s orders. And do not hesitate, when Lucina has delivered you, to save your child, whatever it shall be. I am the goddess who bring help and succour to those who call upon me ; nor shall you have cause to complain that you have worshipped a thankless deity.” Having so admonished her, the goddess left the chamber. Then joyfully the Cretan woman arose from her bed, and, raising her innocent hands in supplicance to the stars, she prayed that her vision might come true.

When now her pains increased and the birth was accomplished, and the child proved to be a girl (though without the father’s knowledge), the mother, with intent to deceive, bade them feed the boy. Circumstances favoured her deceit, for the nurse was

¹ *i.e.* Io, worshipped as the goddess Isis. See I. 747.

² Harpocrates.

OVID

vota pater solvit, nomenque inponit avitum :

Iphis avus fuerat. gavisata est nomine mater,
 quod commune foret, nec quemquam falleret illo. 710
 inde incepta pia mendacia fraude latebant.
 cultus erat pueri; facies, quam sive puellae,
 sive dares puero, fuerat formosus uterque.

Tertius interea decimo successerat annus :

cum pater, Iphi, tibi flavam despondet Ianthem, 715
 inter Phaestidas quae laudatissima formae
 dote fuit virgo, Dictaeo nata Teleste.

par aetas, par forma fuit, primasque magistris
 acceperunt artes, elementa aetatis, ab isdem.

hinc amor ambarum tetigit rude pectus, et aequum
 vulnus utrique dedit, sed erat fiducia dispar : 721

coniugium pactaeque exspectat tempora taedae,
 quamque virum putat esse, virum fore credit Ianthae ;

Iphis amat, qua posse frui desperat, et auget
 hoc ipsum flammam, ardetque in virgine virgo 725

vixque tenens lacrimas "quis me manet exitus,"
 inquit

"cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque
 cura tenet Veneris? si di mihi parcere vellent,

parcere debuerant; si non, et perdere vellent,
 naturale malum saltem et de more dedissent. 730

nec vaccam vaccae, nec equas amor urit equarum :
 urit oves aries, sequitur sua femina cervum.

sic et aves cocunt, interque animalia cuncta

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

the only one who knew of the trick. The father paid his vows and named the child after its grandfather: the grandfather had been Iphis. The mother rejoiced in the name; for it was of common gender and she could use it without deceit. And so the trick, begun with pious fraud, remained undetected. The child was dressed like a boy, and its face would have been counted lovely whether you assigned it to a girl or boy.

Meanwhile thirteen years passed by; and then your father found you a bride, O Iphis, in golden-haired Ianthe, a girl the most praised among the Phaestian women for the rich dower of her beauty, the daughter of Cretan Telestes. The two were of equal age and equal loveliness, and from the same teachers had they received their first instruction in childish rudiments. Hence love came to both their hearts all unsuspected and filled them both with equal longing. But they did not both love with equal hope: Ianthe looked forward confidently to marriage and the fulfilment of her troth, and believed that she whom she thought to be a man would some day be her husband. Whereas Iphis loved without hope of her love's fulfilment, and for this very reason loved all the more—a girl madly in love with another girl. Scarcely holding back her tears, "Oh, what will be the end of me," she said, "whom a love possesses that no one ever heard of, a strange and monstrous love? If the gods wished to save me they should have saved me; if not, and they wished to ruin me, they should at least have given me some natural woe, within the bounds of experience. Cows do not love cows, nor mares, mares; but the ram desires the sheep, and his own doe follows the stag. So also birds mate, and in the whole animal world

OVID

femina femineo correpta cupidine nulla est.
 vellem nulla forem ! ne non tamen omnia Crete 735
 monstra ferat, taurum dilexit filia Solis,
 femina nempe marem. meus est furiosior illo,
 si verum profitemur, amor. tamen illa secuta est
 spem Veneris ; tamen illa dolis et imagine vaccae
 passa bovem est, et erat, qui deciperetur, adulter. 740
 huc licet ex toto sollertia confluat orbe,
 ipse licet revolet ceratis Daedalus alis,
 quid faciet ? num me puerum de virgine doctis
 artibus efficiet ? num te mutabit, Ianthe ?

“Quin animum firmas, teque ipsa recolligis, Iphi, 745
 consiliique inopes et stultos excutis ignes ?
 quid sis nata, vide, nisi te quoque decipis ipsa,
 et pete quod fas est, et ama quod femina debes !
 spes est, quae capiat, spes est, quae pascat amorem.
 hanc tibi res adimit. non te custodia caro 750
 arcet ab amplexu, nec cauti cura mariti,
 non patris asperitas, non se negat ipsa roganti,
 nec tamen est potienda tibi, nec, ut omnia fiant,
 esse potes felix, ut dique hominesque laborent.
 nunc quoque votorum nulla est pars vana meorum,
 dique mihi faciles, quicquid valuere, dederunt ; 756
 quodque ego, vult genitor, vult ipsa, socerque futurus.
 at non vult natura, potentior omnibus istis,
 quae mihi sola nocet. venit ecce optabile tempus,
 luxque iugalis adest, et iam mea fiet Ianthe— 760
 nec mihi continget : mediis sitiemus in undis.

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there is no female smitten with love for female. I would I were no female! Nevertheless, that Crete might produce all monstrous things, the daughter¹ of the Sun loved a bull—a female to be sure, and male; my passion is more mad than that, if the truth be told. Yet she had some hope of her love's fulfilment; yet she enjoyed her bull by a trick and the disguise of the heifer, and it was the lover who was deceived. Though all the ingenuity in the world should be collected here, though Daedalus himself should fly back on waxen wings, what could he do? With all his learned arts could he make me into a boy from a girl? or could he change you, Ianthé?

“Nay, then, be strong of soul, take courage, Iphis, and banish from your heart this hopeless, foolish love. See what you were born, unless you yourself deceive yourself as well as others; seek what is lawful, and love as a woman ought to love! It is hope of fulfilment that begets love, and hope that keeps it alive. And of this hope the nature of things deprives you. No guardian keeps you from her dear embrace, no watchfulness of a jealous husband, no cruel father; nor does she herself deny your suit. And yet you cannot have her, nor can you be happy, though all things should favour you, though gods and men should work for you. And even now none of my prayers have been denied; the gods, compliant, have given me whatever was theirs to give; and what I wish my father wishes, she herself and her father all desire. But nature will not have it so, nature, more mighty than they all, who alone is working my distress. And lo, the longed-for time is come, my wedding-day is at hand, and soon Ianthé will be mine—and yet not mine. In the midst of water we

¹ Pasiphaë.

OVID

pronuba quid Iuno, quid ad haec, Hymenaeae, venitis
 sacra, quibus qui ducat abest, ubi nubimus ambae? ”
 pressit ab his vocem. nec lenius altera virgo
 aestuat, utque celer venias, Hymenaeae, precatur. 765
 quod petit haec, Telethusa timens modo tempora
 differt,

nunc ficto languore moram trahit, omina saepe
 visaque causatur. sed iam consumpscrat omnem
 materiam ficti, dilataque tempora taedae
 institerant, unusque dies restabat. at illa 770
 crinalem capiti vittam nataeque sibi
 detrahit, et passis aram complexa capillis :
 “ Isi, Paraetionum Mareoticaeque arva Pharonque
 quae colis, et septem digestum in cornua Nilum :
 fer, precor,” inquit “ opem, nostroque medere timori !
 te, dea, te quondam tuaque haec insignia vidi 776
 cunctaque cognovi, sonitum comitesque facesque . . .
 sistrorum, memorique animo tua iussa notavi.
 quod videt haec lucem, quod non ego punior, ecce
 consilium munusque tuum est. miserere duarum,
 auxilioque iuva ! ” lacrimae sunt verba secutae. 781
 visa dea est movisse suas, (et moverat,) aras,
 et templi tremuere fores, imitataque lunam
 cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
 non secunda quidem, fausto tamen omine laeta 785
 mater abit templo. sequitur comes Iphis euntem,
 quam solita est, maiore gradu, nec candor in ore
 permanet, et vires augentur, et acrior ipse est
 vultus, et incomptis brevior mensura capillis,

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shall thirst. Why do you come, Juno, goddess of brides, and Hymen, to these wedding rites, where no man takes the woman for his bride, but where both are brides?" She broke off speech with these words. The other maiden burned with equal love, and prayed, Hymen, that you would make haste to come. And Telethusa, fearing what Ianthe sought, put off the time, now causing delay because of a pretended sickness, often giving for reason some ill-omened vision she had seen. But now she had exhausted every possible excuse, and the postponed wedding-day was close at hand, and but one more day remained. Then the mother took the encircling fillets from her own and her daughter's heads, and with flowing locks she prayed, clinging to the altar: "O Isis, who dwellest in Paraetonium and the Mareotic fields and Pharos and the sevenfold waters of the Nile, help us, I pray, and heal our sore distress. Thee, goddess, thee and these thy symbols once I saw and recognized them all—the clashing sound, thy train, the torches, [the rattling] of the sistra—and with retentive mind I noted thy commands. That this, my daughter still looks on the light, that I have not been punished, behold, is all of thy counsel and thy gift. Pity us two, and help us with thy aid!" Tears followed on her words. The goddess seemed to move, nay, moved her altar, the doors of the temple shook, her moon-shaped horns shot forth gleams of light and the sistrum rattled noisily. Not yet quite free from care and yet rejoicing in the good omen, the mother left the temple; and Iphis walked beside her as she went, but with a longer stride than was her wont. Her face seemed of a darker hue, her strength seemed greater, her very features sharper, and her locks, all unadorned, were

OVID

plusque vigoris adest, habuit quam femina. nam
 quae 790
femina nuper eras, puer es ! date munera templis,
nec timida gaudete fide ! dant munera templis,
addunt et titulum : titulus breve carmen habebat :
DONA · PUER · SOLVIT · QUAE · FEMINA · VOVERAT · IPHIS.
postera lux radiis latum patefecerat orbem, 795
cum Venus et Iuno sociosque Hymenaeus ad ignes
conveniunt, potiturque sua puer Iphis Ianthe.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IX

shorter than before. She seemed more vigorous than was her girlish wont. In fact, you who but lately were a girl are now a boy! Go, make your offerings at the shrines; rejoice with gladness unafraid! They make their offerings at the shrines and add a votive tablet; the tablet had this brief inscription: THESE GIFTS AS MAN DID IPHIS PAY WHICH ONCE AS MAID HE VOWED. The morrow's sun had revealed the broad world with its rays, when Venus, Juno, and Hymen met at the marriage fires, and the boy Iphis gained his Ianthe.

BOOK X

LIBER X

INDE per inmensum croceo velatus amictu
aethera digreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad oras
tendit et Orphea nequiquam voce vocatur.
adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnia verba
nec laetos vultus nec felix attulit omen. 5
fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo
usque fuit nullosque invenit motibus ignes.
exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta per herbas
dum nova naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
occidit in talum serpentis dente recepto. 10
quam satis ad superas postquam Rhodopeius auras
deflevit vates, ne non temptaret et umbras,
ad Styga Taenaria est ausus descendere porta
perque leves populos simulacraque functa sepulcro
Persephonen adiit inamoenaque regna tenentem 15
umbrarum dominum pulsisque ad carmina nervis
sic ait: "o positi sub terra numina mundi,
in quem reccidimus, quicquid mortale creamur,
si licet et falsi positis anbagibus oris
vera loqui sinitis, non huc, ut opaca viderem 20
Tartara, descendi, nec uti villosa colubris
terna Medusaei vincirem guttura monstri

BOOK X

THENCE through the boundless air Hymen, clad in a saffron mantle, departed and took his way to the country of the Ciconians, and was summoned by the voice of Orpheus, though all in vain. He was present, it is true; but he brought neither the hallowed words, nor joyous faces, nor lucky omen. The torch also which he held kept sputtering and filled the eyes with smoke, nor would it catch fire for any brandishing. The outcome of the wedding was worse than the beginning; for while the bride was strolling through the grass with a group of naiads in attendance, she fell dead, smitten in the ankle by a serpent's tooth. When the bard of Rhodope had mourned her to the full in the upper world, that he might try the shades as well he dared to go down to the Stygian world through the gate of Taenarus. And through the unsubstantial throngs and the ghosts who had received burial, he came to Persephone and him who rules those unlovely realms, lord of the shades. Then, singing to the music of his lyre, he said: "O ye divinities who rule the world which lies beneath the earth, to which we all fall back who are born mortal, if it is lawful and you permit me to lay aside all false and doubtful speech and tell the simple truth: I have not come down hither to see dark Tartarus, nor yet to bind the three necks of Medusa's monstrous offspring, rough with serpents. The cause

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

of my journey is my wife, into whose body a trodden serpent shot his poison and so snatched away her budding years. I have desired strength to endure, and I will not deny that I have tried to bear it. But Love has overcome me, a god well-known in the upper world, but whether here or not I do not know; and yet I surmise that he is known here as well, and if the story of that old-time ravishment is not false, you, too, were joined by Love. By these fearsome places, by this huge void and these vast and silent realms, I beg of you, unravel the fates of my Eurydice, too quickly run. We are in all things due to you, and though we tarry on earth a little while, slow or swift we speed to one abode. Hither we all make our way; this is our final home; yours is the longest sway over the human race. She also shall be yours to rule when of ripe age she shall have lived out her allotted years. I ask the enjoyment of her as a boon; but if the fates deny this privilege for my wife, I am resolved not to return. Rejoice in the death of two."

As he spoke thus, accompanying his words with the music of his lyre, the bloodless spirits wept; Tantalus did not catch at the fleeing wave; Ixion's wheel stopped in wonder; the vultures did not pluck at the liver;¹ the Belides rested from their urns, and thou, O Sisyphus, didst sit *ὑπὸ* thy stone. Then first, tradition says, conquered by the song, the cheeks of the Eumenides were wet with tears; nor could the queen nor he who rules the lower world refuse the suppliant. They called Eurydice. She was among the new shades and came with steps halting from her wound. Orpheus, the Thracian, then received his wife and with her this condition, that he

¹ *i.e.* of Tityus.

OID

ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas
exierit valles ; aut irrita dona futura.
carpitur adelivis per muta silentia trames,
arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca,
nec procul afuerunt telluris margine summae : 55
hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi
flexit amans oculos, et protinus illa relapsa est.
bracchiaque intendens prendique et prendere certans
nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras, 59
iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam
questa suo (quid enim nisi se quereretur amatam ?)
supremumque "vale," quod iam vix auribus ille
acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est.

Non aliter stupuit gemina nece coniugis Orpheus,
quam tria qui timidus, medio portante catenas, 65
colla canis vidit, quem non pavor ante reliquit,
quam natura prior saxo per corpus oborto,
quique in se crimen traxit voluitque videri
Olenos esse nocens, tuque, o confisa figurae
infelix Lethaea tuae, iunctissima quondam 70
pectora, nunc lapides, quos umida sustinet Ide.
orantem frustra que iterum transire volentem
portitor arcuerat : septem tamen ille diebus
squalidus in ripa Cereris sine munere sedit ;
cura dolorque animi lacrimaeque alimenta fuere. 75

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

should not turn his eyes backward until he had gone forth from the valley of Avernus, or else the gift would be in vain. They took the up-sloping path through places of utter silence, a steep path, indistinct and clouded in pitchy darkness. And now they were nearing the margin of the upper earth, when he, afraid that she might fail him, eager for sight of her, turned back his longing eyes; and instantly she slipped into the depths. He stretched out his arms, eager to catch her or to feel her clasp; but, unhappy one, he clasped nothing but the yielding air. And now, dying a second time, she made no complaint against her husband; for of what could she complain save that she was beloved? She spake one last "farewell" which scarcely reached her husband's ears, and fell back again to the place whence she had come.

By his wife's double death Orpheus was stunned, like that frightened creature¹ who saw the three-headed dog with chains on his middle neck, whose numbing terror left him only when his former nature left, and the petrifying power crept through his body; or like that Olenos,² who took sin upon himself and was willing to seem guilty; and like you, luckless Lethaea,³ too boastful of your beauty, once two hearts joined in close embrace, but now two stones which well-watered Ida holds. Orpheus prayed and wished in vain to cross the Styx a second time, but the keeper drove him back. Seven days he sat there on the bank in filthy rags and with no taste of food. Care, anguish of soul, and tears were his nourishment. Complaining that the gods of

¹ A man, unknown, who is said to have turned to stone at sight of Cerberus led in chains by Hercules.

² See Index.

³ See Index.

OVID

esse deos Erebi crudeles questus, in altam
se recipit Rhodopen pulsumque aquilonibus Haemum.

Tertius aequoreis inclusum Piscibus annum
finierat Titan, omnemque refugerat Orpheus
femineam Venerem, seu quod male cesserat illi, 80
sive fidem dederat; multas tamen ardor habebat
iungere se vati, multae doluere repulsae
ille etiam Thracum populis fuit auctor amorem
in teneros transferre mares citraque iuventam
aetatis breve ver et primos carpere flores. 85

Collis erat collemque super planissima campi
area, quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae:
umbra loco deerat; qua postquam parte resedit
dis genitus vates et fila sonantia movit,
umbra loco venit: non Chaonis afuit arbor, 90
non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus aesculus altis,
nec tiliae molles, nec fagus et innuba laurus,
et coryli fragiles et fraxinus utilis hastis
enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex
et platanus genialis acerque coloribus inpar 95
amnicolaeque simul salices et aquatica lotos
perpetuoque virens buxum tenuesque myricae
et bicolor myrtus et bacis caerulea tinus.
vos quoque, flexipedes hederæ, venistis et una
pampineae vites et amictae vitibus ulmi 100
ornique et piceae pomoque onerata rubenti
arbutus et lentæ, victoris præmia, palmae
et succincta comas hirsutaque vertice pinus,
grata deum matri, siquidem Cybeleius Attis
exiit hac hominem truncoque induruit illo. 105

Adfuit huic turbæ metas imitata cupressus,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

Erebus were cruel, he betook himself to high Rhodope and wind-swept Haemus.

Three times had the sun finished the year and come to watery Pisces; and Orpheus had shunned all love of womankind, whether because it had gone so ill with him, or because he had so given his troth. Still, many women felt a passion for the bard; many grieved for their love repulsed. He set the example for the peoples of Thrace of giving his love to tender boys, and enjoying the springtime and first flower of their youth.

A hill there was, and on the hill a wide-extending plain, green with luxuriant grass; but the place was devoid of shade. When here the heaven-descended bard sat down and smote his sounding lyre, shade came to the place. There came the Chaonian oak, the grove of the Heliades,¹ the oak with its deep foliage, the soft linden, the beech, the virgin laurel-tree, the brittle hazel, the ash, suitable for spear-shafts, the smooth silver-fir, the ilex-tree bending with acorns, the pleasant plane, the many-coloured maple, river-haunting willows, the lotus, lover of the pools, the evergreen boxwood, the slender tamarisk, the double-hued myrtle, the viburnum with its dark-blue berries. You also, pliant-footed ivy, came, and along with you tendrilled grapes, and the elm-trees, draped with vines; the mountain-ash, the forest-pines, the arbuté-tree, loaded with ruddy fruit, the pliant palm, the prize of victory, the bare-trunked pine with broad, leafy top, pleasing to the mother of the gods, since Attis, dear to Cybele, exchanged for this his human form and stiffened in its trunk.

Amidst this throng came the cone-shaped cypress,

¹ The poplar-trees.

OVID

nunc arbor, puer ante deo dilectus ab illo,
 qui citharam nervis et nervis temperat arcum.
 namque sacer nymphis Carthaea tenentibus arva
 ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas 110
 ipse suo capiti praebebat cornibus umbras.
 cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
 pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
 bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
 vincta movebatur parilique aetate: nitebant 115
 auribus e geminis circum cava tempora bacae;
 isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
 deposito celebrare domos mulcendaque colla
 quamlibet ignotis manibus praebere solebat.
 sed tamen ante alios, Caeae pulcherrime gentis, 120
 gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi: tu pabula cervum
 ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam,
 tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores,
 nunc eques in tergo residens huc laetus et illuc
 mollia purpureis frenabas ora capistris. 125

Aestus erat mediusque dies, solisque vapore
 concava litorei fervebant brachia Caneri:
 fessus in herbosa posuit sua corpora terra
 cervus et arborea frigus ducebat ab umbra.
 hunc puer inprudens iaculo Cyparissus acuto 130
 fixit et, ut saevo morientem vulnere vidit,
 velle mori statuit. quae non solacia Phoebus
 dixit! ut hunc, leviter pro materiaque doleret,
 admonuit! gemit ille tamen munusque supremum
 hoc petit a superis, ut tempore lugeat omni. 135
 iamque per immensos egesto sanguine fletus
 in viridem verti coeperunt membra colorem,

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now a tree, but once a boy, beloved by that god who strings the lyre and strings the bow. For there was a mighty stag, sacred to the nymphs who haunt the Carthæan plains, whose wide-spreading antlers gave ample shade to his own head. His antlers gleamed with gold, and down on his shoulders hung a gem-mounted collar set on his rounded neck. Upon his forehead a silver boss bound with small thongs was worn, and worn there from his birth. Pendent from both his ears, about his hollow temples, were gleaming pearls. He, quite devoid of fear and with none of his natural shyness, frequented men's homes and let even strangers stroke his neck. But more than to all the rest, O Cyparissus, loveliest of the Cean race, was he dear to you. 'Twas you who led the stag to fresh pasturage and to the waters of the clear spring. Now would you weave bright garlands for his horns; now, sitting like a horseman on his back, now here, now there, would gleefully guide his soft mouth with purple reins.

'Twas high noon on a summer's day, when the spreading claws of the shore-loving Crab were burning with the sun's hot rays. Weary, the stag had lain down upon the grassy earth and was drinking in the coolness of the forest shade. Him, all unwittingly, the boy, Cyparissus, pierced with a sharp javelin, and when he saw him dying of the cruel wound, he resolved on death himself. What did not Phoebus say to comfort him! How he warned him to grieve in moderation and consistently with the occasion! The lad only groaned and begged this as the boon he most desired from heaven, that he might mourn for ever. And now, as his life forces were exhausted by endless weeping, his limbs began to change to a green colour, and his locks, which but

OVID

et, modo qui nivea pendebant fronte capilli,
 horrida caesaries fieri sumptoque rigore
 sidereum gracili spectare cacumine caelum. 140
 ingemuit tristisque deus "lugebere nobis
 lugebisque alios aderisque dolentibus" inquit.

Tale nemus vates attraxerat inque ferarum
 concilio medius turba volucrumque sedebat.
 ut satis impulsas temptavit pollice chordas 145
 et sensit varios, quamvis diversa sonarent,
 concordare modos, hoc vocem carmine movit:
 "ab Iove, Musa parens, (cedunt Iovis omnia
 regno,)

carmina nostra move! Iovis est mihi saepe potestas
 dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas 150
 sparsaque Phlegraeis victricia fulmina campis.
 nunc opus est levioere lyra, puerosque canamus
 dilectos superis inconcessisque puellas
 ignibus attonitas meruisse libidine poenam.

"Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
 arsit, et inventum est aliquid, quod Iuppiter esse, 156
 quam quod erat, mallet. nulla tamen alite verti
 dignatur, nisi quae posset sua fulmina ferre.
 nec mora, percusso mendacibus aere pennis
 abripit Iliaden; qui nunc quoque pocula miscet 160
 invitaque Iovi nectar Iunone ministrat.

"Te quoque, Amyclide, posuisset in aethere Phoebus,
 tristia si spatium ponendi fata dedissent.
 qua licet, aeternus tamen es, quotiensque repellit
 ver hiemem, Piscique Aries succedit aquoso, 165

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now overhung his snowy brow, were turned to a bristling crest, and he became a stiff tree with slender top looking to the starry heavens. The god groaned and, full of sadness, said: "You shall be mourned by me, shall mourn for others, and your place shall always be where others grieve."

Such was the grove the bard had drawn, and he sat, the central figure in an assembly of wild beasts and birds. And when he had tried the chords by touching them with his thumb, and his ears told him that the notes were in harmony although they were of different pitch, he raised his voice in this song: "From Jove, O Muse, my mother—for all things yield to the sway of Jove—inspire my song! Oft have I sung the power of Jove before; I have sung the giants in a heavier strain, and the victorious bolts hurled on the Phlegraean plains. But now I need the gentler touch, for I would sing of boys beloved by gods, and maidens inflamed by unnatural love and paying the penalty of their lust.

"The king of the gods once burned with love for Phrygian Ganymede, and something was found which Jove would rather be than what he was. Still he did not deign to take the form of any bird save only that which could bear his thunderbolts. Without delay he cleft the air on his lying wings and stole away the Trojan boy, who even now, though against the will of Juno, mingles the nectar and attends the cups of Jove.

"You also, youth of Amyclae,¹ Phoebus would have set in the sky, if grim fate had given him time to set you there. Still in what fashion you may you are immortal: as often as spring drives winter out and the Ram succeeds the watery Fish, so often

¹ Hyacinthus.

OVID

tu totiens oreris viridique in caespite flores.
 te meus ante omnes genitor dilexit, et orbe
 in medio positi caruerunt praeside Delphi,
 dum deus Eurotan immunitamque frequentat
 Sparten, nec citharae nec sunt in honore sagittae :
 inmemor ipse sui non retia ferre recusat, 171
 non tenuisse canes, non per iuga montis iniqui
 ire comes, longaque alit adsuetudine flammās,
 iamque fere medius Titan venientis et actae
 noctis erat spatioque pari distabat utrimque, 175
 corpora veste levant et suco pinguis olivi
 splendescunt latique ineunt certamina disci.
 quem prius aérias libratum Phoebus in auras
 misit et oppositas disiecit pondere nubes ;
 reccidit in solitam longo post tempore terram 180
 pondus et exhibuit iunctam cum viribus artem.
 protinus inprudens actusque cupidine lusus
 tollere Taenarides orbem properabat, at illum
 dura repercussum subiecit in aera tellus
 in vultus, Hyacinthe, tuos. expalluit aequae 185
 quam puer ipse deus conlapsosque excipit artus,
 et modo te refovet, modo tristia vulnera siccant,
 nunc animam admotis fugientem sustinet herbis.
 nil prosunt artes : erat inmedicabile vulnus.
 ut, si quis violas rigidumve papaver in horto 190
 liliaque infringat fulvis horrentia linguis,
 mareida demittant subito caput illa vietum
 nec se sustineant spectentque cacumine terram :

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do you come up and blossom on the green turf. Above all others did my father love you, and Delphi, set at the very centre of the earth, lacked its presiding deity while the god was haunting Eurotas' stream and Sparta,¹ the unwalled. No more has he thought for zither or for bow. Entirely heedless of his usual pursuits, he refuses not to bear the nets, nor hold the dogs in leash, nor go as comrade along the rough mountain ridges. And so with long association he feeds his passion's flame. And now Titan was about midway 'twixt the coming and the banished night, standing at equal distance from both extremes; they strip themselves and, gleaming with rich olive oil, they try a contest with the broad discus. This, well poised, Phoebus sent flying through the air and cleft the opposite clouds with the heavy iron. Back to the wonted earth after long time it fell, revealing the hurler's skill and strength combined. Straightway the Taenarian² youth, heedless of danger and moved by eagerness for the game, ran out to take up the discus. But it bounded back into the air from the hard earth beneath full in your face, O Hyacinthus. The god grows deadly pale even as the boy, and catches up the huddled form; now he seeks to warm you again, now tries to staunch your dreadful wound, now strives to stay your parting soul with healing herbs. But his arts are of no avail; the wound is past all cure. Just as when in a garden, if someone should break off violets or stiff poppies or lilies, bristling with yellow stamens, fainting they suddenly droop their withered heads and can no longer stand erect, but gaze, with tops bowed low, upon the earth: so the

¹ The home of Hyacinthus.

² Poetic for Laconian, or Spartan.

OVID

sic vultus moriens iacet et defecta vigore
 ipsa sibi est oneri cervix umeroque recumbit. 195
 ‘laberis, Oealide, prima fraudate iuventa,’
 Phoebus ait ‘videoque tuum, mea crimina, vulnus.
 tu dolor es facinusque meum : mea dextera leto
 inscribenda tuo est. ego sum tibi funeris auctor.
 quae mea culpa tamen, nisi si lusisse vocari 200
 culpa potest, nisi culpa potest et amasse vocari ?
 atque utinam merito vitam tecumve liceret
 reddere ! quod quoniam fatali lege tenemur,
 semper eris mecum memorique haerebis in ore.
 te lyra pulsa manu, te carmina nostra sonabunt, 205
 flosque novus scripto gemitus imitabere nostros.
 tempus et illud erit, quo se fortissimus heros
 addat in hunc florem folioque legatur eodem.’
 talia dum vero memorantur Apollinis ore,
 ecce cruor, qui fusus humo signaverat herbas, 210
 desinit esse cruor, Tyrioque nitentior ostro
 flos oritur formamque capit, quam lilia, si non
 purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis.
 non satis hoc Phoebus est (is enim fuit auctor honoris):
 ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et AI AI 215
 flos habet inscriptum, funestaque littera ducta est.
 nec genuisse pudet Sparten Hyacinthon : honorque
 durat in hoc aevi, celebrandaque more priorum
 annua praelata redeunt Hyacinthia pompa.

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dying face lies prone, the neck, its strength all gone, cannot sustain its own weight and falls back upon the shoulders. 'Thou art fallen, defrauded of thy youth's prime, Oeбалides,'¹ says Phoebus, 'and in thy wound do I see my guilt; thou art my cause of grief and self-reproach; my hand must be proclaimed the cause of thy destruction. I am the author of thy death. And yet, what is my fault, unless my playing with thee can be called a fault, unless my loving thee can be called a fault? And oh, that I might give up my life for thee, so well-deserving, or give it up with thee! But since we are held from this by the laws of fate, thou shalt be always with me, and shalt stay on my mindful lips. Thee shall my lyre, struck by my hand, thee shall my songs proclaim. And as a new flower, by thy markings shalt thou imitate my groans. Also the time will come when a most valiant hero² shall be linked with this flower, and by the same markings shall he be known.' While Apollo thus spoke with truth-telling lips, behold, the blood, which had poured out on the ground and stained the grass, ceased to be blood, and in its place there sprang a flower brighter than Tyrian dye. It took the form of the lily, save that the one was of purple hue, while the other was silvery white. Phoebus, not satisfied with this—for 'twas he who wrought the honouring miracle—himself inscribed his grieving words upon the leaves, and the flower bore the marks, AI AI, letters of lamentation, drawn thereon. Sparta, too, was proud that Hyacinthus was her son, and even to this day his honour still endures; and still, as the anniversary returns, as did their sires, they celebrate the Hyacinthia in solemn festival.

¹ Descendant of Oeбалus, Spartan.

² Ajax.

OVID

" At si forte roges fecundam Amathunta metallis,
 an genuisse velit Propoetidas, abnuat aequae 221
 atque illos, gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu
 frons erat, unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastae.
 ante fores horum stabat Iovis Hospitis ara ;
 ignarus sceleris¹ quam si quis sanguine tinctam 225
 advena vidisset, mactatos crederet illic
 lactantes vitulos Amathusiacasque bidentes :
 hospes erat caesus ! sacris offensa nefandis
 ipsa suas urbes Ophiusiaque arva parabat
 deserere alma Venus. ' sed quid loca grata, quid urbes
 peccavere meae ? quod ' dixit ' crimen in illis ? ' 231
 exilio poenam potius gens in pia pendat
 vel nece vel siquid medium est mortisque fugaeque.
 idque quid esse potest, nisi versae poena figurae ? '
 dum dubitat, quo mutet eos, ad cornua vultum 235
 flexit et admonita est haec illis posse relinqui
 grandiaque in torvos transformat membra iuvencos.

" Sunt tamen obscenae Venerem Propoetides ausae
 esse negare deam ; pro quo sua numinis ira
 corpora cum fama primae vulgasse feruntur, 240
 utque pudor cessit, sanguisque induruit oris,
 in rigidum parvo silicem discrimine versae.

" Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentis
 viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti
 femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs 245
 vivebat thalamicque diu consorte carebat.

¹ *The text is corrupt. Of the many MS. readings and conjectures this of N. Madvig seems best. Ehwald reads † in lugubris celeri †.*

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“But if you should chance to ask Amathus, rich in veins of ore, if she is proud of her Propoetides, she would repudiate both them and those whose foreheads once were deformed by two horns, whence also they took their name, Cerastæ. Before their gates there used to stand an altar sacred to Jove, the god of hospitality; if any stranger, ignorant of the crime, had seen this altar all smeared with blood, he would suppose that suckling calves or two-year-old sheep of Amathus had been sacrificed thereon. ’Twas the blood of slaughtered guests! Outraged by these impious sacrifices, fostering Venus was preparing to desert her cities and her Ophiusian plains; ‘but,’ she said, ‘wherein have these pleasant regions, wherein have my cities sinned? What crime is there in them? Rather let this impious race pay the penalty by exile or by death, or by some punishment midway betwixt death and exile. And what other can that be than the penalty of a changed form?’ While she hesitates to what she shall change them, her eyes fall upon their horns, and she reminds herself that these can still be left to them. And so she changes their big bodies into savage bulls.

“But the foul Propoetides dared to deny the divinity of Venus. In consequence of this, through the wrath of the goddess they are said to have been the first to prostitute their bodies and their fame; and as their shame vanished and the blood of their faces hardened,¹ they were turned with but small change to hard stones.

“Pygmalion had seen these women spending their lives in shame, and, disgusted with the faults which in such full measure nature had given the female

¹ *i. e.* they lost the power to blush.

OVID

interea niveum mira feliciter arte
 sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci
 nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.
 virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas, 250
 et, si non obstat reverentia, velle moveri:
 ars adeo latet arte sua. miratur et haurit
 pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.
 saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit
 corpus an illud ebur, nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur.
 oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque 256
 et credit tactis digitos insidere membris
 et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus,
 et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis
 munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos 260
 et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum
 liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas
 Heliadum lacrimas; ornat quoque vestibus artus,
 dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo,
 aure leves baccae, redimicula pectore pendent: 265
 cuncta decent; nec nuda minus formosa videtur.
 conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis
 dapellatque tori sociam adclinataque colla
 mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.
 “Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro 270
 venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum
 conciderant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae,
 turaque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras

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mind, he lived unmarried and long was without a partner of his couch. Meanwhile, with wondrous art he successfully carves a figure out of snowy ivory, giving it a beauty more perfect than that of any woman ever born. And with his own work he falls in love. The face is that of a real maiden, whom you would think living and desirous of being moved, if modesty did not prevent. So does his art conceal his art. Pygmalion looks in admiration and is inflamed with love for this semblance of a form. Often he lifts his hands to the work to try whether it be flesh or ivory; nor does he yet confess it to be ivory. He kisses it and thinks his kisses are returned. He speaks to it, grasps it and seems to feel his fingers sink into the limbs when he touches them; and then he fears lest he leave marks of bruises on them. Now he addresses it with fond words of love, now brings it gifts pleasing to girls, shells and smooth pebbles, little birds and many-hued flowers, and lilies and coloured balls, with tears¹ of the Heliades that drop down from the trees. He drapes its limbs also with robes, puts gemmed rings upon its fingers and a long necklace around its neck; pearls hang from the ears and chains adorn the breast. All these are beautiful; but no less beautiful is the statue unadorned. He lays it on a bed spread with coverlets of Tyrian hue, calls it the consort of his couch, and rests its reclining head upon soft, downy pillows, as if it could enjoy them.

“And now the festal day of Venus had come, which all Cyprus thronged to celebrate; heifers with spreading horns covered with gold had fallen 'neath the death-stroke on their snowy necks, and the altars smoked with incense. Pygmalion, having

¹ i.e. amber.

OVID

constitit et timide ' si di dare cuncta potestis,
 sit coniunx, opto,' non ausus ' eburnea virgo ' 275
 dicere, Pygmalion ' similis mea ' dixit ' eburnae.'
 sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
 vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen,
 flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit.
 ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae 280
 incumbensque toro dedit oscula : visa tepere est ;
 admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat :
 temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore
 subsidit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole
 cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas 285
 flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu.
 dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur,
 rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat.
 corpus erat ! saliunt temptatae pollice venae.
 tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros 290
 verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem
 ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo
 sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen
 attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem.
 coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactis 295
 cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem
 illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.
 " Editus hac ille est, qui si sine prole fuisset,
 inter felices Cnyras potuisset haberi.
 dira canam ; procul hinc natae, procul este parentes,
 aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes, 301
 desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec credite factum,

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brought his gift to the altar, stood and falteringly prayed: 'If ye, O gods, can give all things, I pray to have as wife——' he did not dare add 'my ivory maid,' but said, 'one like my ivory maid.' But golden Venus (for she herself was present at her feast) knew what that prayer meant; and, as an omen of her favouring deity, thrice did the flame burn brightly and leap high in air. When he returned he sought the image of his maid, and bending over the couch he kissed her. She seemed warm to his touch. Again he kissed her, and with his hands also he touched her breast. The ivory grew soft to his touch and, its hardness vanishing, gave and yielded beneath his fingers, as Hymettian wax grows soft under the sun and, moulded by the thumb, is easily shaped to many forms and becomes usable through use itself. The lover stands amazed, rejoices still in doubt, fears he is mistaken, and tries his hopes again and yet again with his hand. Yes, it was real flesh! The veins were pulsing beneath his testing finger. Then did the Paphian hero pour out copious thanks to Venus, and again pressed with his lips real lips at last. The maiden felt the kisses, blushed and, lifting her timid eyes up to the light, she saw the sky and her lover at the same time. The goddess graced with her presence the marriage she had made; and ere the ninth moon had brought her crescent to the full, a daughter was born to them, Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.

"Cinyras was her son and, had he been without offspring, might have been counted fortunate. A horrible tale I have to tell. Far hence be daughters, far hence, fathers; or, if your minds find pleasure in my songs, do not give credence to this story, and believe that it never happened; or, if you do believe

OVID

vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam.
 si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
 gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi, 305
 gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis,
 quae tantum genuere nefas : sit dives amomo
 cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno
 tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
 dum ferat et murrā : tanti nova non fuit arbor. 310
 ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
 Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto ;
 stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echidnis
 e tribus una soror : scelus est odisse parentem,
 hic amor est odio maius scelus.—undique lecti 315
 te cupiunt proceres, totoque Oriente iuventa
 ad thalami certamen adest : ex omnibus unum
 elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus.
 illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amori
 et secum ‘ quo mente feror ? quid molior ? ’ inquit
 ‘ di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum, 321
 hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro,
 si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur
 hanc Venerem pietas : coeunt animalia nullo
 cetera dilectu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae 325
 ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx,
 quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, cuius
 semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales.
 felices, quibus ista licent ! humana malignas
 cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit, 330
 invida iura negant. gentes tamen esse feruntur,
 86

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

it, believe also in the punishment of the deed. If, however, nature allows a crime like this to show itself, I congratulate the Ismarian people, and this our country; I congratulate this land on being far away from those regions where such iniquity is possible. Let the land of Panchaia be rich in balsam, let it bear its cinnamon, its costum, its frankincense exuding from the trees, its flowers of many sorts, so long as it bears its myrrh-tree, too: a new tree was not worth so great a price. Cupid himself avers that his weapons did not harm you, Myrrha, and clears his torches from that crime of yours. One of the three sisters with firebrand from the Styx and with swollen vipers blasted you. 'Tis a crime to hate one's father, but such love as this is a greater crime than hate. From every side the pick of princes desire you; from the whole Orient young men are here vying for your couch; out of them all choose one for your husband, Myrrha, only let not one¹ be among them all. She, indeed, is fully aware of her vile passion and fights against it and says within herself: 'To what is my purpose tending? What am I planning? O gods, I pray you, and piety and the sacred rights of parents, keep this sin from me and fight off my crime, if indeed it is a crime. But I am not sure, for piety refuses to condemn such love as this. Other animals mate as they will, nor is it thought base for a heifer to endure her sire, nor for his own offspring to be a horse's mate; the goat goes in among the flocks which he has fathered, and the very birds conceive from those from whom they were conceived. Happy they who have such privilege! Human civilization has made spiteful laws, and what nature allows, the jealous laws forbid. And

¹ *i.e.* her father.

OVID

in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti
 iungitur, ut pietas geminato crescat amore.
 me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic,
 fortunaque loci laedor!—quid in ista revolvor? 335
 spes interdictae, discedite! dignus amari
 ille, sed ut pater, est.—ergo, si filia magni
 non essem Cinyrac, Cinyrae concumbere possem:
 nunc, quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno
 est mihi proximitas, aliena potentior essem? 340
 ire libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquere fines,
 dum scelus effugiam; retinet malus ardor amantem,
 ut praesens spectem Cinyram tangamque loquarque
 osculaque admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.
 ultra autem spectare aliquid potes, impia virgo? 345
 et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis!
 tunc eris et matris paelex et adultera patris?
 tunc soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratris?
 nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores,
 quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes 350
 noxia corda vident? at tu, dum corpore non es
 passa nefas, animo ne concipe neve potentis
 concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus!
 velle puta: res ipsa vetat; pius ille memorque
 moris—et o vellem similis furor esset in illo! 355
 “Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum,
 quid faciat, dubitare facit, scitatur ab ipsa,
 nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti;
 illa silet primo patriisque in vultibus haerens
 aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore. 360

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yet they say that there are tribes among whom mother with son, daughter with father mates, so that natural love is increased by the double bond. Oh, wretched me, that it was not my lot to be born there, and that I am thwarted by the mere accident of place! Why do I dwell on such things? Avaunt, lawless desires! Worthy to be loved is he, but as a father.—Well, if I were not the daughter of great Cinyras, to Cinyras could I be joined. But as it is, because he is mine, he is not mine; and, while my very propinquity is my loss, would I as a stranger be better off? It is well to go far away, to leave the borders of my native land, if only I may flee from crime; but unhappy passion keeps the lover here, that I may see Cinyras face to face, may touch him, speak with him and kiss him, if nothing else is granted. But can you hope for aught else, you unnatural girl? Think how many ties, how many names you are confusing! Will you be the rival of your mother, the mistress of your father? Will you be called the sister of your son, the mother of your brother? And have you no fear of the sisters with black snakes in their hair, whom guilty souls see brandishing cruel torches before their eyes and faces? But you, while you have not yet sinned in body, do not conceive sin in your heart, and defile not great nature's law with unlawful union. Grant that you wish it: facts themselves forbid. He is a righteous man and heedful of moral law—and oh, how I wish a like passion were in him!

“She spoke; but Cinyras, whom a throng of worthy suitors caused to doubt what he should do, inquired of her herself, naming them over, whom she wished for husband. She is silent at first and, with gaze fixed on her father's face, wavers in doubt, while the

OVID

virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris,
 flere vetat siccataque genas atque oscula iungit ;
 Myrrha datis nimium gaudet consultaque, qualem
 optet habere virum, ' similem tibi ' dixit ; at ille
 non intellectam vocem conlaudat et ' esto 365
 tam pia semper ' ait. pietatis nomine dicto
 demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo.

“ Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus
 solverat ; at virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni
 carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat 370
 et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque
 et cupit, et, quid agat, non invenit, utque securi
 saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
 quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur,
 sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat 375
 huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque,
 nec modus et requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris.
 mors placet. erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces
 destinat et zona summo de poste revincta
 ' care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellege mortis ! ' 380
 dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo.

“ Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures
 pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnae.
 surgit anus reseratque fores mortisque paratae
 instrumenta videns spatium conclamat eodem 385
 seque ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo
 vincula dilaniat ; tum denique flere vacavit,
 tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam.
 muta silet virgo terramque inmota tuetur

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

warm tears fill her eyes. Cinyras, attributing this to maidenly alarm, bids her not to weep, dries her cheeks and kisses her on the lips. Myrrha is too rejoiced at this and, being asked what kind of husband she desires, says: 'One like you.' But he approves her word, not understanding it, and says: 'May you always be so filial.' At the word 'filial' the girl, conscious of her guilt, casts down her eyes.

"It was midnight, and sleep had set free men's bodies from their cares; but the daughter of Cinyras, sleepless through the night, is consumed by un-governed passion, renews her mad prayers, is filled now with despair, now with lust to try, feels now shame and now desire, and finds no plan of action; and, just as a great tree, smitten by the axe, when all but the last blow has been struck, wavers which way to fall and threatens every side, so her mind, weakened by many blows, leans unsteadily now this way and now that, and falteringly turns in both directions; and no end nor rest for her passion can she find save death. She decides on death. She rises from her couch, resolved to hang herself, and, tying her girdle to a ceiling-beam, she says: 'Farewell, dear Cinyras, and know why I die,' and is in the act of fitting the rope about her death-pale neck.

"They say that the confused sound of her words came to the ears of the faithful nurse who watched outside her darling's door. The old woman rises and opens the door; and when she sees the preparations for death, all in the same moment she screams, beats her breasts and rends her garments, and seizes and snatches off the rope from the girl's neck. Then at last she has time to weep, time to embrace her and ask the reason for the noose. The girl is stubbornly silent, gazes fixedly on the ground,

et deprensa dolet tardae conamina mortis. 390
 instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans
 ubera per cunas alimenta que prima precatur,
 ut sibi committat, quicquid dolet. illa rogantem
 aversata gemit; certa est exquirere nutrix
 nec solam spondere fidem. 'dic' inquit 'opemque
 me sine ferre tibi: non est mea pigra senectus. 396
 seu furor est, habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis;
 sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustrabere ritu;
 ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira.
 quid rear ulterius? certe fortuna domusque 400
 sospes et in cursu est: vivunt genetrisque paterque.'
 Myrrha patre audito suspiria duxit ab imo
 pectore; nec nutrix etiamnum concipit ullum
 mente nefas aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem
 propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi 405
 indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili
 atque ita conplectens infirmis membra lacertis
 'sensimus,' inquit 'amas! et in hoc mea (pone
 timorem)
 sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet unquam
 hoc pater.' exiluit gremio furibunda torumque 410
 ore premens 'discede, precor, miseroque pudori
 parce!' ait; instanti 'discede, aut desine' dixit
 'quaerere, quid doleam! scelus est, quod scire laboras.'
 horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque
 tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnae 415
 et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat,
 terret et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

and grieves that her attempt at death, all too slow, has been detected. The old woman insists, bares her white hair and thin breasts, and begs by the girl's cradle and her first nourishment that she trust to her nurse her cause of grief. The girl turns away from her pleadings with a groan. The nurse is determined to find out, and promises more than confidence. 'Tell me,' she says, 'and let me help you; my old age is not without resources. If it be madness, I know one who has healing-charms and herbs; or if someone has worked an evil spell on you, you shall be purified with magic rites; or if the gods are wroth with you, wrath may be appeased by sacrifice. What further can I think? Surely your household fortunes are prosperous as usual; your mother and your father are alive and well.' At the name of father Myrrha sighed deeply from the bottom of her heart. Even now the nurse had no conception of any evil in the girl's soul, and yet she had a presentiment that it was some love affair, and with persistent purpose she begged her to tell her whatever it was. She took the weeping girl on her aged bosom, and so holding her in her feeble arms she said: 'I know, you are in love! and in this affair I shall be entirely devoted to your service, have no fear; nor shall your father ever know.' With a bound the mad girl leaped from her bosom and, burying her face in her couch, she said: 'Go away, I pray you, and spare my unhappy shame': still pressed, 'Go away,' she said again, 'or cease asking why I grieve. It is a crime, what you want so much to know.' The old woman is horrified and, stretching out her hands trembling with age and fear, she falls pleadingly at her nursling's feet, now coaxing and now frightening her if she does not tell; she both threatens to report the affair of the noose and attempt at death, and promises her help

OVID

mortis et officium commisso spondet amori.
 extulit illa caput lacrimisque inplevit obortis
 pectora nutricis conataque saepe fateri 420
 saepe tenet vocem pudibundaque vestibus ora
 texit et 'o' dixit 'felicem coniuge matrem!'

hactenus, et gemuit. gelidus nutricis in artus
 ossaque (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaque toto
 vertice canities rigidis stetit hirta capillis, 425
 multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores,
 addidit, at virgo scit se non falsa moneri;
 certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore.
 'vive,' ait haec, 'potiere tuo'—et, non ausa 'parente'
 dicere, conticuit promissaque numine firmat. 430

"Festa piae Cereris celebrabant annua matres
 illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste
 primitias frugum dant spicea sarta suarum
 perque novem noctes venerem tactusque viriles
 in vetitis numerant: turba Cenchreis in illa 435
 regis adest coniunx arcanaque sacra frequentat.
 ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus,
 nacta gravem vino Cinyram male sedula nutrix,
 nomine mentito veros exponit amores
 et faciem laudat; quaesitis virginis annis 440
 'par' ait 'est Myrrhae.' quam postquam adducere
 iussa est

utque domum rediit, 'gaude, mea' dixit 'alumna:
 vicimus!' infelix non toto pectore sentit
 laetitiam virgo, praesagaque pectora maerent,
 sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis. 445

"Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones
 flexerat obliquo plaustrum temone Bootes:

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if she will confess her love. The girl lifts her head and fills her nurse's bosom with her rising tears; often she tries to confess, and often checks her words and hides her shamed face in her robes. Then she says: 'O mother, blest in your husband!'—only so much, and groans. Cold horror stole through the nurse's frame (for she understood), and her white hair stood up stiffly over all her head, and she said many things to banish, if she might, the mad passion. The girl knew that she was truly warned; still she was resolved on death if she could not have her desire. 'Live then,' said the other, 'have your'—she did not dare say 'father'; she said no more, calling on Heaven to confirm her promises.

"It was the time when married women were celebrating that annual festival of Ceres at which with bodies robed in white raiment they bring garlands of wheaten ears as the first offerings of their fruits, and for nine nights they count love and the touch of man among things forbidden. In that throng was Cenchreis, wife of the king, in constant attendance on the secret rites. And so since the king's bed was deprived of his lawful wife, the over-officious nurse, finding Cinyras drunk with wine, told him of one who loved him truly, giving a false name, and praised her beauty. When he asked the maiden's age, she said: 'The same as Myrrha's.' Bidden to fetch her, when she had reached home she cried: 'Rejoice, my child, we win!' Not with all her heart did the unhappy girl feel joy, and her mind was filled with sad forebodings; but still she did also rejoice; so inconsistent were her feelings.

"It was the time when all things are at rest, and between the Bears Boötes had turned his wain with

OVID

ad facinus venit illa suum ; fugit aurea caelo
luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes ;
nox caret igne suo ; primus tegis, Icare, vultus, 450
Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore.

ter pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen
funereus bubo letali carmine fecit :

it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem ;
nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu 455

caecum iter explorat. thalami iam limina tangit,

iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus : at illi

poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque

et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.

quoque suo propior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi
paenitet, et vellet non cognita posse reverti. 461

cunctantem longaeva manu deducit et alto

admotam lecto cum traderet 'accipe,' dixit,

'ista tua est, Cinyra' devotaque corpora iunxit.

accipit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto 465

virgineosque metus levat hortaturque timentem.

forsitan aetatis quoque nomine 'filia' dixit,

dixit et illa 'pater,' sceleri ne nomina desint.

"Plena patris thalamis excedit et in pia diro
semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat. 470

postera nox facinus geminat, nec finis in illa est,

cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

down-pointing pole.¹ She came to her guilty deed. The golden moon fled from the sky; black clouds hid the skulking stars; night was without her usual fires. You were the first, Icarus, to cover your face, and you, Erigone, deified for your pious love of your father. Thrice was Myrrha stopped by the omen of the stumbling foot; thrice did the funereal screech-owl warn her by his uncanny cry: still on she went, her shame lessened by the black shadows of the night. With her left hand she holds fast to her nurse, and with the other she gropes her way through the dark. Now she reaches the threshold of the chamber, now she opens the door, now is led within. But her knees tremble and sink beneath her; colour and blood flee from her face, and her senses desert her as she goes. The nearer she is to her crime, the more she shudders at it, repents her of her boldness, would gladly turn back unrecognized. As she holds back, the aged crone leads her by the hand to the side of the high bed and, delivering her over, says: 'Take her, Cinyras, she is yours'; and leaves the doomed pair together. The father receives his own flesh in his incestuous bed, strives to calm her girlish fears, and speaks encouragingly to the shrinking girl. It chanced, by a name appropriate to her age, he called her 'daughter,' and she called him 'father,' that names might not be lacking to their guilt.

"Forth from the chamber she went, full of her father, with crime conceived within her womb. The next night repeated their guilt, nor was that the end. At length Cinyras, eager to recognize his mistress

¹ At midnight these constellations attain their highest point in the heavens, and thereafter begin their downward course.

OVID

post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
 et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis
 pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem ; 475
 Myrrha fugit : tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis
 intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
 palmiferos Arabas Panchaeaque rura relinquit
 perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,
 cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea ; 480
 vixque uteri portabat onus. tum nescia voti
 atque inter mortisque metus et taedia vitae
 est tales complexa preces : ‘ o siqua patetis
 numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso
 supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes 485
 mortuaque extinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
 mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negate !’
 numen confessis aliquod patet : ultima certe
 vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
 terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues 490
 porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
 ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
 sanguis it in sucos, in magnos bracchia ramos,
 in parvos digiti, duratur cortice pellis.
 iamque gravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor
 pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat : 496
 non tulit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
 subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
 quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,
 flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbore guttae. 500
 est honor et lacrimis, stillataque robore murra
 nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

after so many meetings, brought in a light and beheld his crime and his daughter. Speechless with woe, he snatched his bright sword from the sheath which hung near by. Myrrha fled and escaped death by grace of the shades of the dark night. Groping her way through the broad fields, she left palm-bearing Arabia and the Panchaeon country; then, after nine months of wandering, in utter weariness she rested at last in the Sabaeon land. And now she could scarce bear the burden of her womb. Not knowing what to pray for, and in a strait betwixt fear of death and weariness of life, she summed up her wishes in this prayer: 'O gods, if any there be who will listen to my prayer, I do not refuse the dire punishment I have deserved; but lest, surviving, I offend the living, and, dying, I offend the dead, drive me from both realms; change me and refuse me both life and death!' Some god did listen to her prayer; her last petition had its answering gods. For even as she spoke the earth closed over her legs; roots burst forth from her toes and stretched out on either side the supports of the high trunk; her bones gained strength, and, while the central pith remained the same, her blood changed to sap, her arms to long branches, her fingers to twigs, her skin to hard bark. And now the growing tree had closely bound her heavy womb, had buried her breast and was just covering her neck; but she could not endure the delay and, meeting the rising wood, she sank down and plunged her face in the bark. Though she has lost her old-time feelings with her body, still she weeps, and the warm drops trickle down from the tree. Even the tears have fame, and the myrrh which distils from the tree-trunk keeps the name of its mistress and will be remembered through all the ages.

OVID

" At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans
 quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice relicta
 exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbore venter. 505
 tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores,
 nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari.
 nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros
 dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus umet.
 constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentis 510
 admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit:
 arbor agit rimas et fissa cortice vivum
 reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis
 naides inpositum lacrimis unxere parentis.
 laudaret faciem Iivor quoque; qualia namque 515
 corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum,
 talis erat, sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus,
 aut huic adde leves, aut illi deme pharetras.

" Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas,
 et nihil est annis velocius: ille sorore 520
 natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbore nuper,
 nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans,
 iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est,
 iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes.
 namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri, 525
 inscius exstanti destrinxit harundine pectus;
 laesa manu natum dea reppulit: altius actum
 vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam.
 capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat
 litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam 530
 piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis;

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“But the misbegotten child had grown within the wood, and was now seeking a way by which it might leave its mother and come forth. The pregnant tree swells in mid-trunk, the weight within straining on its mother. The birth-pangs cannot voice themselves, nor can Lucina be called upon in the words of one in travail. Still, like a woman in agony, the tree bends itself, groans oft, and is wet with falling tears. Pitying Lucina stood near the groaning branches, laid her hands on them, and uttered charms to aid the birth. Then the tree cracked open, the bark was rent asunder, and it gave forth its living burden, a wailing baby-boy. The naiads laid him on soft leaves and anointed him with his mother's tears. Even Envy would praise his beauty, for he looked like one of the naked loves portrayed on canvas. But, that dress may make no distinction, you should either give the one a light quiver or take it from the other.

“Time glides by imperceptibly and cheats us in its flight, and nothing is swifter than the years. That son of his sister and his grandfather, who was but lately concealed within his parent tree, but lately born, then a most lovely baby-boy, is now a youth, now man, now more beautiful than his former self; now he excites even Venus' love, and avenges his mother's passion. For while the goddess' son, with quiver on shoulder, was kissing his mother, he chanced unwittingly to graze her breast with a projecting arrow. The wounded goddess pushed her son away with her hand; but the scratch had gone deeper than she thought, and she herself was at first deceived. Now, smitten with the beauty of a mortal, she cares no more for the borders of Cythera, nor does she seek Paphos, girt by the deep sea, nor fish-haunted Cnidos,

OVID

abstinet et caelo : caelo praefertur Adonis.
 hunc tenet, huic comes est adsuetaque semper in
 umbra
 indulgere sibi formamque augere colendo,
 per iuga, per silvas dumosaque saxa vagatur 535
 fine genu vestem ritu succincta Dianae
 hortaturque canes tutaeque animalia praedae,
 aut pronos lepores aut celsum in cornua cervum
 aut agitat dammas ; a fortibus abstinet apris
 raptoresque lupos armatosque unguibus ursos 540
 vitat et armenti saturatos caede leones.
 te quoque, ut hos timeas, siquid prodesse monendo
 posset, Adoni, monet, ' fortis' que ' fugacibus esto '
 inquit ; ' in audaces non est audacia tuta.
 parce meo, iuvenis, temerarius esse periclo, 545
 neve feras, quibus arma dedit natura, lacesse,
 stet mihi ne magno tua gloria. non movet aetas
 nec facies nec quae Venerem movere, leones
 saetigeresque sues oculosque animosque ferarum.
 fulmen habent acres in aduucis dentibus apri, 550
 impetus est fulvis et vasta leonibus ira,
 invisumque mihi genus est.' quae causa, roganti
 ' dicam,' ait ' et veteris monstrum mirabere culpae.
 sed labor insolitus iam me lassavit, et, ecce,
 opportuna sua blanditur populus umbra, 555
 datque torum caespes : libet hac requiescere tecum '
 (et requievit) ' humo ' pressitque et gramen et ipsum
 inque sinu iuvenis posita cervice reclinis
 sic ait ac mediis interserit oscula verbis :

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

nor Amathus, rich in precious ores. She stays away even from the skies; Adonis is preferred to heaven. She holds him fast, is his companion and, though her wont has always been to take her ease in the shade, and to enhance her beauty by fostering it, now, over mountain ridges, through the woods, over rocky places set with thorns, she ranges with her garments girt up to her knees after the manner of Diana. She also cheers on the hounds and pursues those creatures which are safe to hunt, such as the headlong hares, or the stag with high-branching horns, or the timid doe; but from strong wild boars she keeps away, and from ravenous wolves, and she avoids bears, armed with claws, and lions reeking with the slaughter of cattle. She warns you, too, Adonis, to fear these beasts, if only it were of any avail to warn. 'Be brave against timorous creatures,' she says; 'but against bold creatures boldness is not safe. Do not be rash, dear boy, at my risk; and do not provoke those beasts which nature has well armed, lest your glory be at great cost to me. Neither youth nor beauty, nor the things which have moved Venus, move lions and bristling boars and the eyes and minds of wild beasts. Boars have the force of a lightning stroke in their curving tusks, and the impetuous wrath of tawny lions is irresistible. I fear and hate them all.' When he asks her why, she says: 'I will tell, and you shall marvel at the monstrous outcome of an ancient crime. But now I am weary with my unaccustomed toil; and see, a poplar, happily at hand, invites us with its shade, and here is grassy turf for couch. I would fain rest here on the grass with you.' So saying, she reclined upon the ground and, pillowing her head against his breast and mingling kisses with her words she told the following tale:

OVID

“ ‘ Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus 560
 veloces superasse viros : non fabula rumor
 ille fuit ; superabat enim. nec dicere posses,
 laude pedum formaene bono praestantior esset.
 scitanti deus huic de coniuge “ coniuge ” dixit
 “ nil opus est, Atalanta, tibi : fuge coniugis usum. 565
 nec tamen effugies teque ipsa viva carebis.”
 territa sorte dei per opacas innuba silvas
 vivit et instantem turbam violenta procorum
 condicione fugat, “ nec sum potienda, nisi ” inquit
 “ victa prius cursu. pedibus contendite mecum : 570
 praemia veloci coniunx thalamique dabuntur,
 mors pretium tardis : ea lex certaminis esto.”
 illa quidem inmitis, sed (tanta potentia formae est)
 venit ad hanc legem temeraria turba procorum.
 sederat Hippomenes cursus spectator iniqui 575
 et “ petitur cuiquam per tanta pericula coniunx ? ”
 dixerat ac nimios iuvenum damnarat amores ;
 ut faciem et posito corpus velamine vidit,
 quale meum, vel quale tuum, si femina fias,
 obstipuit tollensque manus “ ignoscite, ” dixit 580
 “ quos modo culpavi ! nondum mihi praemia nota,
 quae peteretis, erant.” laudando concipit ignes
 et, ne quis iuvenum currat velocius, optat
 invidiaque timet. “ sed cur certaminis huius
 intemptata mihi fortuna relinquitur ? ” inquit 585
 “ audentes deus ipse iuvat ! ” dum talia secum
 exigit Hippomenes, passu volat alite virgo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

“ You may, perchance, have heard of a maid who surpassed swift-footed men in the contest of the race. And that was no idle tale, for she did surpass them. Nor could you say whether her fleetness or her beauty was more worthy of your praise. Now when this maid consulted the oracle about a husband, the god replied : “ A husband will be your bane, O Atalanta ; flee from the intercourse of husband ; and yet you will not escape, and, though living, you will lose yourself.” Terrified by the oracle of the god, she lived unwedded in the shady woods, and with harsh terms she repulsed the insistent throng of suitors. “ I am not to be won,” she said, “ till I be conquered first in speed. Contest the race with me. Wife and couch shall be given as prize unto the swift, but death shall be the reward of those who lag behind. Be that the condition of the race.” She, in truth, was pitiless, but such was the witchery of her beauty, even on this condition a rash throng of suitors came to try their fate. Now Hippomenes had taken his seat as a spectator of this cruel race, and had exclaimed : “ Who would seek a wife at so great peril to himself ? ” and he had condemned the young men for their headstrong love. But when he saw her face and her disrobed form, such beauty as is mine, or as would be yours if you were a woman, he was amazed and, stretching out his hands, he cried : “ Forgive me, ye whom but now I blamed. I did not yet realize the worth of the prize you strove for.” As he praises, his own heart takes fire and he hopes that none of the youths may outstrip her in the race, and is filled with jealous fears. “ But why is my fortune in this contest left untried ? ” he cries. “ God himself helps those who dare.” While thus Hippomenes was weighing the matter in his mind, the girl sped by

OVID

quae quamquam Scythica non setius ire sagitta
 Aonio visa est iuveni, tamen ille decorem
 miratur magis : et cursus facit ille decorem. 590.

aura refert ablata citis talaria plantis,
 tergaque iactantur crines per eburnea, quaeque
 poplitibus suberant picto genualia limbo ;
 inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
 traxerat, haud aliter, quam cum super atria velum
 candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras. 596

dum notat haec hospes, decursa novissima meta est,
 et tegitur festa victrix Atalanta corona.

dant gemitum victi penduntque ex foedere poenas.

“ Non tamen eventu iuvenis deterritus horum
 constitit in medio vultuque in virgine fixo 601

“ quid facilem titulum superando quaeris inertes ?
 mecum confer ” ait. “ seu me fortuna potentem
 fecerit, a tanto non indignabere vinci :

namque mihi genitor Megareus Onchestius, illi 605
 est Neptunus avus, pronepos ego regis aquarum,
 nec virtus citra genus est ; seu vincar, habebis
 Hippomene victo magnum et memorabile nomen.”

talia dicentem molli Schoeneia vultu
 aspicit et dubitat, superari an vincere malit, 610

atque ita “ quis deus hunc formosis ” inquit “ iniquus
 perdere vult caraeque iubet discrimine vitae
 coniugium petere hoc ? non sum, me iudice, tanti.

nec forma tangor, (poteram tamen hac quoque tangi)
 sed quod adhuc puer est ; non me movet ipse, sed
 aetas. 615

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

on winged feet. Though she seemed to the Aonian youth to go not less swiftly than a Scythian arrow, yet he admired her beauty still more. And the running gave a beauty of its own. The breeze bore back the streaming pinions on her flying feet, her hair was tossed over her white shoulders; the bright-bordered ribbons at her knees were fluttering, and over her fair girlish body a pink flush came, just as when a purple awning, drawn over a marble hall, stains it with borrowed hues. While the stranger marked all this, the last goal was passed, and Atalanta was crowned victor with a festal wreath. But the conquered youths with groans paid the penalty according to the bond.

“Not deterred by the experience of these, however, Hippomenes stood forth and, fixing his eyes upon the girl, exclaimed: “Why do you seek an easily won renown by conquering sluggish youth? Come, strive with me! If fortune shall give me the victory, ’twill be no shame for you to be overcome by so great a foe. For Megareus of Onchestus is my father and his grandfather is Neptune; hence I am the great-grandson of the king of the waters. Nor is my manly worth less than my race. Or, if I shall be defeated, you will have a great and memorable name for the conquest of Hippomenes.” As he said this, the daughter of Schoeneus gazed on him with softening eyes, being in a strait betwixt her desire to conquer and to be conquered. And thus she spoke: “What god, envious of beauteous youths, wishes to destroy this one, and prompts him to seek wedlock with me at the risk of his own dear life? I am not worth so great a price, if I am the judge. Nor is it his beauty that touches me—and yet I could be touched by this as well—but the fact that he is still

quid, quod inest virtus et mens interrita leti?
 quid, quod ab aequorea numeratur origine quartus?
 quid, quod amat tantique putat conubia nostra.
 ut pereat, si me fors illi dura negarit?
 dum licet, hospes, abi thalamosque relinque cruentos
 coniugium crudele meum est, tibi nubere nulla 621
 nolet, et optari potes a sapiente puella.—
 cur tamen est mihi cura tui tot iam ante peremptis?
 viderit! intereat, quoniam tot caede procorum
 admonitus non est agiturque in taedia vitae.— 625
 occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vivere mecum,
 indignamque necem pretium patietur amoris?
 non erit invidiae victoria nostra ferendae.
 sed non culpa mea est! utinam desistere velles,
 aut, quoniam es demens, utinam velocior esses! 630
 a! quam virgineus puerili vultus in ore est!
 a! miser Hippomene, nollem tibi visa fuisses!
 vivere dignus eras. quodsi felicior essem,
 nec mihi coniugium fata inportuna negarent,
 unus eras, cum quo sociare cubilia vellem.” 635
 dixerat, utque rudis primoque cupidine tacta,
 quid facit ignorans, amat et non sentit amorem.

““ Iam solitos poscunt cursus populusque paterque,
 cum me sollicita proles Neptunia voce
 invocat Hippomenes “Cytherea,” que “conprecor,
 ausis 640
 adsit” ait “nostris et quos dedit, adiuvet ignes.”

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

but a boy. It is not he himself who moves me, but his youth. What of his manly courage and his soul fearless of death? What that he claims by birth to be the fourth from the monarch of the seas? What of his love for me, and that he counts marriage with me of so great worth that he would perish if cruel fate denies me to him? O stranger, go hence while still you may; flee from this bloody wedlock. Marriage with me is a fatal thing. No other maiden will refuse to wed you, and it may well be that a wiser girl will seek your love.—Yet why this care for you, since so many have already perished? Let him look to himself! let him perish, too, since by the death of so many suitors he was not warned, and cares so little for his life.—And shall he die, because he wished to live with me, and suffer undeserved death as the penalty of love? My victory will be attended by unbearable hatred against me. But the fault is none of mine. O sir, I would that you might desist, or, since you are so madly set upon it, would that you might prove the swifter! Ah, how girlish is his youthful face! Ah, poor Hippomenes, I would that you had never looked on me! You were so worthy of life. But if I were of happier fortune, and if the harsh fates did not deny me marriage, you were the only he with whom I should want to share my couch." So speaks the maid; and, all untutored, feeling for the first time the impulse of love, ignorant of what she does, she loves and knows it not.

“Meanwhile the people and her father demanded the accustomed race. Then did the Neptunian youth, Hippomenes, with suppliant voice call on me: “O may Cytherea,” he said, “be near, I pray, and assist the thing I dare and smile upon the love which she has given.” A kindly breeze bore this soft prayer to

OVID

detulit aura preces ad me non invida blandas :
 motaque sum, fateor, nec opis mora longa dabatur.
 est ager, indigenae Tamasenum nomine dicunt,
 telluris Cypriae pars optima, quam mihi prisci 645
 sacravere senes templisque accedere dotem
 hanc iussere meis ; medio nitet arbor in arvo,
 fulva comas, fulvo ramis crepitantibus auro :
 hinc tria forte mea veniens decerpta ferebam
 aurea poma manu nullique videnda nisi ipsi 650
 Hippomenen adii docuique, quis usus in illis.
 signa tubae dederant, cum carcere pronus uterque
 emicat et summam celeri pede libat harenam :
 posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu
 et segetis canae stantes percurrere aristas. 655
 adiciunt animos iuveni clamorque favorque
 verbaque dicentum “ nunc, nunc incumbere tempus !
 Hippomene, propera ! nunc viribus utere totis !
 pelle moram : vinces ! ” dubium, Megareius heros
 gaudeat an virgo magis his Schoeneia dictis. 660
 o quotiens, cum iam posset transire, morata est
 spectatosque diu vultus invita reliquit !
 aridus e lasso veniebat anhelitus ore,
 metaque erat longe : tum denique de tribus unum
 fetibus arboreis proles Neptunia misit. 665
 obstipuit virgo nitidique cupidine pomi
 declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit ;
 praeterit Hippomenes : resonant spectacula plausu.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

me and I confess it moved my heart. And there was but scanty time to give him aid. There is a field, the natives call it the field of Tamasus, the richest portion of the Cyprian land, which in ancient times men set apart to me and bade my temples be enriched with this. Within this field there stands a tree gleaming with golden leaves and its branches crackle with the same bright gold. Fresh come from there, I chanced to have in my hand three golden apples which I had plucked. Revealing myself to no one save to him, I approached Hippomenes and taught him how to use the apples. The trumpets had sounded for the race, when they both, crouching low, flashed forth from their stalls and skimmed the surface of the sandy course with flying feet. You would think that they could graze the sea with unwet feet and pass lightly over the ripened heads of the standing grain. The youth was cheered on by shouts of applause and the words of those who cried to him: "Now, now is the time to bend to the work, Hippomenes! Go on! Now use your utmost strength! No tarrying! You're sure to win!" It is a matter of doubt whether the heroic son of Megareus or the daughter of Schoeneus took more joy of these words. Oh, how often, when she could have passed him, did she delay and after gazing long upon his face reluctantly leave him behind! And now dry, panting breath came from his weary throat and the goal was still far away. Then at length did Neptune's scion throw one of the three golden apples. The maid beheld it with wonder and, eager to possess the shining fruit, she turned out of her course and picked up the rolling golden thing. Hippomenes passed her by while the spectators roared their applause. She by a burst of speed made

OVID

illa moram celeri cessataque tempora cursu
 corrigit atque iterum iuvenem post terga relinquit :
 et rursus pomi iactu remorata secundi 671
 consequitur transitque virum. pars ultima cursus
 restabat ; “ nunc ” inquit “ ades, dea muneris auctor ! ”
 inque latus campi, quo tardius illa rediret,
 iecit ab obliquo nitidum iuvenaliter aurum. 675
 an peteret, virgo visa est dubitare : coegi
 tollere et adieci sublato pondera malo
 inpediique oneris pariter gravitate moraque,
 neve meus sermo cursu sit tardior ipso,
 praeterita est virgo : duxit sua praemia victor. 680

“ ‘ Dignane, cui grates ageret, cui turis honorem
 ferret, Adoni, fui ? nec grates inmemor egit,
 nec mihi tura dedit. subitam convertor in iram,
 contemptuque dolens, ne sim spernenda futuris,
 exemplo caveo meque ipsa exhortor in ambos : 685
 templa, deum Matri quae quondam clarus Echion
 fecerat ex voto, nemorosis abdita silvis,
 transibant, et iter longum requiescere suasit ;
 illic concubitus intempestiva cupido
 occupat Hippomenen a numine concita nostro. 690
 luminis exigui fuerat prope templa recessus,
 speluncae similis, nativo pumice tectus,
 religione sacer prisca, quo multa sacerdos

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

up for her delay and the time that she had lost, and again left the youth behind her. Again she delayed at the tossing of the second apple, followed and passed the man. The last part of the course remained. "Now be near me, goddess, author of my gift!" he said, and obliquely into a side of the field, returning whence she would lose much time, with all his youthful strength he threw the shining gold. The girl seemed to hesitate whether or no she should go after it. I forced her to take it up, and added weight to the fruit she carried, and so impeded her equally with the weight of her burden and with her loss of time. And, lest my story be longer than the race itself, the maiden was outstripped; the victor led away his prize.

"And was I not worthy, Adonis, of being thanked and of having the honour of incense paid to me? But, forgetful of my services, he neither thanked nor offered incense to me. Then was I changed to sudden wrath and, smarting under the slight, and resolved not to be slighted in the future, I decided to make an example of them, and urged myself on against them both. They were passing by a temple deep hidden in the woods, which in ancient times illustrious Echion had built to the mother¹ of the gods in payment of a vow; and the long journey persuaded them to rest. There incontinent desire seized on Hippomenes, who was kindled by my divinity. Hard by the temple was a dimly lighted, cave-like place, built of soft native rock, hallowed by ancient religious veneration, where the priest had set many wooden images of the olden gods. This place he entered; this holy presence he defiled by lust. The sacred images turned away their eyes. The tower-

¹ Cybele.

OVID

lignea contulerat veterum simulacra deorum ;
 hunc init et vetito temerat sacraria probro. 695
 sacra retorserunt oculos, turritaque Mater
 an Stygia sontes dubitavit mergeret unda :
 poena levis visa est ; ergo modo levia fulvae
 colla iubae velant, digiti curvantur in ungues,
 ex umeris armi fiunt, in pectora totum 700
 pondus abit, summae cauda verruntur harenae ;
 iram vultus habet, pro verbis murmura reddunt,
 pro thalamis celebrant silvas aliisque timendi
 dente premunt domito Cybeleia frena leones.
 hos tu, care mihi, cumque his genus omne ferarum, 705
 quod non terga fugae, sed pugnae pectora praebet,
 effuge, ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus !'

" Illa quidem monuit iunctisque per aera cygnis
 carpit iter, sed stat monitis contraria virtus.
 forte suem latebris vestigia certa secuti 710
 excivere canes, silvisque exire parantem
 fixerat obliquo iuvenis Cinyreius ictu :
 protinus excussit pando venabula rostro
 sanguine tincta suo trepidumque et tuta petentem
 trux aper insequitur totosque sub inguine dentes 715
 abdidit et fulva moribundum stravit harena.
 vecta levi curru medias Cytherea per auras
 Cypron olorinis nondum pervenerat alis :
 agnovit longe gemitum morientis et albas
 flexit aves illuc, utque aethere vidit ab alto 720
 exanimem inque suo iactantem sanguine corpus,
 desiluit pariterque sinum pariterque capillos
 rupit et indignis percussit pectora palmis
 quetaque cum fatis ' at non tamen omnia vestri

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

crowned Mother was on the verge of plunging the guilty pair beneath the waves of Styx; but the punishment seemed light. And so tawny manes covered their necks but now smooth, their fingers curved into claws, their arms changed to legs, their weight went chiefly to their chests, with tails they swept the surface of the sandy ground. Harsh were their features, rough growls they gave for speech, and for marriage chamber they haunted the wild woods. And now as lions, to others terrible, with tamed mouths they champed the bits of Cybele. These beasts, and with them all other savage things which turn not their backs in flight, but offer their breasts to battle, do you, for my sake, dear boy, avoid, lest your manly courage be the ruin of us both.'

"Thus the goddess warned and through the air, drawn by her swans, she took her way; but the boy's manly courage would not brook advice. It chanced his hounds, following a well-marked trail, roused up a wild boar from his hiding-place; and, as he was rushing from the wood, the young grandson of Cinyras pierced him with a glancing blow. Straightway the fierce boar with his curved snout rooted out the spear wet with his blood, and pursued the youth, now full of fear and running for his life; deep in the groin he sank his long tusks, and stretched the dying boy upon the yellow sand. Borne through the middle air by flying swans on her light car, Cytherea had not yet come to Cyprus, when she heard afar the groans of the dying youth and turned her white swans to go to him. And when from the high air she saw him lying lifeless and weltering in his blood, she leaped down, tore both her garments and her hair and beat her breasts with cruel hands. Reproaching fate, she said: 'But

OVID

iuris erunt' dixit. 'luctus monumenta manebunt
semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago 726
annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri;
at cruor in florem mutabitur. an tibi quondam
femineos artus in olentes vertere mentas,
Persephone, licuit: nobis Cinyreius heros 730
invidiae mutatus erit?' sic fata cruorem
nectare odorato sparsit, qui tactus ab illo
intumuit sic, ut fulvo perlucida caeno
surgere bulla solet, nec plena longior hora
facta mora est, cum flos de sanguine concolor ortus,
qualem, quae lento celant sub cortice granum, 736
punica ferre solent; brevis est tamen usus in illo;
namque male haerentem et nimia levitate caducum
excutiunt idem, qui praestant nomina, venti."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

all shall not be in your power. My grief, Adonis, shall have an enduring monument, and each passing year in memory of your death shall give an imitation of my grief. But your blood shall be changed to a flower. Or was it once allowed to thee, Persephone, to change a maiden's¹ form to fragrant mint, and shall the change of my hero, offspring of Cinyras, be grudged to me?' So saying, with sweet-scented nectar she sprinkled the blood; and this, touched by the nectar, swelled as when clear bubbles rise up from yellow mud. With no longer than an hour's delay a flower sprang up of blood-red hue such as pomegranates bear which hide their seeds beneath the tenacious rind. But short-lived is their flower; for the winds from which it takes its name² shake off the flower so delicately clinging and doomed too easily to fall."

¹ The nymph Menthe.

² Anemone, "the wind-flower."

BOOK XI

LIBER XI

CARMINE dum tali silvas animosque ferarum
Threicius vates et saxa sequentia ducit,
ecce nurus Ciconum tectae lymphata ferinis
pectora velleribus tumuli de vertice cernunt
Orphea percussis sociantem carmina nervis. 5
e quibus una leves iactato crine per auras,
“en,” ait “en, hic est nostri contemptor!” et hastam
vatis Apollinei vocalia misit in ora,
quae foliis praesuta notam sine vulnere fecit;
alterius telum lapis est, qui missus in ipso 10
aere concentu victus vocisque lyraeque est
ac veluti supplex pro tam furialibus ausis
ante pedes iacuit. sed enim temeraria crescunt
bella modusque abiit insanaque regnat Erinys;
cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita, sed ingens 15
clamor et infracto Berecyntia tibia cornu
tympanaque et plausus et Bacchei ululatus
obstrepuere sono citharae, tum denique saxa
non exauditi rubuerunt sanguine vatis.
ac primum attonitas etiamnum voce canentis 20
innumeras volucres anguesque agmenque ferarum
maenades Orphei titulum rapuere theatri;
inde cruentatis vertuntur in Orphea dextris

BOOK XI

WHILE with such songs the bard of Thrace drew the trees, held beasts enthralled and constrained stones to follow him, behold, the crazed women of the Cicones, with skins flung over their breasts, saw Orpheus from a hill-top, fitting songs to the music of his lyre. Then one of these, her tresses streaming in the gentle breeze, cried out: "See, see, here is the man who scorns us!" and hurled her spear straight at the tuneful mouth of Apollo's bard; but this, wreathed in leaves, marked without harming him. Another threw a stone, which, even as it flew through the air, was overcome by the sweet sound of voice and lyre, and fell at his feet as if 'twould ask forgiveness for its mad attempt. But still the assault waxed reckless: their passion knew no bounds; mad fury reigned. And all their weapons would have been harmless under the spell of song; but the huge uproar of the Bercyntian flutes, mixed with discordant horns, the drums, and the breast-beatings and howlings of the Bacchanals, drowned the lyre's sound; and then at last the stones were reddened with the blood of the bard whose voice they could not hear. First away went the multitudinous birds still spellbound by the singer's voice, with the snakes and the train of beasts, the glory of Orpheus' audience, harried by the Maenads; then these turned bloody hands against Orpheus and flocked around like birds when they see the bird

OVID

et coeunt ut aves, si quando luce vagantem
 noctis avem cernunt, structoque utrimque theatro 25
 ceu matutina cervus periturus harena
 praeda canum est, vatemque petunt et fronde virentes
 coniciunt thyrsos non haec in munera factos.
 hae glaebas, illae direptos arbore ramos,
 pars torquent silices ; neu desint tela furori, 30
 forte boves presso subigebant vomere terram,
 nec procul hinc multo fructum sudore parantes
 dura lacertosi fodiebant arva coloni,
 agmine qui viso fugiunt operisque relinquunt
 arma sui, vacuosque iacent dispersa per agros 35
 sarculaque rastrique graves longique ligones ;
 quae postquam rapuere ferae cornuque minaces
 divulsere boves, ad vatis fata recurrunt
 tendentemque manus et in illo tempore primum
 irrita dicentem nec quicquam voce moventem 40
 sacrilgae perimunt, perque os, pro Iuppiter ! illud
 auditum saxis intellectumque ferarum
 sensibus in ventos anima exhalata recessit.

Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum,
 te rigidi silices, te carmina saepe secutae 45
 fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbor
 tonsa comas luxit ; lacrimis quoque flumina dicunt
 increvisse suis, obstrusaque carbasa pullo
 naides et dryades passosque habuere capillos.
 membra iacent diversa locis, caput, Hebre, lyramque
 excipis : et (mirum !) medio dum labitur amne, 51

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

of night wandering in the daylight ; and as when in the amphitheatre in the early morning of the spectacle the doomed stag in the arena is the prey of dogs. They rushed upon the bard and hurled at him their wands wreathed with green leaves, not made for such use as this. Some threw clods, some branches torn from trees, and some threw stones. And, that real weapons might not be wanting to their madness, it chanced that oxen, toiling beneath the yoke, were plowing up the soil ; and not far from these, stout peasants were digging the hard earth and sweating at their work. When these beheld the advancing horde, they fled away and left behind the implements of their toil. Scattered through the deserted fields lay hoes, long mattocks and heavy grubbing-tools. These the savage women caught up and, first tearing in pieces the oxen who threatened them with their horns, they rushed back to slay the bard ; and, as he stretched out his suppliant hands, uttering words then, but never before, unheeded, and moving them not a whit by his voice, the impious women struck him down. And (oh, the pity of it !) through those lips, to which rocks listened, and to which the hearts of savage beasts responded, the soul, breathed out, went faring forth in air.

The mourning birds wept for thee, Orpheus, the throng of beasts, the flinty rocks, and the trees which had so often gathered to thy songs ; yes, the trees shed their leaves as if so tearing their hair in grief for thee. They say that the rivers also were swollen with their own tears, and that naiads and dryads alike mourned with dishevelled hair and with dark-bordered garments. The poet's limbs lay scattered all around ; but his head and lyre, O Hebrus, thou didst receive, and (a marvel !) while they floated in

OID

flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
 murmurat exanimis, respondent flebile ripae.
 iamque mare invectae flumen populare relinquunt
 et Methymnaeae potiuntur litore Lesbi : 55
 hic ferus expositum peregrinis anguis harenis
 os petit et sparsos stillanti rore capillos.
 tandem Phoebus adest morsusque inferre parantem
 arcet et in lapidem rictus serpentis apertos
 congelat et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus. 60

Umbra subit terras, et quae loca viderat ante,
 cuncta recognoscit quaerensque per arva piorum
 invenit Eurydicen cupidisque amplectitur ulnis ;
 hic modo coniunctis spatiantur passibus ambo,
 nunc praecedentem sequitur, nunc praevis anteit 65
 Eurydicenque suam, iam tuto, respicit Orpheus.

Non inpune tamen scelus hoc sinit esse Lyaeus
 amissoque dolens sacrorum vate suorum
 protinus in silvis matres Edonidas omnes,
 quae videre nefas, torta radice ligavit ; 70
 quippe pedum digitos, in quantum est quaeque secuta,
 traxit et in solidam detrusit acumina terram,
 utque suum laqueis, quos callidus abdidit auceps,
 crus ubi commisit volucris sensitque teneri,
 plangitur ac trepidans adstringit vincula motu : 75
 sic, ut quaeque solo defixa cohaeserat harum,
 exsternata fugam frustra temptabat, at illam
 lenta tenet radix exsultantemque coercet,
 dumque ubi sint digiti, dum pes ubi, quaerit, et ungues,
 aspicit in teretes lignum succedere suras 80

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mid-stream the lyre gave forth some mournful notes, mournfully the lifeless tongue murmured, mournfully the banks replied. And now, borne onward to the sea, they left their native stream and gained the shore of Lesbos near the city of Methymna. Here, as the head lay exposed upon a foreign strand, a savage serpent attacked it and its streaming locks still dripping with the spray. But Phoebus at last appeared, drove off the snake just in the act to bite, and hardened and froze to stone, just as they were, the serpent's widespread, yawning jaws.

The poet's shade fled beneath the earth, and recognized all the places he had seen before; and, seeking through the blessed fields, found Eurydice and caught her in his eager arms. Here now side by side they walk; now Orpheus follows her as she precedes, now goes before her, now may in safety look back upon his Eurydice.

However, Lyaeus did not suffer such crime as this to go unavenged. Grieved at the loss of the bard of his sacred rites, he straightway bound fast all those Thracian women, who saw the impious deed, with twisted roots. For he prolonged their toes and, in so far as each root followed down, he thrust their tips into the solid earth. And as a bird, when it has caught its foot in the snare which the cunning fowler has set for it, and feels that it is caught, flaps and flutters, but draws its bonds tighter by its struggling; so, as each of these women, fixed firmly in the soil, had stuck fast, with wild affright, but all in vain, she attempted to flee. The tough roots held her, and though she struggled, kept firm their grasp. And when she asked where were her fingers, where her feet, her nails, she saw the bark come creeping up her shapely legs; striving to smite her thighs with

OVID

et conata femur maerenti plangere dextra
 robora percussit, pectus quoque robora fiunt,
 robora sunt umeri; longos quoque brachia versa
 esse putes ramos, et non fallare putando.

Nec satis hoc Baccho est, ipsos quoque deserit agros
 cumque choro meliore sui vineta Timoli 86

Pactolonque petit, quamvis non aureus illo
 tempore nec caris erat invidiosus harenis.

hunc adsueta cohors, satyri bacchaeque, frequentant,
 at Silenus abest: titubantem annisque meroque 90

ruricolae cepere Phryges vinctumque coronis
 ad regem duxere Midan, cui Thracius Orpheus
 orgia tradiderat cum Cecropio Eumolpo.

qui simul agnovit socium comitemque sacrorum,
 hospitis adventu festum genialiter egit 95

per bis quinque dies et iunctas ordine noctes,
 et iam stellarum sublime coegerat agmen

Lucifer undecimus, Lydos cum laetus in agros
 rex venit et iuveni Silenum reddit alumno.

Huic deus optandi gratum, sed inutile fecit 100
 muneris arbitrium gaudens altore recepto.

ille male usurus donis ait "effice, quicquid
 corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum."

adnuit optatis nocituraque munera solvit
 Liber et indoluit, quod non meliora petisset. 105

laetus abit gaudetque malo Berecyntius heros
 pollicitique fidem tangendo singula temptat

vixque sibi credens, non alta fronde virentem
 ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta est:

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hands of grief, she smote on oak. Her breasts also became of oak ; oaken her shoulders. Her arms you would think had been changed to long branches—nor would your thought be wrong.

Nor is this enough for Bacchus. He leaves their very fields and with a worthier band seeks the vineyards of his own Timolus and his Pactolus ; although this was not at that time a golden stream, nor envied for its precious sands. His usual company, satyrs and bacchanals, thronged round him ; but Silenus was not there. Him, stumbling with the weight of years and wine, the Phrygian rustics took captive, bound him with wreaths, and led him to Midas, their king. To this Midas, together with the Athenian Eumolpus, Thracian Orpheus had taught the rites of Bacchus. When now the king recognized the comrade and assistant of his revels, right merrily to celebrate the coming of his guest he ordered a festival which they kept for ten continuous days and nights. And now the eleventh dawn had driven away the ranks of stars on high, when the king with joyful heart came to the Lydian fields and gave Silenus back to his dear foster-child.

Then did the god, rejoicing in his foster-father's safe return, grant to the king the free choice of a boon, a pleasing, but useless gift. Midas, fated to make an ill use of his gift, exclaimed : " Grant that whatsoever I may touch with my body may be turned to yellow gold." Bacchus granted his prayer and gave him the baleful gift, grieving the while that he had not asked better. The Berecynthian hero gaily went his way, rejoicing in his fatal gift, and tried its promised powers by touching this and that. Scarcely daring to believe, from a low oak-branch he broke off a green twig : the twig was

OVID

tollit humo saxum : saxum quoque palluit auro ; 110
 contigit et glaebam : contactu glaeba potenti
 massa fit ; arentis Cereris decerpsit aristas :
 aurea messis erat ; demptum tenet arbore pomum :
 Hesperidas donasse putes ; si postibus altis
 admovit digitos, postes radiare videntur ; 115
 ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis,
 unda fluens palmis Danaen eludere posset ;
 vix spes ipse suas animo capit aurea fingens
 omnia. gaudenti mensas posuere ministri
 exstructas dapibus nec tostae frugis egentes : 120
 tum vero, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra
 munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant,
 sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat,
 lammina fulva dapes admoto dente premebat ;
 miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis : 125
 fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali divesque miserque
 effugere optat opes et quae modo voverat, odit.
 copia nulla famem relevat ; sitis arida guttur
 urit, et invisio meritis torquetur ab auro 130
 ad caelumque manus et splendida bracchia tollens
 “da veniam, Lenae pater ! peccavimus” inquit,
 “sed miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno !”
 mite deum numen : Bacchus peccasse fatentem
 restituit pactique fide data munera solvit 135
 “neve male optato maneat circumlitus auro,
 128

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changed to gold. He picked up a stone from the ground: the stone, also, showed a light golden hue. He touched a clod: beneath that magic touch the clod became a mass of gold. He plucked some ripe wheat-heads: it was a golden harvest. He picked an apple from a tree and held it in his hand: you would suppose the Hesperides had given it. If he laid his fingers on the lofty pillars, the pillars gleamed before his eyes. When he bathed his hands in water, the water flowing over his hands could cheat a Danaë. His mind itself could scarcely grasp its own hopes, dreaming of all things turned to gold. As he rejoiced, his slaves set a table before him loaded with meats; nor was bread wanting. Then indeed, if he touched the gift of Ceres with his hand, the gift of Ceres went stiff and hard; or if he tried to bite a piece of meat with hungry teeth, where his teeth touched the food they touched but yellow plates of gold. He mingled pure water with the wine of Bacchus, giver of his gift; but through his jaws you would see the molten gold go trickling.

Amazed by this strange mishap, rich and yet wretched, he seeks to flee his wealth and hates what he but now has prayed for. No store of food can relieve his hunger; his throat is parched with burning thirst, and through his own fault he is tortured by hateful gold. Lifting his hands and shining arms to heaven, he cries: "Oh, pardon me, Lenæus, father! I have sinned. Yet have mercy, I pray thee, and save me from this curse that looks so fair." The gods are kind: Bacchus restored him to his former condition when he confessed his fault, and he relieved him of the boon which he had given in fulfilment of his pledge. "And, that you may not remain encased in gold which you have so

OVID

vade" ait " ad magnis vicinum Sardibus amnem
 perque iugum Lydum labentibus obvius undis
 carpe viam, donec venias ad fluminis ortus,
 spumigeroque tuum fonti, qua plurimus exit, 140
 subde caput corpusque simul, simul elue crimen."
 rex iussae succedit aquae: vis aurea tinxit
 flumen et humano de corpore cessit in amnem;
 nunc quoque iam veteris percepto semine venae
 arva rigent auro madidis pallentia glaebis. 145

Ille perosus opes silvas et rura colebat
 Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris,
 pingue sed ingenium mansit, nocituraque, ut ante,
 rursus erant domino stultae praecordia mentis.
 nam freta prospiciens late riget arduus alto 150
 Tmolus in ascensu clivoque extensus utroque
 Sardibus hinc, illinc parvis finitur Hypaepis.
 Pan ibi dum teneris iactat sua carmina nymphis
 et leve cerata modulatur harundine carmen
 ausus Apollineos prae se contemnere cantus, 155
 iudice sub Tmolo certamen venit ad inpar.

Monte suo senior iudex consedit et aures
 liberat arboribus: quercu coma caerulea tantum
 cingitur, et pendent circum cava tempora glandes.
 isque deum pecoris spectans "in iudice" dixit 160
 "nulla mora est." calamis agrestibus insonat ille
 barbaricoque Midan (aderat nam forte canenti)
 carmine delenit; post hunc sacer ora retorsit
 Tmolus ad os Phoebi: vultum sua silva secuta est
 130

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foolishly desired," he said, "go to the stream which flows by mighty Sardis town, and take your way along the Lydian hills up the tumbling stream until you come to the river's source. There plunge your head and body beneath the foaming fountain where it comes leaping forth, and by that act wash your sin away." The king went to the stream as he was bid. The power of the golden touch imbued the water and passed from the man's body into the stream. And even to this day, receiving the seed of the original vein, the fields grow hard and yellow, their soil soaked with water of the golden touch.

But Midas, hating wealth, haunted the woods and fields, worshipping Pan, who has his dwelling in the mountain caves. But stupid his wits still remained, and his foolish mind was destined again as once before to harm its master. For Tmolus, looking far out upon the sea, stands stiff and high, with steep sides extending with one slope to Sardis, and on the other reaches down to little Hypaepae. There, while Pan was singing his songs to the soft nymphs and playing airy interludes upon his reeds close joined with wax, he dared speak slightly of Apollo's music in comparison with his own, and came into an ill-matched contest with Tmolus as the judge.

The old judge took his seat upon his own mountain-top, and shook his ears free from the trees. His dark locks were encircled by an oak-wreath only, and acorns hung around his hollow temples. He, looking at the shepherd-god, exclaimed: "There is no delay on the judge's part." Then Pan made music on his rustic pipes, and with his rude notes quite charmed King Midas, for he chanced to hear the strains. After Pan was done, venerable Tmolus turned his face towards Phoebus; and his forest turned with his face.

OVID

- ille caput flavum lauro Parnaside vinctus 165
 verrit humum Tyrio saturata murice palla
 instrictamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis
 sustinet a laeva, tenuit manus altera plectrum ;
 artificis status ipse fuit. tum stamina docto
 pollice sollicitat, quorum dulcedine captus 170
 Pana iubet Tmolus citharae submittere cannas.
 Iudicium sanctique placet sententia montis
 omnibus, arguitur tamen atque iniusta vocatur
 unius sermone Midae ; nec Delius aures
 humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram, 175
 sed trahit in spatium villisque albentibus inplet
 instabilesque imas facit et dat posse moveri :
 cetera sunt hominis, partem damnatur in unam
 induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.
 ille quidem celare cupit turpisque pudore 180
 tempora purpureis temptat velare tiaris ;
 sed solitus longos ferro resecare capillos
 viderat hoc famulus, qui cum nec prodere visum
 dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,
 nec posset reticere tamen, secedit humumque 185
 effodit et, domini quales adspexerit aures,
 voce refert parva terraeque inmurmurat haustae
 indiciumque suae vocis tellure regesta
 obruit et scrobibus tacitus discedit opertis.
 creber harundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus 190
 coepit et, ut primum pleno maturuit anno,
 prodidit agricolam : leni nam motus ab austro
 obruta verba refert dominique coarguit aures.
 Ultus abit Tmolo liquidumque per aera vectus
 angustum citra pontum Nepheleidos Helles 195

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Phoebus' golden head was wreathed with laurel of Parnasus, and his mantle, dipped in Tyrian dye, swept the ground. His lyre, inlaid with gems and Indian ivory, he held in his left hand, while his right hand held the plectrum. His very pose was that of an artist. Then with trained thumb he plucked the strings and, charmed by those sweet strains, Tmolus ordered Pan to lower his reeds before the lyre.

All approved the judgment of the sacred mountain-god. And yet it was challenged and called unjust by Midas' voice alone. The Delian god did not suffer ears so dull to keep their human form, but lengthened them out and filled them with shaggy, grey hair; he also made them unstable at the base and gave them power of motion. Human in all else, in this one feature was he punished, and wore the ears of a slow-moving ass. Disfigured and ashamed, he strove to hide his temples beneath a purple turban, but the slave who was wont to trim his long hair beheld his shame. And he, since he dared not reveal the disgraceful sight, yet eager to tell it out and utterly unable to keep it to himself, went off and dug a hole in the ground and into the hole, with low, muttered words, he whispered of his master's ears which he had seen. Then by throwing back the earth he buried the evidence of his voice and, having thus filled up the hole again, he silently stole away. But a thick growth of whispering reeds began to spring up there, and these, when at the year's end they came to their full size, betrayed the sower, for, stirred by the gentle breeze, they repeated his buried words and exposed the story of his master's ears.

His vengeance now complete, Latona's son retires from Tmolus and, borne through the liquid air, without crossing the narrow sea of Helle, daughter of

OVID

Laomedonteis Latoius adstitit arvis.
 dextera Sigei, Rhoetei laeva profundi
 ara Panomphaeo vetus est sacrata Tonanti :
 inde novae primum moliri moenia Troiae
 Laomedonta videt susceptaque magna labore 200
 crescere difficili nec opes exposcere parvas
 cumque tridentigero tumidi genitore profundi
 mortalem induitur formam Phrygiaeque tyranno
 aedificat muros pactus pro moenibus aurum.
 stabat opus : pretium rex infitiatur et addit, 205
 perfidiae cumulum, falsis periuria verbis.
 “ non inpune feres ” rector maris inquit, et omnes
 inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Troiae
 inque freti formam terras conplevit opesque
 abstulit agricolis et fluctibus obruit agros. 210
 poena neque haec satis est : regis quoque filia monstro
 poscitur aequoreo, quam dura ad saxa revinctam
 vindicat Alcides promissaque munera dictos
 poscit equos tantique operis mercede negata
 bis periura capit superatae moenia Troiae. 215
 nec, pars militiae, Telamon sine honore recessit
 Hesioneque data potitur. nam coniuge Peleus
 clarus erat diva nec avi magis ille superbus
 nomine quam soceri, siquidem Iovis esse nepoti
 contigit haut uni, coniunx dea contigit uni. 220

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Nephele, he came to earth in the country of Laomedon. Midway between the Sigean and Rhoetean promontories was an ancient altar sacred to the Panomphaean Thunderer. There Apollo saw Laomedon beginning to build the walls of his new city, Troy; and, perceiving that the mighty task was proceeding with great difficulty, and demanded no slight resources, he, together with the trident-bearing father of the swollen sea, put on mortal form and built the walls for the Phrygian king, having first agreed upon a sum of gold for the walls. There stood the work. But the king repudiated his debt and, as a crowning act of perfidy, swore that he had never promised the reward. "But you shall not go unpunished," the sea-god said, and he set all his waters flowing against the shores of miserly Troy. He flooded the country till it looked like a sea, swept away the farmers' crops and whelmed their fields beneath his waters. Nor was this punishment enough; the king's daughter also must be sacrificed to a monster of the deep. But while she was bound there to the hard rocks, Alcides set her free, and then demanded his promised wage, the horses that were agreed upon. But the great task's price was again refused, and so the hero took the twice-perjured walls of conquered Troy. Nor did Telamon, the partner of his campaign, go without reward, and Hesione was given him. For Peleus¹ was honoured with a goddess for his bride, and was not more proud of his grandfather's name than of his father-in-law; since it had fallen to not one alone to be grandson of Jove, but to him alone had it fallen to have a goddess for his wife.

¹ Peleus also had assisted Hercules in this exploit.

OVID

Namque senex Thetidi Proteus "dea" dixerat
 " undae,

concipe : mater eris iuvenis, qui fortibus annis
 acta patris vincet maiorque vocabitur illo."
 ergo, ne quicquam mundus Iove maius haberet,
 quamvis haut tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes, 225
 Iuppiter aequoreae Thetidis conubia fugit,
 in suaque Aeaciden succedere vota nepotem
 iussit et amplexus in virginis ire marinae.

Est sinus Haemoniae curvos falcatus in arcus,
 bracchia procurrunt : ubi, si foret altior unda, 230
 portus erat ; summis inductum est aequor harenis ;
 litus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet
 nec remoretur iter nec opertum pendeat alga ;
 myrtea silva subest bicoloribus obsita bacis.
 est specus in medio, natura factus an arte, 235
 ambiguum, magis arte tamen : quo saepe venire
 frenato delphine sedens, Theti, nuda solebas.
 illic te Peleus, ut somno vincta iacebas,
 occupat, et quoniam precibus temptata repugnas,
 vim parat, innectens ambobus colla lacertis ; 240
 quod nisi venisses variatis saepe figuris
 ad solitas artes, auso foret ille potitus ;
 sed modo tu volucris : volucrem tamen ille tenebat ;
 nunc gravis arbor eras : haerebat in arbore Peleus ;
 tertia forma fuit maculosae tigridis : illa 245
 territus Aeacides a corpore bracchia solvit.
 usque deos pelagi vino super aequora fuso

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For old Proteus had said to Thetis: "O goddess of the waves, conceive: thou shalt be the mother of a youth who, when to manhood grown, shall outdo his father's deeds and shall be called greater than he." Because of this, lest the earth should produce anything greater than himself, though he had felt the hot fires of love deep in his heart, Jove shunned the arms of Thetis, goddess of the sea, and bade his grandson, the son of Aeacus, assume the place of lover in his stead, and seek a union with this virgin of the deep.

There is a bay on the Thessalian coast, rounded like a curved sickle, with arms running out; 'twould be a safe port for ships if the water were deeper. The sea spreads smooth over the sandy bottom; the shore is firm, such as leaves no trace of feet, delays no journey, is free from seaweed. A myrtle wood grows close at hand, thick-hung with two-coloured berries. There is a grotto in this grove, whether made by nature or art one may not surely say, but rather by art. To this grot oftentimes, riding thy bridled dolphin, O Thetis, naked wast thou wont to come. There then did Peleus seize thee as thou layest wrapped in slumber; and since, though entreated by his prayers, thou didst refuse, he prepared to force thy will, entwining thy neck with both his arms. And hadst thou not, by changing oft thy form, had recourse to thine accustomed arts, he would have worked his daring will on thee. But now didst thou take the form of a bird: still he held fast to the bird. Now wast thou a sturdy tree: around the tree did Peleus tightly cling. Thy third disguise was a spotted tigress' form: in fear of that Peleus loosed his hold on thee. Then did he pray unto the gods of the sea with wine poured out .

et pecoris fibris et fumo turis adorat,
donec Carpathius medio de gurgite vates
“ Aeacide,” dixit “ thalaminis potiere petitis, 250
tu modo, cum rigido sopita quiescet in antro,
ignaram laqueis vincloque innecte tenaci.
nec te decipiat centum mentita figuras,
sed preme, quicquid erit, dum, quod fuit ante,
reformat.”

dixerat haec Proteus et condidit aequore vultum 255
admisitque suos in verba novissima fluctus.

Pronus erat Titan inclinatoque tenebat
Hesperium temone fretum, cum pulchra relecto
Nereis ingreditur consueta cubilia saxo ;
vix bene virgineos Peleus invaserat artus : 260
illa novat formas, donec sua membra teneri
sentit et in partes diversas bracchia tendi.
tum demum ingemuit, “ neque ” ait “ sine numine
vincis ”

exhibita estque Thetis : confessam amplectitur heros
et potitur votis ingentique inplet Achille. 265

Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus,
et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci,
omnia contigerant : fraterno sanguine sontem
expulsumque domo patria Trachinia tellus
accipit. hic regnum sine vi, sine caede regebat 270
Lucifero genitore satus patriumque nitorem
ore ferens Ceyx, illo qui tempore maestus
dissimilisque sui fratrem lugebat ademptum.
quo postquam Aeacides fessus curaque viaque

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upon the water, with entrails of sheep, and with the smoke of incense; until the Carpathian seer from his deep pools rose and said to him: "O son of Aecus, thou shalt yet gain the bride thou dost desire. Only do thou, when she lies within the rocky cave, deep sunk in sleep, bind her in her unconsciousness with snares and close-clinging thongs. And though she take a hundred lying forms, let her not escape thee, but hold her close, whatever she may be, until she take again the form she had at first." So spoke Proteus and hid his face beneath the waves, as he let his waters flow back again over his final words.

Now Titan was sinking low and kept the western sea beneath his down-sloping chariot, when the fair Nereid, seeking again the grot, lay down upon her accustomed couch. There scarce had Peleus well laid hold on her virgin limbs, when she began to assume new forms, until she perceived that she was held firmly bound and that her arms were pinioned wide. Then at length she groaned and said: "'Tis not without some god's assistance that you conquer," and gave herself up as Thetis. Her, thus owning her defeat, the hero caught in his embrace, attained his desire, and begat on her the great Achilles.

Peleus was blessed in his son, blessed in his wife, and to him only good befell, if you except the crime of the murdered Phocus. Driven from his father's house with his brother's blood upon his hands, he found asylum in the land of Trachis. Here ruled in peaceful, bloodless sway Ceyx, son of Lucifer, with all his father's bright gladness in his face. But at that time he was sad and unlike himself, for he was mourning the taking off of his brother. To him the son of Aecus came, worn with his cares and

venit et intravit paucis comitantibus urbem, 275
 quosque greges pecorum, quae secum armenta
 trahebat,
 haut procul a muris sub opaca valle reliquit;
 copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni,
 velamenta manu praetendens supplice, qui sit
 quoque satus, memorat, tantum sua crimina celat 280
 mentiturque fugae causam; petit, urbe vel agro
 se iuvet. hunc contra placido Trachinius ore
 talibus adloquitur: "mediae quoque commoda plebi
 nostra patent, Peleu, nec inhospita regna tenemus;
 adicis huic animo momenta potentia, clarum 285
 nomen avumque Iovem; ne tempora perde precando!
 quod petis, omne feres tuaque haec pro parte vocato,
 qualiacumque vides! utinam meliora videres!"
 et flebat: moveat tantos quae causa dolores, 289
 Peleusque comitesque rogant; quibus ille profatur:
 "forsitan hanc volucrem, rapti quae vivit et omnes
 terret aves, semper pennas habuisse putetis:
 vir fuit (et—tanta est animi constantia—tantum
 acer erat belloque ferox ad vimque paratus)
 nomine Daedalion. illo genitore creatis, 295
 qui vocat Auroram caeloque novissimus exit,
 culta mihi pax est, pacis mihi cura tenendae
 coniugiique fuit, fratri fera bella placebant:
 illius virtus reges gentesque subegit,
 quae nunc Thisbaeas agit mutata columbas. 300
 nata erat huic Chione, quae dotatissima forma

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

journeyings, and entered his city with but a few retainers following. He left the flocks of sheep and the cattle which he had brought with him in a shady vale not far from the city's walls; then, when first he was allowed to approach the monarch, stretching out with suppliant hand an olive-branch wound with woollen fillets, he told him who he was and from what father sprung. He concealed only his crime, and lied concerning the reason for his flight. He begged for a chance to support himself in city or in field. To him the Trachinian monarch with kind words replied: "The opportunities of our realm lie open, Peleus, even to humble folk, and we do not rule an inhospitable kingdom. To this our kindly disposition you add the strong incentive of an illustrious name and descent from Jove. Then waste no time in prayer. You shall have all you seek. Call all this your own whatsoever you see; and I would that you saw better!" He spoke and wept. When Peleus and his companions asked him the cause of his great grief, he answered them: "Perchance you think that yonder bird, which lives on rapine and is the terror of all birds, was always a feathered creature. He was once a man (and, so fixed is character, his only qualities were harshness, eagerness for war, readiness for violence), by name Daedalion. We two were born of that god who wakes the dawn and passes last from the sky. I was by nature peaceful and my care was always for preserving peace and for my wife. But cruel war was my brother's pleasure. His fierce courage subdued kings and nations, and now in changed form it pursues the doves of Thisbe.¹ He had a daughter, Chione, a girl

¹ A little town on the coast of Boeotia, famous for its wild doves.

OVID

mille procos habuit, bis septem nubilis annis.
 forte revertentes Phoebus Maiaque creatus,
 ille suis Delphis, hic vertice Cylleneo,
 videre hanc pariter, pariter traxere calorem. 305
 spem veneris differt in tempora noctis Apollo;
 non fert ille moras virgaque movente soporem
 virginis os tangit: tactu iacet illa potenti
 vimque dei patitur; nox caelum sparserat astris:
 Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit.
 ut sua maturus complevit tempora venter, 311
 alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago
 nascitur Autolycus furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
 candida de nigris et de candentibus atra
 qui facere adsuerat, patriae non degener artis; 315
 nascitur e Phoebos (namque est enixa gemellos)
 carmine vocali clarus citharaque Philammon.
 quid peperisse duos et dis placuisse duobus
 et forti genitore et progenitore nitenti
 esse satam prodest? an obest quoque gloria? multis
 obfuit, huic certe! quae se praeferre Dianae 321
 sustinuit faciemque deae culpavit, at illi
 ira ferox mota est 'factis' que 'placebimus' inquit.
 nec mora, curvavit cornu nervoque sagittam
 inpulit et meritam traiecit harundine linguam. 325
 lingua tacet, nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur,
 conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit;
 quam miser amplexans ego tum patriumque dolorem
 corde tuli fratricumque pio solacia dixi,
 quae pater haut aliter quam cautes murmura ponti

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most richly dowered with beauty, who had a thousand suitors when she had reached the marriageable age of fourteen years. It chanced that Phoebus and the son of Maia, returning the one from Delphi, the other from high Cyllene, beheld her both at once and both at once were filled with love of her. Apollo put off his hope of love till night-time, but the other brooked no delay, and touched the maiden's face with his sleep-compelling wand. She lay beneath the god's magic touch and endured his violence. Now night had spangled the heavens with the stars when Phoebus, assuming an old woman's form, gained his forestalled joy. When the fullness of time was come, a son was born to the wing-footed god, Autolycus, of crafty nature, well versed in cunning wiles. For he could make white of black and black of white, a worthy heir of his father's art. To Phoebus also, for the birth was twin, was born Philammon, famous for song and zither. But what profits it that she bore two sons, that she found favour with two gods, that she herself was sprung from a brave sire and shining grandsire? Is not glory a bane as well? It has been a bane to many, surely to her! For she boldly set herself above Diana and criticized the goddess' beauty. But to her the goddess, moved by hot rage, exclaimed: 'Then by our deeds we'll please you.' Upon the word she bent her bow, sent an arrow swift flying from the string, and pierced that guilty tongue with the shaft. The tongue was stilled, nor voice nor attempted words came more. Even as she tried to speak her life fled forth with her blood. Wretched, I embraced her, feeling her father's grief in my heart, and to my dear brother I spoke words of comfort. The father heard them as the crags hear the murmurs of the sea, and kept

OVID

accipit et natam delamentatur ademptam ; 331
 at vero ardentem vidit, quater impetus illi
 in medios fuit ire rogos, quater inde repulsus
 concita membra fugae mandat similisque iuvenco
 spicula crabronum pressa cervice gerenti, 335
 qua via nulla, ruit. iam tum mihi currere visus
 plus homine est, alasque pedes sumpsisse putares.
 effugit ergo omnes veloxque cupidine leti
 vertice Parnasi potitur ; miseratus Apollo,
 cum se Daedalion saxo misisset ab alto, 340
 fecit avem et subitis pendentem sustulit alis
 oraque adunca dedit, curvos dedit unguibus hamos,
 virtutem antiquam, maiores corpore vires,
 et nunc accipiter, nulli satis aequus, in omnes
 saevit aves aliisque dolens fit causa dolendi." 345

Quae dum Lucifero genitus miracula narrat
 de consorte suo, cursu festinus anhelus
 advolat armenti custos Phoeceus Onetor
 et " Peleu, Peleu ! magnae tibi nuntius adsum
 cladis " ait. quodcumque ferat, iubet edere Peleus,
 pendet et ipse metu trepidi Trachinius oris ; 351
 ille refert " fessos ad litora curva iuvencos
 adpuleram, medio cum Sol altissimus orbe
 tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret,
 parsque boum fulvis genua inclinarat harenis 355
 laterumque iacens campos spectabat aquarum,
 pars gradibus tardis illuc errabat et illuc ;
 nant alii celsoque instant super aequora collo.
 templa mari subsunt nec marmore clara neque auro,
 sed trabibus densis lucoque umbrosa vetusto : 360
 Nereides Nereusque tenent (hos navita ponti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

ever bewailing his lost child. But when he saw her burning, four times he made to rush into the blazing pile. Four times thrust back, he took to mad flight and, like a bullock whose neck is pierced by hornets' stings, over trackless ways he rushed. Even then he seemed to me to run faster than human powers allow, and you would have thought his feet had taken wings. So then he fled us all and quickly, bent on destruction, he gained Parnasus' top. Apollo, pitying him, when Daedalion had hurled himself from that high cliff, made him a bird, held him suspended there on sudden wings, and gave him a hooked beak, gave him curved claws, but he left him his old-time courage and strength greater than his body. And now as a hawk, friendly to none, he vents his cruel rage on all birds and, suffering himself, makes others suffer, too."

While the son of Lucifer was telling this marvelous story of his brother, Phocian Onetor, Peleus' herdsman, came running in with breathless haste, crying: "Peleus, Peleus! I come to tell you news of dreadful slaughter." Peleus bade him tell his news, while the Trachinian king himself waited in trembling anxiety. The herdsman went on: "I had driven the weary herd down to the curving shore when the high sun was midway in his course, beholding as much behind him as still lay before. A part of the cattle had kneeled down upon the yellow sands, and lying there were looking out upon the broad, level sea; part was wandering slowly here and there, while others still swam out and stood neck-deep in water. A temple stood near the sea, not resplendent with marble and gold, but made of heavy timbers, and shaded by an ancient grove. The place was sacred to Nereus and the Nereids (these a sailor told me

OVID

edidit esse deos, dum retia litore siccant);
 iuncta palus huic est densis obsessa salictis,
 quam restagnantis fecit maris unda paludem :
 inde fragore gravi strepitus loca proxima terret : 365
 belua vasta, lupus ! mucisque palustribus exit
 oblitus, et spumis et sparsus sanguine rictus
 fulmineos, rubra suffusus lumina flamma.
 qui quamquam saevit pariter rabieque fameque,
 acrior est rabie : neque enim ieiunia curat 370
 caede boum diramque famem finire, sed omne
 vulnerat armentum sternitque hostiliter omne.
 pars quoque de nobis funesto saucia morsu,
 dum defensamus, leto est data ; sanguine litus
 undaque prima rubet demugitaeque paludes. 375
 sed mora damnosa est, nec res dubitare remittit :
 dum superest aliquid, cuncti coeamus et arma,
 arma capessamus coniunctaque tela feramus !”
 dixerat agrestis : nec Pelea damna movebant,
 sed memor admissi Nereida conligit orbam 380
 damna sua inferias extincto mittere Phoco.
 induere arma viros violentaque sumere tela
 rex iubet Oetaeus ; cum quis simul ipse parabat
 ire, sed Alcyone coniunx excita tumultu
 prosilit et nondum totos ornata capillos 385
 disicit hos ipsos colloque infusa mariti,
 mittat ut auxilium sine se, verbisque precatur

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were the gods of that sea, as he dried his nets on the shore). Hard by this temple was a marsh thick-set with willows, which the backwater of the sea made into a marsh. From this a loud, crashing noise filled the whole neighbourhood with fear: a huge beast, a wolf! he came rushing out, smeared with marsh-mud, his great, murderous jaws all bloody and flecked with foam, and his eyes blazing with red fire. He was mad with rage and hunger, but more with rage. For he stayed not to sate his fasting and dire hunger on the slain cattle, but mangled the whole herd, slaughtering all in wanton malice. Some of us, also, while we strove to drive him off, were sore wounded by his deadly fangs and given over to death. The shore, the shallow water, and the swamps, resounding with the bellowings of the herd, were red with blood. But delay is fatal, nor is there time to hesitate. While still there's something left, let us all rush on together, and arms, let us take arms, and make a combined attack upon the wolf!" So spoke the rustic. Peleus was not stirred by the story of his loss; but, conscious of his crime, he well knew that the bereaved Nereid¹ was sending this calamity upon him as a sacrificial offering to her slain Phocus. The Oetaean king bade his men put on their armour and take their deadly spears in hand, and at the same time was making ready to go with them himself. But his wife, Alcyone, roused by the loud outcries, came rushing out of her chamber, her hair not yet all arranged, and, sending this flying loose, she threw herself upon her husband's neck, and begged him with prayers and tears that he would send aid but not go himself, and

¹ Psamathe, the mother of Phocus whom Peleus had accidentally killed.

OVID

et lacrimis, animasque duas ut servet in una.
 Aeacides illi: "pulchros, regina, piosque
 pone metus! plena est promissi gratia vestri. 390
 non placet arma mihi contra nova monstra moveri;
 numen adorandum pelagi est!" erat ardua turris,
 arce focus summa, fessis nota grata carinis:
 ascendunt illuc stratosque in litore tauros
 cum gemitu adspiciunt vastatoremque cruento 395
 ore ferum, longos infectum sanguine villos.
 inde manus tendens in aperti litora ponti
 caeruleam Peleus Psamathen, ut finiat iram,
 orat, opemque ferat; nec vocibus illa rogantis
 flectitur Aeacidae, Thetis hanc pro coniuge supplex
 accepit veniam. sed enim revocatus ab acri 401
 caede lupus perstat, dulcedine sanguinis asper,
 donec inhaerentem lacerae cervice iuvencae
 marmore mutavit: corpus praeterque colorem
 omnia servavit, lapidis color indicat illum 405
 iam non esse lupum, iam non debere timeri.
 nec tamen hac profugum consistere Pelea terra
 fata sinunt, Magnetas adit vagus exul et illic
 sumit ab Haemonio purgamina caedis Acasto.

Interea fratrisque sui fratremque secutis 410
 anxia prodigiis turbatus pectora Ceyx,
 consulat ut sacras, hominum oblectamina, sortes,

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so save two lives in one. Then said the son of Aeacus to her: "Your pious fears, O queen, become you; but have no fear. I am not ungrateful for your proffered help; but I have no desire that arms be taken in my behalf against the strange monster. I must pray to the goddess of the sea." There was a tall tower, a lighthouse on the top of the citadel, a welcome landmark for storm-tossed ships. They climbed up to its top, and thence with cries of pity looked out upon the cattle lying dead upon the shore, and saw the killer revelling with bloody jaws, and with his long shaggy hair stained red with blood. There, stretching out his hands to the shores of the open sea, Peleus prayed to the sea-nymph, Psamathe, that she put away her wrath and come to his help. She, indeed, remained unmoved by the prayers of Peleus; but Thetis, adding her prayers for her husband's sake, obtained the nymph's forgiveness. But the wolf, though ordered off from his fierce slaughter, kept on, mad with the sweet draughts of blood; until, just as he was fastening his fangs upon the torn neck of a heifer, the nymph changed him into marble. The body, save for its colour, remained the same in all respects; but the colour of the stone proclaimed that now he was no longer wolf, that now he no longer need be feared. But still the fates did not suffer the banished Peleus to continue in this land. The wandering exile went on to Magnesia, and there, at the hands of the Hæmonian king, Acastus, he gained full absolution from his bloodguiltiness.

Meanwhile King Ceyx was much disturbed and anxious, not alone about the strange thing that happened to his brother, but also about others that had happened since his brother's fate. Accordingly, that

OVID

ad Clarium parat ire deum ; nam templa profanus
 in via cum Phlegyis faciebat Delphica Phorbas.
 consilii tamen ante sui, fidissima, certam 415
 te facit, Alcione ; cui protinus intima frigus
 ossa receperunt, buxoque simillimus ora
 pallor obit, lacrimisque genae maduere profusis.
 ter conata loqui ter fletibus ora rigavit
 singultuque pias interrumpente querellas 420
 “ quae mea culpa tuam,” dixit “ carissime, mentem
 vertit ? ubi est quae cura mei prior esse solebat ?
 iam potes Alcione securus abesse relicta ?
 iam via longa placet ? iam sum tibi carior absens ?
 at, puto, per terras iter est, tantumque dolebo, 425
 non etiam metuam, curaeque timore carebunt.
 aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago :
 et laceras nuper tabulas in litore vidi
 et saepe in tumultis sine corpore nomina legi.
 neve tuum fallax animum fiducia tangat, 430
 quod socer Hippotades tibi sit, qui carcere fortes
 contineat ventos, et, cum velit, aequora placet.
 cum semel emissi tenuerunt aequora venti,
 nil illis vetitum est : incommendataque tellus
 omnis et omne fretum est, caeli quoque nubila vexant
 excutiuntque feris rutilos concursibus ignes. 436
 quo magis hos novi (nam novi et saepe paterna
 parva domo vidi), magis hos reor esse timendos.

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he might consult the sacred oracles, the refuge of mankind in trouble, he planned to journey to the Clarian god. For the infamous Phorbas with the followers of Phlegyas was making the journey to the Delphic oracle unsafe. But before he started he told his purpose to you, his most faithful wife, Alcyone. Straightway she was chilled to the very marrow of her bones, her face grew pale as boxwood and her cheeks were wet with her flowing tears. Three times she tried to speak, three times watered her face with weeping; at last, her loving complaints broken by her sobs, she said: "What fault of mine, O dearest husband, has brought your mind to this? Where is that care for me which used to stand first of all? Can you now abandon your Alcyone with no thought of her? Is it your pleasure now to go on a long journey? Am I now dearer to you when absent from you? But, I suppose, your journey is by land, and I shall only grieve, not fear for you, and my cares shall have no terror in them. The sea affrights me, and the stern visage of the deep; and but lately I saw some broken planks upon the beach, and often have I read men's names on empty tombs. And let not your mind have vain confidence in that the son of Hippotes is your father-in-law, who holds the stout winds behind prison bars, and when he will can calm the sea. For when once the winds have been let out and have gained the open deep, no power can check them, and every land and every sea is abandoned to their will. Nay, they harry the very clouds of heaven and rouse the red lightnings with their fierce collisions. The more I know them (for I do know them, and have often seen them when a child in my father's home) the more I think them to be feared. But if no prayers can change your

OVID

quod tua si flecti precibus sententia nullis,
 care, potest, coniunx, nimiumque es certus eundi, 440
 me quoque tolle simul! certe iactabimur una,
 nec nisi quae patiar, metuam, pariterque feremus,
 quicquid erit, pariter super aequora lata feremur."

Talibus Aeolidis dictis lacrimisque movetur
 idereus coniunx: neque enim minor ignis in ipso est;
 sed neque propositos pelagi dimittere cursus, 446
 nec vult Alcyonen in partem adhibere pericli
 multaue respondit timidum solantia pectus.
 non tamen idcirco causam probat; addidit illis
 hoc quoque lenimen, quo solo flexit amantem: 450
 "longa quidem est nobis omnis mora, sed tibi iuro
 per patrios ignes, si me modo fata remittant,
 ante reversurum, quam luna bis inpleat orbem."
 his ubi promissis spes est admota recursus,
 protinus eductam navalibus aequore tingui 455
 aptarique suis pinum iubet armamentis;
 qua rursus visa veluti praesaga futuri
 horruit Alcyone lacrimasque emisit obortas
 amplexusque dedit tristisque miserrima tandem
 ore "vale" dixit conlapsaque corpore toto est; 460
 ast iuvenes quaerente moras Ceyce reducunt
 ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos
 aequalique ictu scindunt freta: sustulit illa
 umentes oculos stantemque in puppe recurva
 concussaue manu dantem sibi signa maritum 465
 prima videt redditque notas; ubi terra recessit
 longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus,

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purpose, dear husband, and if you are over-bent on going, take me with you, too! For surely we shall then be storm-tossed together, nor shall I fear save only what I feel, and together we shall endure whatever comes, together over the broad billows we shall fare."

With these words and tears of the daughter of Aeolus the star-born husband was deeply moved; for the fire of love burned no less brightly in his heart. And yet he was unwilling either to give up his proposed journey on the sea or to take Alcyone as sharer of his perils. His anxious love strove to comfort her with many soothing words, but for all that he did not win her approval. He added this comforting condition, also, by which alone he gained his loving wife's consent: "Every delay, I know, will seem long to us; but I swear to you by my father's fires, if only the fates will let me, I will return before the moon shall twice have filled her orb." When by these promises of return her hope had been awakened, straightway he ordered his ship to be launched and duly supplied with her equipment. But when Alcyone saw this, as if forewarned of what was to come, she fell to trembling again; her tears flowed afresh and, embracing her husband in the depth of woe, she said a sad farewell at last and then fainted away completely. But the young men, though Ceyx sought excuses for delay, in double rows drew back the oars to their strong breasts and rent the waters with their rhythmic strokes. Then Alcyone lifted her tear-wet eyes and saw her husband standing on the high-curved poop and waving his hand in first signal to her, and she waved tokens back again. When the land drew further off, and her eyes could no longer make out his features,

OVID

dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum ;
 haec quoque ut haut poterat spatio submota videri,
 vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo ; 470
 ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia lectum
 seque toro ponit : renovat lectusque locusque
 Alcyonae lacrimas et quae pars admonet absit.

Portibus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes :
 obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos 475
 cornuaque in summa locat arbore totaque malo
 carbasa deducit venientesque accipit auras.
 aut minus, aut certe medium non amplius aequor
 puppe secabatur, longeque erat utraque tellus,
 cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit 480
 fluctibus et praeceps spirare valentius eurus.
 “ ardua iamdudum demittite cornua ” rector
 clamat “ et antemnis totum subnectite velum. ”
 hic iubet ; inpediunt adversae iussa procellae,
 nec sinit audiri vocem fragor aequoris ullam : 485
 sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos,
 pars munire latus, pars ventis vela negare ;
 egerit hic fluctus aequorque refundit in aequor,
 hic rapit antemnas ; quae dum sine lege geruntur,
 aspera crescit hiems, omnique e parte feroces 490
 bella gerunt venti fretaque indignantia miscent.
 ipse pavet nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur
 scire ratis rector, nec quid iubeatve vetetve :
 tanta mali moles tantoque potentior arte est.
 quippe sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes, 495
 undarum incursu gravis unda, tonitribus aether.

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while yet she could she followed with her gaze the fast-receding ship. When even this was now so distant that it could not be seen, still she watched the sails floating along at the top of the mast. When she could not even see the sails, heavy-hearted she sought her lonely couch and threw herself upon it. The couch and the place renewed her tears, for they reminded her of the part that was gone from her.

They had left the harbour and the breeze had set the cordage rattling. At that the captain shipped his oars, ran the yard up to the top of the mast and spread all his sails to catch the freshening breeze. The ship was now skimming along about midway of the sea, and the land on either side was far away, when, as night came on, the water began to whiten with the roughening waves and the wind, driving ahead, to blow with increased violence. "Lower the yard at once," the captain cries, "and tight reef the sail." So he orders, but the blast blowing in his face drowns out his orders, nor does the uproar of the sea let his voice be heard. Still, of their own will, some hastily draw in the oars, some close the oar-holes, and some reef the sails. Here one is bailing out the water and pouring the sea into the sea, while another hastily secures the spars. While these things are being done, all in confusion, the storm is increasing in violence and from every quarter the raging winds make their attacks and stir up the angry waves. The captain himself is in terror and admits that he does not know how the vessel stands, nor what either to order or forbid; so great is the impending weight of destruction, so much more mighty than his skill. All is a confused uproar—shouts of men, rattling of cordage, roar of the rushing waves, and crash of thunder. The waves run mountain-high and seem

OVID

fluctibus erigitur caelumque aequare videtur
 pontus et inductas aspergine tangere nubes ;
 et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit harenas,
 concolor est illis, Stygia modo nigrior unda, 500
 sternitur interdum spumisque sonantibus albet.
 ipsa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis
 et nunc sublimis veluti de vertice montis
 despiciere in valles imumque Acheronta videtur,
 nunc, ubi demissam curvum circumstetit aequor, 505
 suspicere inferno summum de gurgite caelum.
 saepe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem
 nec levius pulsata sonat, quam ferreus olim
 cum laceras aries balistave concutit arces,
 utque solent sumptis incursu viribus ire 510
 pectore in arma feri protentaque tela leones,
 sic, ubi se ventis admiserat unda coortis,
 ibat in arma ratis multoque erat altior illis ;
 iamque labant cunei, spoliataque tegmine cerae
 rima patet praebetque viam letalibus undis. 515
 ecce cadunt largi resolutis nubibus imbres,
 inque fretum credas totum descendere caelum,
 inque plagas caeli tumefactum ascendere pontum.
 vela madent nimbis, et cum caelestibus undis
 aequoreae miscentur aquae ; caret ignibus aether, 520
 caecaque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque.
 discutiunt tamen has praebentque micantia lumen
 fulmina : fulmineis ardescunt ignibus undae.
 dat quoque iam saltus intra cava texta carinae

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to reach the very heavens, and with their spray to sprinkle the lowering clouds. Now the water is tawny with the sands swept up from the bottom of the sea, and now blacker than the very waters of the Styx. At other times the waves spread out, white with the hissing foam. The Trachinian ship herself also is driven on in the grasp of chance. Now, lifted high, as from a mountain-top she seems to look down into deep valleys and the pit of Acheron; now, as she sinks far down and the writhing waters close her in, she seems to be looking up to the top of heaven from the infernal pools. Often with mighty thuds the vessel's sides resound, beaten by crashing waves as heavily as when sometimes an iron ram or ballista smites a battered fortress. And as savage lions, gaining new strength as they come rushing to the attack, are wont to breast the hunters' arms and ready spears; so, when the waves had been lashed to fury by the opposing winds, they rushed against the bulwarks of the barque and towered high over them. And now the tightening wedges of the hull spring loose and yawning chinks appear, their covering of wax clean washed away, and give passage to the deadly tide. Behold, the rain falls in sheets from the bursting clouds; and you would think that the whole heavens were falling down into the sea and that the swollen sea was leaping up into the regions of the sky. The sails are soaked with rain, and with the waters from the sky the ocean's floods are mingled. No stars gleam in the sky and the black night is murky with its own and the tempest's gloom. Still flashing lightnings cleave the shadows and give light, and the waves gleam red beneath the lightning's glare. Now also the flood comes pouring within the vessel's hollow hull; and as a soldier, more eager

OVID

fluctus ; et ut miles, numero praestantior omni, 525
 cum saepe adsiluit defensae moenibus urbis,
 spe potitur tandem laudisque accensus amore
 inter mille viros murum tamen occupat unus,
 sic ubi pulsarunt noviens latera ardua fluctus,
 vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae 530
 nec prius absistit fessam oppugnare carinam,
 quam velut in captae descendat moenia navis.
 pars igitur temptabat adhuc invadere pinum,
 pars maris intus erat : trepidant haud setius omnes,
 quam solet urbs aliis murum fodientibus extra 535
 atque aliis murum trepidare tenentibus intus.
 deficit ars, animique cadunt, totidemque videntur,
 quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque inrumpere mortes.
 non tenet hic lacrimas, stupet hic, vocat ille beatos,
 funera quos maneant, hic votis numen adorat 540
 brachiaque ad caelum, quod non videt, inrita tollens
 poscit opem ; subeunt illi fraterque parensque,
 huic cum pignoribus domus et quodcunque relictum
 est ;

Alcione Ceyca movet, Ceycis in ore
 nulla nisi Alcione est et, cum desideret unam, 545
 gaudet abesse tamen ; patriae quoque vellet ad oras
 respicere inque domum supremos vertere vultus,
 verum, ubi sit, nescit : tanta vertigine pontus
 fervet, et inducta piceis e nubibus umbra
 omne latet caelum, duplicataque noctis imago est.
 frangitur incursu nimborum turbinis arbor, 551
 frangitur et regimen, spoliisque animosa superstes
 unda, velut victrix, sinuataque despicit undas ;
 nec levius, quam si quis Athon Pindumve revulsos
 sede sua totos in apertum everterit aequor, 555

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

than his fellows, when he has often essayed to scale a beleaguered city's walls, at last succeeds and, fired with the passion for praise, o'erleaps the wall and stands one man amidst a thousand; so, when the waves nine times have battered at the lofty sides, the tenth wave, leaping with a mightier heave, comes on, nor does it cease its attack upon the weary ship until over the ramparts of the conquered barque it leaps within. So now a part of the sea still tries to invade the ship and part is already within its hold. All are in terrified confusion, just as a city is confused when some from without seek to undermine its walls and some hold the walls within. Skill fails and courage falls; and as many separate deaths seem rushing on and bursting through as are the advancing waves. One cannot restrain his tears; another is struck dumb; still another cries they are fortunate whom burial rites await; one calls on the gods in prayer and lifts unavailing arms to the unseen heavens, begging for help; one thinks upon his brothers and his sire, one on his home and children, and each on that which he has left behind. But Ceyx thinks on Alcyone: upon the lips of Ceyx there is no one save Alcyone; and, though he longs for her alone, yet he rejoices that she is far away. How he would love to look towards his native shores again and turn his last gaze upon his home. But where he is he knows not; for the sea boils in such whirling pools and the shadows of the pitchy clouds hide all the sky and double the darkness of the night. The mast is broken by a whirling rush of wind; the rudder, too, is broken. One last wave, like a victor rejoicing in his spoils, heaves itself high and looks down upon the other waves; and, as if one should tear from their foundations Athos and Pindus and hurl them bodily into the open sea, so fell this

OVID

praecipitata cadit pariterque et pondere et ictu
 mergit in ima ratem ; cum qua pars magna virorum
 gurgite pressa gravi neque in aera reddita fato
 functa suo est, alii partes et membra carinae
 trunca tenent : tenet ipse manu, qua scepra solebat,
 fragmina navigii Ceyx socerumque patremque 561
 invocat heu ! frustra, sed plurima nantis in ore
 Alcyone coniunx : illam meminitque refertque,
 illius ante oculos ut agant sua corpora fluctus
 optat et exanimis manibus tumuletur amicis. 565
 dum natat, absentem, quotiens sinit hiscere fluctus,
 nominat Alcyonen ipsisque in murmurat undis.
 ecce super medios fluctus niger arcus aquarum
 frangitur et rupta mersum caput obruit unda.—
 Lucifer obscurus nec quem cognoscere posses 570
 illa luce fuit, quoniamque excedere caelo
 non licuit, densis textit sua nubibus ora.

Aeolis interea, tantorum ignara malorum,
 dinumerat noctes et iam, quas induat ille,
 festinat vestes, iam quas, ubi venerit ille, 575
 ipsa gerat, reditusque sibi promittit inanes.
 omnibus illa quidem superis pia tura ferebat,
 ante tamen cunctos Iunonis templa colebat
 proque viro, qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras
 utque foret sospes coniunx suus utque rediret, 580
 optabat, nullamque sibi praeferret ; at illi
 hoc de tot votis poterat contingere solum.

At dea non ultra pro functo morte rogari

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

wave headlong, and with its overwhelming weight plunged the ship down to the very bottom; and with the ship the great part of the sailors perished, sucked down in the eddying flood, nevermore to see the light of day. But some still clung to broken pieces of the vessel. Ceyx himself, with the hand that was wont to hold the sceptre, clung to a fragment of the wreck, and called upon his father-in-law and on his father, alas! in vain. But most of all is the name of Alcyone on the swimmer's lips. He remembers her and names her o'er and o'er. He prays that the waves may bear his body into her sight and that in death he may be entombed by her dear hands. While he can keep afloat, as often as the waves allow him to open his mouth he calls the name of his Alcyone, far away, and murmurs it even as the waves close over his lips. See, a dark billow of waters breaks over the surrounding floods and buries his head deep beneath the seething waves. Dim and unrecognizable was Lucifer that dawn; and since he might not leave his station in the skies, he wrapped his face in thick clouds.

Meanwhile the daughter of Aeolus, in ignorance of this great disaster, counts off the nights; now hastens on to weave the robes which he is to put on, and now those which she herself will wear when he comes back, and pictures to herself the home-coming which can never be. She dutifully burns incense to all the gods; but most of all she worships at Juno's shrine, and approaches the altars on behalf of the man who is no more, that her husband may be kept safe from harm, that he may return once more, loving no other woman more than her. And only this prayer of all her prayers could be granted her.

But the goddess could no longer endure these

OVID

sustinet utque manus funestas arceat aris,
 "Iri, meae" dixit "fidissima nuntia vocis, 585
 vise soporiferam Somni velociter aulam
 extinctique iube Ceycis imagine mittat
 somnia ad Alcyonen veros narrantia casus."
 dixerat: induitur velamina mille colorum
 Iris et arcuato caelum curvamine signans 590
 tecta petit iussi sub nube latentia regis.

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
 mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni,
 quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve
 Phoebus adire potest: nebulae caligine mixtae 595
 exhalantur humo dubiaeque crepuscula lucis.
 non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
 evocat Auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt
 sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser;
 non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami 600
 humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae.
 muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo
 rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
 invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
 ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent 605
 innumeraeque herbae, quarum de lacte soporem
 Nox legit et spargit per opacas umida terras.
 ianua, ne verso stridores cardine reddat,
 nulla domo tota, custos in limine nullus;
 at medio torus est ebene sublimis in antro, 610
 plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
 quo cubat ipse deus membris languore solutis.
 hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas
 Somnia vana iacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
 silva gerit frondes, eiectas litus harenas. 615

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

entreaties for the dead. And that she might free her altar from the touch of the hands of mourning, she said: "Iris, most faithful messenger of mine, go quickly to the drowsy house of Sleep, and bid him send to Alcyone a vision in dead Ceyx' form to tell her the truth about his fate." She spoke; and Iris put on her cloak of a thousand hues and, trailing across the sky in a rainbow curve, she sought the cloud-concealed palace of the king of sleep.

Near the land of the Cimmerians there is a deep recess within a hollow mountain, the home and chamber of sluggish Sleep. Phoebus can never enter there with his rising, noontide, or setting rays. Clouds of vapour breathe forth from the earth, and dusky twilight shadows. There no wakeful, crested cock with his loud crowing summons the dawn; no careful watch-dog breaks the deep silence with his voice, or goose, still shrewder than the dog. There is no sound of wild beast or of cattle, of branches rustling in the breeze, no clamorous tongues of men. There mute silence dwells. But from the bottom of the cave there flows the stream of Lethe, whose waves, gently murmuring over the gravelly bed, invite to slumber. Before the cavern's entrance abundant poppies bloom, and countless herbs, from whose juices dewy night distils sleep and spreads its influence over the darkened lands. There is no door in all the house, lest some turning hinge should creak; no guardian on the threshold. But in the cavern's central space there is a high couch of ebony, downy-soft, black-hued, spread with a dusky coverlet. There lies the god himself, his limbs relaxed in languorous repose. Around him on all sides lie empty dream-shapes, mimicking many forms, many as ears of grain in harvest-time, as leaves upon the trees, as sands cast on the shore.

OVID

Quo simul intravit manibusque obstantia virgo
 Somnia dimovit, vestis fulgore reluxit
 sacra domus, tardaue deus gravitate iacentes
 vix oculos tollens iterumque iterumque relabens
 summaue percutiens nutanti pectora mento 620
 excussit tandem sibi se cubitoque levatus,
 quid veniat, (cognovit enim) scitatur, at illa :
 " Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, Somne, decorum,
 pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris
 fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori, 625
 Somnia, quae veras aequant imitamine formas,
 Herculea Trachine iube sub imagine regis
 Alcyonen adeant simulacraue naufraga fingant.
 imperat hoc Iuno." postquam mandata peregit,
 Iris abit : neque enim ulterius tolerare soporis 630
 vim poterat, labique ut somnum sensit in artus,
 effugit et remeat per quos modo venerat arcus.

At pater e populo natorum mille suorum
 excitat artificem simulatoremque figurae
 Morphea : non illo quisquam sollertius alter 635
 exprimit incessus vultumque sonumque loquendi ;
 adicit et vestes et consuetissima cuique
 verba ; sed hic solos homines imitatur, at alter
 fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens :
 hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus 640
 nominat ; est etiam diversae tertius artis
 Phantasos : ille in humum saxumque undamque tra-
 bemque,
 quaeque vacant anima, fallaciter omnia transit ;
 regibus hi ducibusque suos ostendere vultus
 nocte solent, populos alii plebemque pererrant. 645
 praeterit hos senior cunctisque e fratribus unum

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When the maiden entered there and with her hands brushed aside the dream-shapes that blocked her way, the awesome house was lit up with the gleaming of her garments. Then the god, scarce lifting his eyelids heavy with the weight of sleep, sinking back repeatedly and knocking his breast with his nodding chin, at last shook himself free of himself and, resting on an elbow, asked her (for he recognized her) why she came. And she replied: "O Sleep, thou rest of all things, Sleep, mildest of the gods, balm of the soul, who puttest care to flight, soothest our bodies worn with hard ministries, and preparest them for toil again! Fashion a shape that shall seem true form, and bid it go in semblance of the king to Aleyone in Trachis, famed for Hercules. There let it show her the picture of the wreck. This Juno bids." When she had done her task Iris departed, for she could no longer endure the power of sleep, and when she felt the drowsiness stealing upon her frame she fled away and retraced her course along the arch over which she had lately passed.

But the father rouses Morpheus from the throng of his thousand sons, a cunning imitator of the human form. No other is more skilled than he in representing the gait, the features, and the speech of men; the clothing also and the accustomed words of each he represents. His office is with men alone: another takes the form of beast or bird or the long-bodied serpent. Him the gods call Icelos, but mortals name him Phobotor. A third is Phantasos, versed in different arts. He puts on deceptive shapes of earth, rocks, water, trees, all lifeless things. These shapes show themselves by night to kings and chieftains, the rest haunt the throng of common folk. These the old sleep-god passes by, and chooses out of all the

OVID

Morphea, qui peragat Thaumantidos edita, Somnus
 eligit et rursus molli languore solutus
 deposuitque caput stratoque recondidit alto.

Ille volat nullos strepitus facientibus alis 650
 per tenebras intraque morae breve tempus in urbem
 pervenit Haemoniam, positisque e corpore pennis
 in faciem Ceycis abit sumptaque figura
 luridus, exanimi similis, sine vestibus ullis,
 coniugis ante torum miseræ stetit : uda videtur 655
 barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis.
 tum lecto incumbens fletu super ora profuso
 hæc ait : “ agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima coniunx,
 an mea mutata est facies nece ? respice : nosces
 inveniesque tuo pro coniuge coniugis umbram ! 660
 nil opis, Alcyone, nobis tua vota tulerunt !
 occidimus ! falso tibi me promittere noli !
 nubilus Aegæo deprendit in æquore navem
 Auster et ingenti iactatam flamine solvit,
 oraque nostra tuum frustra clamantia nomen 665
 implerunt fluctus.—non hæc tibi nuntiat auctor
 ambiguus, non ista vagis rumoribus audis :
 ipse ego fata tibi præsens mea naufragus edo.
 surge, age, da lacrimas lugubriaque indue nec me
 indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte ! ” 670
 adicit his vocem Morpheus, quam coniugis illa
 crederet esse sui (fletus quoque fundere veros
 visus erat) gestumque manu Ceycis habebat.
 ingemit Alcyone, lacrimas movet atque lacertos
 per somnum corpusque petens amplectitur auras 675
 exclamatque : “ mane ! quo te rapis ? ibimus una.”

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brethren Morpheus alone to do the bidding of Iris, Thaumias' daughter. This done, once more in soft drowsiness he droops his head and settles it down upon his high couch.

But Morpheus flits away through the darkness on noiseless wings and quickly comes to the Haemonian city. There, putting off his wings, he takes the face and form of Ceyx, wan like the dead, and stands naked before the couch of the hapless wife. His beard is wet, and water drips heavily from his sodden hair. Then with streaming eyes he bends over her couch and says: "Do you recognize your Ceyx, O most wretched wife? or is my face changed in death? Look on me! You will know me then and find in place of husband your husband's shade. No help, Alcyone, have your prayers brought to me: I am dead. Cherish no longer your vain hope of me. For stormy Auster caught my ship on the Aegean sea and, tossing her in his fierce blasts, wrecked her there. My lips, calling vainly upon your name, drank in the waves. And this tale no uncertain messenger brings to you, nor do you hear it in the words of vague report; but I myself, wrecked as you see me, tell you of my fate. Get you up, then, and weep for me; put on your mourning garments and let me not go unlamented to the cheerless land of shades." These words spoke Morpheus, and that, too, in a voice she might well believe her husband's; he seemed also to weep real tears, and had the very gesture of her Ceyx' hands. Alcyone groaned, shed tears, and in sleep seeking his arms and to clasp his body, held only air in her embrace. She cried aloud: "Wait for me! Whither do you hasten? I will go with you." Aroused by her own voice and by the image of her

OVID

voce sua specieque viri turbata soporem
 excutit et primo, si sit, circumspicit, illic,
 qui modo visus erat ; nam moti voce ministri
 intulerant lumen. postquam non invenit usquam,
 percutit ora manu laniatque a pectore vestes 681
 pectoraque ipsa ferit nec crines solvere curat :
 scindit et altrici, quae luctus causa, roganti
 “ nulla est Alcyone, nulla est ” ait. “ occidit una
 cum Ceyce suo. solantia tollite verba ! 685
 naufragus interiit : vidi agnovique manusque
 ad discedentem cupiens retinere tetendi.
 umbra fuit, sed et umbra tamen manifesta virique
 vera mei. non ille quidem, si quaeris, habebat
 adsuetos vultus nec quo prius, ore nitebat : 690
 pallentem nudumque et adhuc umente capillo
 infelix vidi. stetit hoc miserabilis ipse
 ecce loco ” ; (et quaerit, vestigia siqua supersint).
 “ hoc erat, hoc, animo quod divinante timebam,
 et ne me fugeres, ventos sequerere, rogabam. 695
 at certe vellem, quoniam periturus abibas,
 me quoque duxisses : multum fuit utile tecum
 ire mihi ; neque enim de vitae tempore quicquam
 non simul egissem, nec mors discreta fuisset.
 nunc absens perii, iactor quoque fluctibus absens, 700
 et sine me me pontus habet. crudelior ipso
 sit mihi mens pelago, si vitam ducere nitar
 longius et tanto pugnem superesse dolori !
 sed neque pugnabo nec te, miserande, relinquam
 et tibi nunc saltem veniam comes, inque sepulcro 705

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husband, she started wide awake. And first she looked around to see if he was there whom but now she had seen. For her attendants, startled by her cries, had brought a lamp into her chamber. When she did not find him anywhere, she smote her cheeks, tore off her garment from her breast and beat her breasts themselves. She stayed not to loose her hair, but rent it, and to her nurse, who asked what was her cause of grief, she cried: "Acyone is no more, no more; she has died together with her Ceyx. Away with consoling words! He's shipwrecked, dead! I saw him and I knew him, and I stretched out my hands to him as he vanished, eager to hold him back. It was but a shade, and yet it was my husband's true shade, clearly seen. He had not, to be sure, his wonted features, nor did his face light as it used to do. But wan and naked, with hair still dripping, oh, woe is me, I saw him. See there, on that very spot, he himself stood, piteous"—and she strove to see if any footprints still remained. "This, this it was which with foreboding mind I feared, and I begged you not to leave me and sail away. But surely I should have wished, since you were going to your death, that you had taken me as well. How well had it been for me to go with you; for in that case neither should I have spent any of my life apart from you, nor should we have been separated in our death. But now far from myself I have perished; far from myself also I am tossed about upon the waves, and without me the sea holds me. My heart would be more cruel to me than the sea itself if I should strive still to live on and struggle to survive my sorrow. But I shall neither struggle nor shall I leave you, my poor husband. Now at least I shall come to be your companion; and if not the

OVID

si non urna, tamen iunget nos littera : si non
 ossibus ossa meis. at nomen nomine tangam.”
 plura dolor prohibet, verboque intervenit omni
 plangor, et attonito gemitus a corde trahuntur.

Mane erat : egreditur tectis ad litus et illum 710
 maesta locum repetit, de quo spectarat euntem,
 dumque moratur ibi dumque “ hic retinacula solvit, *
 hoc mihi discedens dedit oscula litore ” dicit
 dumque notata locis reminiscitur acta fretumque
 prospicit, in liquida, spatio distante, tuetur 715
 nescio quid quasi corpus aqua, primoque, quid illud
 esset, erat dubium ; postquam paulum adpulit unda,
 et, quamvis aberat, corpus tamen esse liquebat,
 qui foret, ignorans, quia naufragus, omine mota est
 et, tamquam ignoto lacrimam daret, “ heu ! miser,”
 inquit 720
 “ quisquis es, et si qua est coniunx tibi ! ” fluctibus
 actum

fit propius corpus : quod quo magis illa tuetur,
 hoc minus et minus est mentis, vae ! iamque pro-
 pinquae

admotum terrae, iam quod cognoscere posset,
 cernit : erat coniunx ! “ ille est ! ” exclamat et una
 ora, comas, vestem lacerat tendensque trementes 726
 ad Ceyca manus “ sic, o carissime coniunx,
 sic ad me, miserande, redis ? ” ait. adiacet undis
 facta manu moles, quae primas aequoris undas
 frangit et incursus quae praedelassat aquarum. 730
 170

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entombed urn, at least the lettered stone shall join us; if not your bones with mine, still shall I touch you, name with name." Grief checked further speech, wailing took place of words, and groans drawn from her stricken heart.

Morning had come. She went forth from her house to the seashore and sadly sought that spot again from which she had watched him sail. And while she lingered there and while she was saying: "Here he loosed his cable, on this beach he kissed me as he was departing"; while she was thus recalling the incidents and the place and gazing seaward, away out upon the streaming waters she saw something like a corpse. At first she was not sure what it was; but after the waves had washed it a little nearer, although it was still some distance off, yet it clearly was a corpse. She did not know whose it was; yet, because it was a shipwrecked man, she was moved by the omen and, as if she would weep for the unknown dead, she cried: "Alas for you, poor man, whoever you are, and alas for your wife, if wife you have!" Meanwhile the body had been driven nearer by the waves, and the more she regarded it the less and still less could she contain herself. Ah! and now it had come close to land, now she could see clearly what it was. It was her husband! "'Tis he!" she shrieked and, tearing her cheeks, her hair, her garments all at once, she stretched out her trembling hands to Ceyx, crying: "Thus, O dearest husband, is it thus, poor soul, you come back to me?" Near by the water was a mole built which broke the first onslaught of the waters, and took the force of the rushing waves. Thither she ran and leaped into the sea; 'twas a wonder that she could; she flew and, fluttering through the yielding

OVID

insilit huc, mirumque fuit potuisse : volabat
 percutiensque levem modo natis aera pennis
 stringebat summas ales miserabilis undas,
 dumque volat, maesto similem plenumque querellae
 ora dedere sonum tenui crepitantia rostro. 735

ut vero tetigit mutum et sine sanguine corpus,
 dilectos artus amplexa recentibus alis
 frigida nequiquam duro dedit oscula rostro.
 senserit hoc Ceyx, an vultum motibus undae
 tollere sit visus, populus dubitabat, at ille 740

senserat : et, tandem superis miserantibus, ambo
 alite mutantur ; fatis obnoxius isdem
 tunc quoque mansit amor nec coniugiale solum
 foedus in alitibus : coeunt fiuntque parentes,
 perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem 745

incubat Aleyone pendentibus aequore nidis.
 tunc iacet unda maris : ventos custodit et arcet
 Aeolus egressu praestatque nepotibus aequor.

Hos aliquis senior iunctim freta iata volantes
 spectat et ad finem servatos laudat amores : 750
 proximus, aut idem, si fors tulit, " hic quoque," dixit
 " quem mare carpentem substrictaque crura gerentem
 aspicias," (ostendens spatiosum in guttura mergum)

" regia progenies, et si descendere ad ipsum
 ordine perpetuo quaeris, sunt huius origo 755

Ilus et Assaracus raptusque Iovi Ganymedes
 Laomedonque senex Priamusque novissima Troiae
 tempora sortitus ; frater fuit Hectoris iste :
 qui nisi sensisset prima nova fata inventa,
 forsitan inferius non Hectore nomen haberet, 760

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air on sudden wings, she skimmed the surface of the water, a wretched bird. And as she flew, her croaking mouth, with long slender beak, uttered sounds like one in grief and full of complaint. But when she reached the silent, lifeless body, she embraced the dear limbs with her new-found wings and strove vainly to kiss the cold lips with her rough bill. Whether Ceyx felt this, or whether he but seemed to lift his face by the motion of the waves, men were in doubt. But he did feel it. And at last, through the pity of the gods, both changed to birds. Though thus they suffered the same fate, still even thus their love remained, nor were their conjugal bonds loosened because of their feathered shape. Still do they mate and rear their young; and for seven peaceful days in the winter season Alcyone broods upon her nest floating upon the surface of the waters. At such a time the waves of the sea are still; for Aeolus guards his winds and forbids them to go abroad and for his grandsons' sake gives peace upon the sea.

Seeing these birds flying in loving harmony over the broad waters, some old man spoke in praise of their affection kept unbroken to the end. Then one near by, or perhaps the same speaker, pointing to a long-necked diver, said: "That bird also, which you see skimming along over the water and trailing his slender legs, is of royal birth, and his ancestors, if you wish in unbroken line to come down to him himself, were Ilus and Assaracus, Ganymede, whom Jove stole away, old Laomedon and Priam, who came by fate on Troy's last days. He there was the brother of Hector; and had he not met his strange fate in early manhood, perhaps he would have a name no less renowned than Hector's. While the daughter

OVID

quamvis est illum proles enixa Dymantis,
 Aesacon umbrosa furtim peperisse sub Ida
 fertur Alexiroe, Granico nata bicorni.
 oderat hic urbes nitidaque remotus ab aula
 secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat 765
 rura nec Iliacos coetus nisi rarus adibat.
 non agreste tamen nec inexpugnabile amori
 pectus habens silvas captatam saepe per omnes
 aspicit Hesperien patria Cebrenida ripa
 iniectos umeris siccantem sole capillos. 770
 visa fugit nymphe, veluti perterrita fulvum
 cerva lupum longeque lacu deprensa relicto
 accipitrem fluvialis anas; quam Troius heros
 insequitur celeremque metu celer urguet amore.
 ecce latens herba coluber fugientis adunco 775
 dente pedem strinxit virusque in corpore liquit;
 cum vita suppressa fuga est: amplectitur amens
 exanimem clamatque ' piget, piget esse secutum!
 sed non hoc timui, neque erat mihi vincere tanti.
 perdidimus miseram nos te duo: vulnus ab angue,
 a me causa data est! ego sum sceleratior illo, 781
 qui tibi morte mea mortis solacia mittam.'
 dixit et e scopulo, quem rauca subederat unda,
 decidit in pontum. Tethys miserata cadentem
 molliter exceptit nantemque per aequora pennis 785
 textit, et optatae non est data copia mortis.
 indignatur amans, invitum vivere cogi
 obstarique animae misera de sede volenti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

of Dymas¹ bore the one, the other, Aesacus, is said to have been borne in secret beneath the shades of Ida by Alexiroë, daughter of the horned Granicus. He hated towns and, far from glittering palace halls, dwelt on remote mountain-sides and in lowly country places, and rarely sought the company of the men of Ilium. Still his heart was not boorish nor averse to love, and often he pursued through all the woody glades Hesperia, daughter of Cebren, whom he beheld drying her hair tossed on her shoulders in the sun upon her father's bank. The nymph fled at sight of him as the frightened hind flees the tawny wolf, or as the wild duck, surprised far from her forsaken pool, flees from the hawk. But the Trojan hero followed her, swift on the wings of love as she was swift on the wings of fear. Behold, a serpent, hiding in the grass, pierced her foot with his curved fangs as she fled along, and left his poison in her veins. Her flight stopped with life. Beside himself, her lover embraced the lifeless form and cried: 'Oh, I repent me, I repent that I followed you! But I had no fear of this, nor was it worth so much to me to win you. We have destroyed you, poor maid, two of us: the wound was given you by the serpent, by me was given the cause! I am more guilty than he. But by my death will I send death's consolation to you.' So saying, from a lofty cliff, where the hoarse waves had eaten it out below, he hurled himself down into the sea. But Tethys, pitying his case, received him gently as he fell, covered him with feathers as he floated on the waters, and so denied him the privilege of the death he sought. The lover was wroth that he was forced to live against his will and that his spirit was thwarted as it desired to leave its wretched

¹ Hecuba.

OVID

exire, utque novas umeris adsumpserat alas, 789
subvolat atque iterum corpus super aequora mittit.
pluma levat casus : furit Aesacos inque profundum
pronus abit letique viam sine fine retemptat.
fecit amor maciem : longa internodia crurum,
longa manet cervix, caput est a corpore longe; 794
aequora amat nomenque tenet, quia mergitur illo."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XI

seat. And when he had gained on his shoulders his new-sprung wings, he flew aloft and once more hurled his body down to the sea; but his light plumage broke his fall. In wild rage Aesacus dived deep down below the water and tried endlessly to find the way to death. His passion made him lean; his legs between the joints are long, his long neck is still long, his head is far from his body. He still loves the sea and has his name ¹ because he dives beneath it."

¹ Mergus, a diver.

BOOK XII

LIBER XII

Nescivs adsumptis Priamus pater Aesacon alis
vivere lugebat: tumulo quoque, nomen habenti,
inferias dederat cum fratribus Hector inani;
defuit officio Paridis praesentia tristi,
postmodo qui rapta longum cum coniuge bellum 5
attulit in patriam: coniurataeque sequuntur
mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgae;
nec dilata foret vindicta, nisi aequora saevi
invia fecissent venti, Boeotaque tellus
Aulide piscosa puppes tenuisset ituras. 10
hic patrio de more Iovi cum sacra parassent,
ut vetus accensis incanduit ignibus ara,
serpere caeruleum Danai videre draconem
in platanum, coeptis quae stabat proxima sacris.
nidus erat volucrum bis quattuor arbore summa: 15
quas simul et matrem circum sua damna volantem
corripuit serpens avidoque recondidit ore,
obstipuere omnes, at veri providus augur
Thestorides "vincemus"; ait, "gaudete, Pelasgi!
Troia cadet, sed erit nostri mora longa laboris," 20
atque novem volucres in belli digerit annos.

BOOK XII

FATHER PRIAM, not knowing that Aesacus was still alive in feathered form, mourned for his son. At an empty tomb also, inscribed with the lost one's name, Hector with his brothers had offered sacrifices in honour of the dead. Paris was not present at the sad rite, Paris, who a little later brought a long-continued war upon his country with his stolen wife. A thousand ships and the whole Pelasgian race, banded together, pursued him, nor would vengeance have been postponed had not stormy winds made the sea impassable, and had not the land of Boeotia kept the ships, though ready to set sail, at fish-haunted Aulis. When here, after their country's fashion, they had prepared to sacrifice to Jove, and just as the ancient altar was glowing with the lighted fires, the Greeks saw a dark-green serpent crawling up a plane-tree which stood near the place where they had begun their sacrifices. There was a nest with eight young birds in the top of the tree, and these, together with the mother, who was flying around her doomed nestlings, the serpent seized and swallowed in his greedy maw. They all looked on in amazement. But Thestorides, the augur, who saw clearly the meaning of the portent, said: "We shall conquer. Rejoice, ye Greeks, Troy shall fall, but our task will be of long duration"; and he interpreted the nine birds as nine years of war. Meanwhile the serpent,

OVID

ille, ut erat virides amplexus in arbore ramos,
fit lapis et servat serpentis imagine nixum.

Permanet Aoniis Nereus violentus in undis
bellaque non transfert, et sunt, qui parcere Troiae 25
Neptunum credant, quia moenia fecerat urbi;
at non Thestorides: nec enim nescitve tacetve
sanguine virgineo piacandam virginis iram
esse deae. postquam pietatem publica causa
rexque patrem vicit, castumque datura cruorem 30
flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris,
victa dea est nubemque oculis obiecit et inter
officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum
supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva.
ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est caede Diana, 35
et pariter Phoebes, pariter maris ira recessit,
accipiunt ventos a tergo mille carinae
multaque perpressae Phrygia potiuntur harena.

Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque
caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi; 40
unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
inspicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures:
Fama tenet summaque domum sibi legit in arce,
innumerosque aditus ac mille foramina tectis
addidit et nullis inclusit limina portis; 45
nocte dieque patet: tota est ex aere sonanti,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

just as he was, coiled round the green branches of the tree, was changed to stone, and the stone kept the form of the climbing serpent.

But Nereus continued to be boisterous on the Aonian waters, and refused to transport the war. And there were some who held that Neptune was sparing Troy because he had built its walls. But not so the son of Thestor. For he was neither ignorant of the truth nor did he withhold it, that the wrath of the virgin goddess¹ must be appeased with a virgin's blood. After consideration for the public weal had overcome affection, and the father had been vanquished by the king, and just as midst the weeping attendants Iphigenia was standing before the altar ready to shed her innocent blood, the goddess was moved to pity and spread a cloud before their eyes; and there, while the sacred rites went on, midst the confusion of the sacrifice and the cries of suppliants, she is said to have substituted a hind for the maiden of Mycenæ. When therefore, as 'twas fitting, Diana had been appeased by the sacrifice of blood, when Phoebe's and the ocean's wrath had subsided together, the thousand ships found the winds blowing astern and, after suffering many adventures, they reached the shores of Phrygia.

There is a place in the middle of the world, 'twixt land and sea and sky, the meeting-point of the three-fold universe. From this place, whatever is, however far away, is seen, and every word penetrates to these hollow ears. Rumour dwells here, having chosen her house upon a high mountain-top; and she gave the house countless entrances, a thousand apertures, but with no doors to close them. Night and day the house stands open. It is built all of echoing

¹ Diana.

OVID

tota fremit vocesque refert iteratque quod audit ;
 nulla quies intus nullaque silentia parte,
 nec tamen est clamor, sed parvae murmura vocis,
 qualia de pelagi, siquis procul audiat, undis 50
 esse solent, qualemve sonum, cum Iuppiter atras
 increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.

atria turba tenet : veniunt, leve vulgus, euntque
 mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
 milia rumorum confusaque verba volutant ; 55
 e quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
 hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque ficti
 crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adicit auctor.

illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error
 vanaque Laetitia est consternatique Timores 60
 Seditioque recens dubioque auctore Susurri ;
 ipsa, quid in caelo rerum pelagoque geratur
 et tellure, videt totumque inquit in orbem.

Fecerat haec notum, Graias cum milite forti
 adventare rates, neque inexpectatus in armis 65
 hostis adest : prohibent aditus litusque tuentur
 Troes, et Hectorea primus fataliter hasta,
 Protesilae, cadis, commissaque proelia magno
 stant Danais, fortisque animae nece cognitus Hector.
 nec Phryges exiguo, quid Achaica dextera posset, 70
 sanguine senserunt, et iam Sigea rubebant
 litora, iam leto proles Neptunia, Cygnus,
 mille viros dederat, iam curru instabat Achilles
 totaque Peliacae sternebat cuspidis ictu

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

brass. The whole place is full of noises, repeats all words and doubles what it hears. There is no quiet, no silence anywhere within. And yet there is no loud clamour, but only the subdued murmur of voices, like the murmur of the waves of the sea if you listen afar off, or like the last rumblings of thunder when Jove has made the dark clouds crash together. Crowds fill the hall, shifting throngs come and go, and everywhere wander thousands of rumours, falsehoods mingled with the truth, and confused reports flit about. Some of these fill their idle ears with talk, and others go and tell elsewhere what they have heard; while the story grows in size, and each new teller makes contribution to what he has heard. Here is Credulity, here is heedless Error, unfounded Joy and panic Fear; here sudden Sedition and unauthentic Whispers. Rumour herself beholds all that is done in heaven, on sea and land, and searches throughout the world for news.

Now she had spread the tidings that the Greek fleet was approaching full of brave soldiery; and so not unlooked for did the invading army come. The Trojans were ready to prevent the enemy's landing and to protect their shores. You first fell, Protesilaüs, before Hector's deadly spear. Those early battles proved costly to the Greeks and they soon learned Hector's warlike mettle by the slaughter that he dealt. And the Phrygians learned too, at no slight cost of blood, how puissant was the Grecian hand. And now the Sigeon shores grew red; now Neptune's son, Cygnus, had given a thousand men to death; now was Achilles pressing on in his chariot and laying low whole ranks with the stroke of his spear that grew on Pelion; and, as he sought through

OVID

agmina perque acies aut Cygnum aut Hectora
 quaerens 75
 congregitur Cygno (decimum dilatus in annum
 Hector erat): tum colla iugo canentia pressos
 exhortatus equos currum direxit in hostem
 concutiensque suis vibrantia tela lacertis
 "quisquis es, o iuvenis," dixit "solamen habeto 80
 mortis, ab Haemonio quod sis iugulatus Achille!"
 hactenus Aeacides: vocem gravis hasta secuta est,
 sed quamquam certa nullus fuit error in hasta,
 nil tamen emissi profecit acumine ferri
 utque hebeti pectus tantummodo contudit ictu. 85
 "nate dea, nam te fama praenovimus," inquit
 ille "quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?
 (mirabatur enim.) "non haec, quam cernis, equinis
 fulva iubis cassis neque onus, cava parma, sinistrae
 auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis; 90
 Mars quoque ob hoc capere arma solet! removebitur
 huius
 tegminis officium: tamen indestrictus abibo;
 est aliquid non esse satum Nereide, sed qui
 Nereaque et natas et totum temperat aequor."
 dixit et haesurum clipei curvamine telum 95
 misit in Aeaciden, quod et aes et proxima rupit
 terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum est.
 excutit hoc heros rursusque tremantia forti
 tela manu torsit: rursus sine vulnere corpus
 sincerumque fuit; nec tertia cuspis apertum 100
 et se praebentem valuit destringere Cygnum.
 haut secus exarsit, quam circo taurus aperto,

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the battle's press either Cygnus or Hector, he met with Cygnus. (Hector's fate had been postponed until the tenth year.) Then Achilles, shouting to his horses whose snowy necks were straining at the yoke, drove his chariot full at the enemy and, brandishing his spear with his strong arm, cried: "Whoever you are, O youth, have it for solace of your death that you were slain by Achilles of Thessaly." So spoke Aeacides. His heavy spear followed on the word; but, although there was no swerving in the well-aimed spear, the flying weapon struck with its sharp point without effect, and only bruised his breast as by a blunt stroke. Then Cygnus said: "O son of Thetis, for rumour has already made you known to me, why do you marvel that I am unscathed?" for he was amazed. "Neither this helmet which you behold, yellow with its horse-hair crest, nor yet this hollow shield which burdens my left arm is intended for a protection; 'tis ornament that is sought from them. Mars, too, for this cause, wears his armour. Remove the protection of this covering: still shall I escape unharmed. It is something to be the son, not of Nereus' daughter, but of him who rules both Nereus and his daughters and the whole sea besides." He spoke and hurled against Aeacides his spear, destined only to stick in the curving shield. Through brass and through nine layers of bull's hide it tore its way, but stopped upon the tenth. Shaking the weapon off, the hero again hurled a quivering spear with his strong hand. Again his foeman's body was unwounded and unharmed; nor did a third spear avail to scratch Cygnus, though he offered his body quite unprotected. Achilles raged at this just like a bull in the broad arena when with his deadly horns he rushes on the scarlet cloak, the object of his

OVID

cum sua terribili petit iritamina cornu.
 poeniceas vestes, elusaque vulnera sentit :
 num tamen exciderit ferrum considerat hastae : 105
 haerebat ligno. “ manus est mea debilis ergo,
 quasque ” ait “ ante habuit vires, effudit in uno?
 nam certe valuit, vel cum Lyrnesia primus
 moenia deieci, vel cum Tenedonque suoque
 Eetioneas inplevi sanguine Thebas, 110
 vel cum purpureus populari caede Caicus
 fluxit, opusque meae bis sensit Telephus hastae.
 hic quoque tot caesis, quorum per litus acervos
 et feci et video, valuit mea dextra valetque.”
 dixit et, ante actis veluti male crederet, hastam 115
 misit in adversum Lycia de plebe Menoeten
 loricamque simul subiectaque pectora rupit.
 quo plangente gravem moribundo vertice terram
 extrahit illud idem calido de vulnere telum
 atque ait : “ haec manus est, haec, qua modo vicimus,
 hasta : 120
 utar in hoc isdem ; sit in hoc, precor, exitus idem ! ”
 sic fatus Cygnum repetit, nec fraxinus errat
 inque umero sonuit non evitata sinistro,
 inde velut muro solidaque a caute repulsa est ;
 qua tamen ictus erat, signatum sanguine Cygnum 125
 viderat et frustra fuerat gavisus Achilles :
 vulnus erat nullum, sanguis fuit ille Menoetae l
 tum vero praeceps curru fremebundus ab alto
 desilit et nitido securum comminus hostem
 ense petens parmam gladio galeamque cavari 130
 cernit, at in duro laedi quoque corpore ferrum.

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wrath, and finds it ever eluding his fierce attack. He examined the spear to see if the iron point had not been dislodged. It was still on the wooden shaft. "Is my hand then so weak," he said, "and has the strength, which it once had, ebbed away in this case alone? For surely I had strength enough when I as leader of the attack overthrew Lyrnesus' walls, or when I caused Tenedos and Thebes, the city of Eetion, to flow with their own blood, when the Caïcus ran red with the slaughter of its neighbouring tribes, and when Telephus twice felt the strength of my spear. On this field also, with so many slain, heaps of whose corpses upon the shore I have both made and see, my right hand has been mighty and still is mighty." He spoke and, as if he distrusted his former prowess, he hurled the spear full at Menoetes, one of the Lycian commons, and smote clean through his breastplate and his breast beneath. As his dying victim fell clanging down head first upon the solid earth, Achilles plucked out the spear from the hot wound and cried: "This is the hand, this the spear with which I have just conquered. I likewise shall use it on this foeman, and may the outcome be the same on him, I pray." So saying, he hurled again at Cygnus, and the ashen spear went straight and struck, unshunned, with a thud upon the left shoulder, whence it rebounded as from a wall or from a solid cliff. Yet where the spear struck, Achilles saw Cygnus marked with blood, and rejoiced, but vainly: there was no wound; it was Menoetes' blood! Then truly in headlong rage he leaped down from his lofty chariot and, seeking his invulnerable foe in close conflict with his gleaming sword, he saw both shield and helmet pierced through, but on the unyielding body his sword was even blunted. The

OVID

haut tulit ulterius clipeoque adversa relecti
 ter quater ora viri, capulo cava tempora pulsat
 cedentique sequens instat turbatque ruitque
 attonitoque negat requiem : pavor occupat illum, 135
 ante oculosque natant tenebrae retroque ferenti
 aversos passus medio lapis obstitit arvo ;
 quem super impulsus resupino corpore Cygnum
 vi multa vertit terraeque adflixit Achilles.
 tum clipeo genibusque premens praecordia duris 140
 vincla trahit galeae, quae presso subdita mento
 elidunt fauces et respiramen utrumque
 eripiunt animae. victum spoliare parabat :
 arma relicta videt ; corpus deus aequoris albam
 contulit in volucrem, cuius modo nomen habebat. 145

Hic labor, haec requiem multorum pugna dierum
 attulit et positis pars utraque substitit armis.
 dumque vigil Phrygios servat custodia muros,
 et vigil Argolicas servat custodia fossas,
 festa dies aderat, qua Cygni victor Achilles 150
 Pallada mactatae placabat sanguine vaccae ;
 cuius ut inposuit prosecta calentibus aris,
 et dis acceptus penetravit in aethera nidor,
 sacra tulere suam, pars est data cetera mensis.
 discubere toris proceres et corpora tosta 155
 carne replent vinoque levant curasque sitimque.
 non illos citharae, non illos carmina vocum
 longave multifori delectat tibia buxi,
 sed noctem sermone trahunt, virtusque loquendi

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hero could brook no more, but with shield and sword-hilt again and again he beat upon the face and hollow temples of his uncovered foe. As one gives way the other presses on, buffets and rushes him, gives him no pause to recover from the shock. Fear gets hold on Cygnus; dark shadows float before his eyes, and as he steps backward a stone lying on the plain blocks his way. As he lies with bent body pressed back upon this, Achilles whirls him with mighty force and dashes him to the earth. Then, pressing with buckler and hard knees upon his breast, he unlaces his helmet-thongs. With these applied beneath his chin he chokes his throat and cuts off the passage of his breath. He prepares to strip his conquered foe: he sees the armour empty; for the sea-god has changed the body into the white bird whose name he lately bore.

This struggle, this battle, brought a truce of many days, and each side laid its weapons down and rested. And while a watchful guard was patrolling the Phrygian walls and a watchful guard patrolled the trenches of the Greeks, there came a festal day when Cygnus' conqueror, Achilles, was sacrificing to Pallas with blood of a slain heifer. When now the entrails had been placed upon the blazing altars and the odour which gods love had ascended to the skies, the holy beings received their share and the rest was set upon the tables. The chiefs reclined upon the couches and ate their fill of the roasted flesh while they relieved their cares and quenched their thirst with wine. Nor were they entertained by sound of cithern, nor by the voice of song, nor by the long flute of boxwood pierced with many holes; but they drew out the night in talk, and valour was the theme of their conversation. Of battles was their talk, the

OVID

materia est : pugnas referunt hostisque suasque, 160
 inque vices adita atque exhausta pericula saepe
 commemorare iuvat ; quid enim loqueretur Achilles,
 aut quid apud magnum potius loquerentur Achillem ?
 proxima praecipue domito victoria Cygno
 in sermone fuit : visum mirabile cunctis, 165
 quod iuveni corpus nullo penetrabile telo
 invictumque a vulnere erat ferrumque terebat.
 hoc ipse Aeacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi,
 cum sic Nestor ait : “ vestro fuit unicus aevo
 contemptor ferri nulloque forabilis ictu 170
 Cygnus. at ipse olim patientem vulnere mille
 corpore non laeso Perrhaebum Caenea vidi,
 Caenea Perrhaebum, qui factis inclitus Othryn
 incoluit, quoque id mirum magis esset in illo,
 femina natus erat.” monstri novitate moventur 175
 quisquis adest, narretque rogant : quos inter Achilles :
 “ dic age ! nam cunctis eadem est audire voluntas,
 o facunde senex, aevi prudentia nostri,
 quis fuerit Caeneus, cur in contraria versus,
 qua tibi militia, cuius certamine pugnae 180
 cognitus, a quo sit victus, si victus ab ullo est.”
 tum senior : “ quamvis obstet mihi tarda vetustas,
 multaque me fugiant primis spectata sub annis,
 plura tamen memini. nec quae magis haereat ulla
 pectore res nostro est inter bellique domique 185
 acta tot, ac si quem potuit spatiosa senectus
 spectatorem operum multorum reddere, vixi
 annos bis centum ; nunc tertia vivitur aetas.

“ Clara decore fuit proles Elateia Caenis,

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enemy's and their own, and 'twas joy to tell over and over again in turn the perils they had encountered and endured. For of what else should Achilles speak, or of what else should others speak in great Achilles' presence? Especially did the talk turn on Achilles' last victory and Cygnus' overthrow. It seemed a marvel to them all that a youth should have a body which no spear could penetrate, invulnerable, which blunted the sword's edge. Aeacides himself and the Greeks were wondering at this, when Nestor said: "In this your generation there has been one only, Cygnus, who could scorn the sword, whom no stroke could pierce; but I myself long ago saw one who could bear a thousand strokes with body unharmed, Thessalian Caeneus: Caeneus of Thessaly, I say, who once dwelt on Mount Othrys, famed for his mighty deeds; and to enhance the marvel of him, he had been born a woman." All who heard were struck with wonder at this marvel and begged him to tell the tale. Among the rest Achilles said: "Tell on, old man, eloquent wisdom of our age, for all of us alike desire to hear, who was this Caeneus, why was he changed in sex, in what campaign did you know him and fighting against whom; by whom he was conquered if he was conquered by anyone." Then said the old man: "Though time has blurred my memory, though many things which I saw in my young years have quite gone from me, still can I remember much; nor is there anything, midst so many deeds of war and peace, that clings more firmly in my memory than this. And, if long-extended age could have made anyone an observer of many deeds, I have lived for two centuries and now am living in my third.

"Famous for beauty was Elatus' daughter, Caenis,

OVID

Thessalidum virgo pulcherrima, perque propinquas
perque tuas urbes (tibi enim popularis, Achille), 191
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum.

temptasset Peleus thalamos quoque forsitan illos :
sed iam aut contigerant illi conubia matris
aut fuerant promissa tuae, nec Caenis in ullos 195

denupsit thalamos secretaque litora carpens
aequorei vim passa dei est (ita fama ferebat),
utque novae Veneris Neptunus gaudia cepit,
'sint tua vota licet' dixit 'secura repulsae :
elige, quid voveas !' (eadem hoc quoque fama ferebat)

'magnum' Caenis ait 'facit haec iniuria votum, 201

tale pati nil posse ; mihi da, femina ne sim :
omnia praestiteris.' graviore novissima dixit
verba sono poteratque viri vox illa videri,
sicut erat ; nam iam voto deus aequoris alti 205

adnuerat dederatque super, nec saucius ullis
vulneribus fieri ferrove occumbere posset.
munere laetus abit studiisque virilibus aevum
exigit Atracides Peneiaque arva pererrat.

"Duxerat Hippodamen audaci Ixione natus 210
nubigenasque feros positis ex ordine mensis
arboribus tecto discumbere iusserat antro.

Haemonii proceres aderant, aderamus et ipsi,
festaque confusa resonabat regia turba.
ecce canunt Hymenaeon, et ignibus atria fumant, 215
cinctaque adest virgo matrum nuruumque caterva,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

most lovely of all the maids of Thessaly, both throughout the neighbouring cities and your own (for she was of your city, Achilles), and she was the longed-for hope of many suitors. Peleus, too, perchance, would have tried to win her; but he had either already wed your mother or she was promised to him. And Caenis would not consent to any marriage; but, so report had it, while walking along a lonely shore she was ravished by the god of the sea. When Neptune had tasted the joys of his new love, he said: 'Make now your prayers without fear of refusal. Choose what you most desire.' This, also, was a part of the same report. Then Caenis said: 'The wrong that you have done me calls for a mighty prayer, the prayer that I may never again be able to suffer so. Grant me that I be not woman: then you will have granted all.' She spoke the last words with a deeper tone which could well seem to be uttered by a man. And so it was; for already the god of the deep ocean had assented to her prayer, and had granted her besides that she should be proof against any wounds and should never fall before any sword. Atracides¹ went away rejoicing in his gift, spent his years in manly exercises, and ranged the fields of Thessaly.

"Bold Ixion's son² had wed Hippodame and had invited the cloud-born centaurs to recline at the tables, set in order in a well-shaded grotto. The Thessalian chiefs were there and I myself was there. The palace, in festal array, resounded with the noisy throng. Behold, they were singing the nuptial song, the great hall smoked with the fires, and in came the maiden escorted by a throng of matrons and young wives, herself of surpassing beauty. We congratu-

¹ *i.e.* the Thessalian, Caeneus, the transformed Caenis.

² Pirithoüs.

OVID

praesignis facie ; felicem diximus illa
 coniuge Pirithoum, quod paene fefellimus omen.
 nam tibi, saevorum saevissime Centaurorum,
 Euryte, quam vino pectus, tam virgine visa 220
 ardet, et ebrietas geminata libidine regnat.
 protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae,
 raptaturque comis per vim nova nupta prehensis.
 Eurytus Hippodamen, alii, quam quisque probabant
 aut poterant, rapiunt, captaeque erat urbis imago. 225
 femineo clamore sonat domus : ocius omnes
 surgimus, et primus ' quae te vecordia,' Theseus
 ' Euryte, pulsat,' ait, ' qui me vivente laccessas
 Pirithoum violesque duos ignarus in uno ?'
 [neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit ore, 230
 submovet instantes raptamque furentibus aufert.]
 ille nihil contra, (neque enim defendere verbis
 talia facta potest) sed vindicis ora protervis
 insequitur manibus generosaque pectora pulsat.
 forte fuit iuxta signis exstantibus asper 235
 antiquus crater ; quem surgens vastior ipse
 sustulit Aegides adversaque misit in ora :
 sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
 vulnere et ore vomens madida resupinus harena
 calcitrat. ardescunt germani caede bimembres 240
 certatimque omnes uno ore ' arma, arma' loquuntur.
 vina dabant animos, et prima pocula pugna
 missa volant fragilesque cadi curvique lebetes,
 res epulis quondam, tum bello et caedibus aptae.

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lated Pirithoüs upon his bride, an act which all but undid the good omen of the wedding. For your heart, Eurytus, wildest of the wild centaurs, was inflamed as well by the sight of the maiden as with wine, and it was swayed by drunken passion redoubled by lust. Straightway the tables were overturned and the banquet in an uproar, and the bride was caught by her hair and dragged violently away. Eurytus caught up Hippodame, and others, each took one for himself according as he fancied or as he could, and the scene looked like the sacking of a town. The whole house resounded with the women's shrieks. Quickly we all sprang up and Theseus first cried out: 'What madness, Eurytus, drives you to this, that while I still live you dare provoke Pirithoüs and, not knowing what you do, attack two men in one?' The great-souled hero, that he might justify his threat, thrust aside the opposing centaurs and rescued the ravished maid from their mad hands. The other made no reply, for with words he could not defend such deeds; but with unruly hands he rushed upon the avenger and beat upon his face and noble breast. There chanced to stand near by an antique mixing-vat, rough with high-wrought figures; this, Theseus, rising to his fullest height, himself caught up and hurled full into the other's face. He, spouting forth gouts of blood along with brains and wine from wound and mouth alike, stumbled backward upon the reeking ground. His twi-formed brothers, inflamed with passion at his death, cried all with one accord, 'To arms! to arms!' vying with one another. Wine gave them courage, and in the first onslaught wine-cups and brittle flasks went flying through the air, and deep rounded basins, utensils once meant for use of feasting, but now for war and slaughter.

OVID

" Primus Ophionides Amycus penetralia donis 245
 haut timuit spoliare suis et primus ab aede
 lampadibus densum rapuit funale coruscis
 elatumque alte, veluti qui candida tauri
 rumpere sacrificia molitur colla securi,
 inlisit fronti Lapithae Celadontis et ossa 250
 non cognoscendo confusa relinquit in ore.
 exsiluere oculi, disiectisque ossibus oris
 acta retro naris medioque est fixa palato.
 hunc pede convulso mensae Pellaeus acernae
 stravit humi Pelates deiecto in pectora mento 255
 cumque atro mixtos sputantem sanguine dentes
 vulnere Tartareas geminato mittit ad umbras.

" Proximus ut steterat spectans altaria vultu
 fumida terribili ' cur non ' ait ' utimur istis ? ' 260
 cumque suis Gryneus inmanem sustulit aram
 ignibus et medium Lapitharum iecit in agmen
 depressitque duos, Brotean et Orion : Orio
 mater erat Mycale, quam deduxisse canendo
 saepe reluctantis constabat cornua lunae.
 ' non impune feres, teli modo copia detur ! ' 265
 dixerat Exadius telique habet instar, in alta
 quae fuerant pinu votivi cornua cervi.
 figitur hinc duplici Gryneus in lumina ramo
 eruiturque oculos, quorum pars cornibus haeret,
 pars fluit in barbam concretaque sanguine pendet. 270

" Ecce rapit mediis flagrantem Rhoetus ab aris
 pruniceum torrem dextraque a parte Charaxi
 tempora perstringit fulvo protecta capillo.
 correpti rapida, veluti seges arida, flamma

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“First Amycus, Ophion’s son, scrupled not to rob the inner sanctuary of its gifts, and first snatched from the shrine a chandelier thick hung with glittering lamps. This, lifted on high, as when one strives to break a bull’s white neck with sacrificial axe, he dashed full at the head of Celadon, one of the Lapithae, crushing his face past recognition. His eyes leaped from their sockets, the bones of his face were shattered, and his nose driven back and fastened in his throat. But Pelates of Pella, wrenching off the leg of a table of maple-wood, hurled Amycus to the ground, his chin driven into his breast; and, as he spat forth dark blood and teeth commingled, his enemy with a second blow dispatched him to the shades of Tartarus.

“Then Gryneus, gazing with wild eyes upon the smoking altar near which he stood, cried out, ‘Why not use this?’ and, catching up the huge altar, fire and all, he hurled it amidst a throng of Lapithae and crushed down two, Broteas and Orios. Now Orios’ mother was Mycale, who, men said, had by her incantations oft-times drawn down the horns of the moon, despite her struggles. ‘You shall not escape unscathed, if I may but lay hand upon a weapon.’ So cried Exadius, and found for weapon the antlers of a stag hung on a tall pine-tree as a votive offering. Gryneus’ eyes were pierced by the double branching horns and his eyeballs gouged out. One of these stuck to the horn and the other rolled down upon his beard and hung there in a mass of clotted blood.

“Then Rhoetus caught up a blazing brand of plum-wood from the altar and, whirling it on the right, smashed through Charaxus’ temples covered with yellow hair. The hair, caught by the greedy flames, burned fiercely, like a dry field of grain, and the blood

OVID

arserunt crines, et vulnere sanguis inustus 275
 terribilem stridore sonum dedit, ut dare ferrum
 igne rubens plerumque solet, quod forcipe curva
 cum faber eduxit, lacubus demittit : at illud
 stridet et in tepida submersum sibilat unda.

saucius hirsutis avidum de crinibus ignem 280
 excutit inque umeros limen tellure revulsum
 tollit, onus plaustri, quod ne permittat in hostem,
 ipsa facit gravitas : socium quoque saxea moles
 oppressit spatio stantem propiore Cometen.
 gaudia nec retinet Rhoetus : ‘ sic, conprecor,’ inquit
 ‘ cetera sit fortis castrorum turba tuorum !’ 286

semicremoque novat repetitum stipite vulnus
 terque quaterque gravi iuncturas verticis ictu
 rupit, et in liquido sederunt ossa cerebro.

“ Victor ad Euagrum Corythumque Dryantaque
 transit; 290

e quibus ut prima tectus lanugine malas
 procubuit Corythus, ‘ puero quae gloria fuso
 parta tibi est?’ Euagrus ait, nec dicere Rhoetus
 plura sinit rutilasque ferox in aperta loquentis
 condidit ora viri perque os in pectora flammam 295
 te quoque, saeve Drya, circum caput igne rotato
 insequitur, sed non in te quoque constitit idem
 exitus : adsiduae successu caedis ovantem,
 qua iuncta est umero cervix, sude figis obusta.
 ingemuit duroque sudem vix osse revulsit 300
 Rhoetus et ipse suo madefactus sanguine fugit.
 fugit et Orneus Lycabasque et saucius armo

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scorching in the wound gave forth a horrid sizzling sound ; such as a bar of iron, glowing red in the fire, gives when the smith takes it out in his bent pincers and plunges it into a tub of water ; it sizzles and hisses as it is thrust into the tepid pool. The wounded man shook off the greedy fire from his shaggy locks, then tore up from the ground and heaved upon his shoulders a threshold-stone, a weight for a team of oxen. But its very weight prevented him from hurling it to reach his enemy. The massive stone, however, did reach Charaxus' friend, Cometes, who stood a little nearer, and crushed him to the ground. At this Rhoetus could not contain his joy and said : ' So, I pray, may the rest of the throng on your side be brave ! ' and he redoubled his attack with the half-burned brand, and with heavy blows thrice and again he broke through the joinings of his skull until the bones sank down into his fluid brains.

“ The victor next turned against Euagrus, Corythus, and Dryas. When one of these, young Corythus, whose first downy beard was just covering his cheeks, fell forward, Euagrus cried : ‘ What glory do you get from slaying a mere boy ? ’ Rhoetus gave him no chance to say more, but fiercely thrust the red, flaming brand into the man's mouth while still open in speech, and through his mouth clear down into his breast. You also, savage Dryas, he pursued, whirling the brand about his head ; but his attack upon you did not have the same result. As he came on, rejoicing in his successive killings, with a charred stake you thrust him through where neck and shoulder join. Rhoetus groaned aloud, with a mighty effort wrenched the stake out from the hard bone, and then fled, reeking with his own blood. Orneus also fled and Lycabas and Medon, wounded in his right shoulder,

OVID

dexteriore Medon et cum Pisenore Thaumās,
 quique pedum nuper certamine vicerat omnes
 Mermeros, accepto tum vulnere tardius ibat; 305
 et Pholus et Melaneus et Abas praedator aprorum,
 quique suis frustra bellum dissuaserat augur
 Asbolus: ille etiam metuenti vulnera Nesso
 'ne fuge! ad Herculeos' inquit 'servaberis arcus.'
 at non Eurynomus Lycidasque et Areos et Imbreus
 effugere necem; quos omnes dextra Dryantis 311
 perculit adversos. adversum tu quoque, quamvis
 terga fugae dederas, vulnus, Crenaeae, tulisti:
 nam grave respiciens inter duo lumina ferrum,
 qua naris fronti committitur, accipis, imae. 315

“ In tanto fremitu cunctis sine fine iacebat
 sopitus venis et inexperrectus Aphidas
 languentique manu carchesia mixta tenebat,
 fusus in Ossaeae villosis pellibus ursae;
 quem procul ut vidit frustra nulla arma moventem,
 inserit amento digitos 'miscenda' que dixit 321
 'cum Styge vina bibes' Phorbas; nec plura moratus
 in iuvenem torsit iaculum, ferrataque collo
 fraxinus, ut casu iacuit resupinus, adacta est.
 mors caruit sensu, plenoque e gutture fluxit 325
 inque toros inque ipsa niger carchesia sanguis.

“ Vidi ego Petraeum conantem tollere terra
 glandiferam quercum; quam dum complexibus ambit
 et quatit huc illuc labefactaque robora iactat,
 lancea Pirithoi costis inmissa Petraei 330
 pectora cum duro luctantia robore fixit.

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and Thaumás and Pisenor; and Mermeros, who but lately had surpassed all in speed of foot, now fared more slowly because of the wound he had received; Pholus also fled and Melaneus and Abas, hunter of the boar, and Asbolus, the augur, who had in vain attempted to dissuade his friends from battle. He said to Nessus, who also fled with him in fear of wounds: 'Do not you flee; you will be reserved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lycidas, Areos and Imbreus did not escape death; for all these the right hand of Dryas slew as they fought fronting him. In front you, also, Crenaeus, received your wound, although you had turned in flight; for, as you looked back, you received a heavy javelin between the eyes where nose and forehead join.

"Midst all this uproar Aphidas lay, buried in endless sleep which filled all his veins, unawakened, still holding his cup full of mixed wine in his sluggish hand and stretched at full length upon an Ossaean bear's shaggy skin. Him, all in vain striking no blow, Phorbas spied at a distance and, fitting his fingers in the thong of his javelin, cried out: 'Mingle your wine with the Styx and drink it there.' Straightway he hurled his javelin at the youth, and the iron-tipped ash was driven through his neck as he chanced to lie with head thrown back. He was not conscious of death, and from his full throat out upon the couch and into the very wine-cup the dark blood flowed.

"I saw Petraeus striving to tear from the earth an acorn-laden oak. While he held this in both his arms, bending it this way and that, and just as he was wrenching forth the loosened trunk, Pirithoüs hurled a spear right through his ribs and pinned his writhing body to the hard oak. They say that Lycus

OVID

Pirithoi cecidisse Lycum virtute ferebant,
 Pirithoi virtute Chromin, sed uterque minorem
 victori titulum quam Dictys Helopsque dederunt,
 fixus Helops iaculo, quod pervia tempora fecit 335
 et missum a dextra laevam penetravit ad aurem,
 Dictys ab ancipiti delapsus acumine montis,
 dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum,
 decidit in praeceps et pondere corporis ornum
 ingentem fregit suaque induit ilia fractae. 340

“Ultor adest Aphareus saxumque e monte revul-
 sum

mittere conatur; mittentem stipite querno
 occupat Aegides cubitique ingentia frangit
 ossa nec ulterius dare corpus inutile leto
 aut vacat aut curat tergoque Bienoris alti 345
 insilit, haut solito quemquam portare nisi ipsum,
 opposuitque genu costis prensamque sinistra
 caesariem retinens vultum minitantiaque ora
 robore nodoso praeduraque tempora fregit.
 robore Nedymnum iaculatoremque Lycopen 350
 sternit et inmissa protectum pectora barba
 Hippason et summis exstantem Riphea silvis
 Thereaque, Haemoniis qui prensos montibus ursos
 ferre domum vivos indignantesque solebat.
 haut tulit utentem pugnae successibus ultra 355
 Thesea Demoleon: solido divellere dumo
 annosam pinum magno molimine temptat;
 quod quia non potuit, prae fractam misit in hostem,
 sed procul a telo Theseus veniente recessit
 Pallados admonitu: credi sic ipse volebat. 360

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fell by the might of Pirithoüs; by the might of Pirithoüs, Chromis. But Dictys and Helops gave greater fame to the conqueror than either of these. Helops was thrust through by a javelin which passed through his temples and, hurled from the right, pierced to his left ear. Dictys, while fleeing in desperate haste from Ixion's son who pressed him hard, stumbled on the edge of a steep precipice and, falling headlong, crashed into a huge ash-tree's top with all his weight and impaled his body on the broken spikes.

“Aphareus, at hand to avenge him, essays to hurl a rock torn from the mountain-side; but, even as he hurled it, the son of Aegeus caught him with an oaken club and broke the great bones of his elbow-joint. Having no time nor care to inflict further injury on his maimed body, he sprang on tall Bienor's back, that never before had carried any but himself; and, pressing his knees into the centaur's sides and with his left hand clutching his flowing locks, he crushed face and mouth, screaming out threatenings, and hard temples with his knotty club. With the club he slew Nedymnus and Lycopes, famed for the javelin throw, Hippasos, his breast covered by his flowing beard, and Ripheus, who overtopped the trees in height; Thereus as well, who used to catch bears upon the Thessalian mountains and carry them home alive and struggling. Demoleon could no longer brook Theseus' unchecked success. He had been wrenching away with all his might at an old pine, trying to tear it up, trunk and all; failing in this, he broke it off and hurled it at his foe. But Theseus, seeing the weapon coming, withdrew beyond its range, for so had Pallas directed him; at least **that** is what he himself would have us understand.

OVID

non tamen arbor iners cecidit ; nam Crantoris alti
 abscidit iugulo pectusque umerumque sinistrum :
 armiger ille tui fuerat genitoris, Achille,
 quem Dolopum rector, bello superatus, Amyntor
 Aeacidæ dederat pacis pignusque fidemque. 365

Hunc procul ut foedo disiectum vulnere Peleus
 vidit, ‘ at inferias, iuvenum gratissime Crantor,
 accipe ’ ait validoque in Demoleonta lacerto
 fraxineam misit, mentis quoque viribus, hastam,
 quæ laterum cratem præerupit et ossibus hærens 370
 intremuit : trahit ille manu sine cuspide lignum
 (id quoque vix sequitur), cuspis pulmone retenta est ;
 ipse dolor vires animo dabat : aeger in hostem
 erigitur pedibusque virum proculcat equinis.

excipit ille ictus galea clipeoque sonanti 375
 defensatque umeros prætentaque sustinet arma
 perque armos uno duo pectora perforat ictu.
 ante tamen leto dederat Phlegraeon et Hylen
 eminus, Iphinoum conlato Marte Claninque ;
 additur his Dorylas, qui tempora tecta gerebat 380
 pelle lupi saevique vicem præstantia teli
 cornua vara boum multo rubefacta cruore.

“ Huic ego (nam viris animus dabat) ‘ aspice, ’ dixi
 ‘ quantum concedant nostro tua cornua ferro ’
 et iaculum torsi : quod cum vitare nequiret, 385
 opposuit dextram passurae vulnera fronti :
 adfixa est cum fronte manus ; fit clamor, at illum

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But the tree-trunk did not fall without effect, for it shore off tall Crantor's breast and left shoulder from the neck. He had been your father's armour-bearer, Achilles, whom Amyntor, king of the Dolopians, when overcome in war had given to Aeacides as a faithful pledge of peace. When Peleus at some space away saw him so horribly dismembered, he cried: 'At least receive a funeral offering, Crantor, dearest of youths.' So saying, with his sturdy arm and with all his might of soul as well, he hurled his ashen spear at Demoleon; and this burst through his framework of ribs and hung there quivering in the bones. Without the head the centaur wrenched out the wooden shaft (even the shaft scarce yields); the head stuck fast within his lungs. His very anguish gave him frantic courage: wounded as he was, he reared up against his foe and beat the hero down with his hoofs. But Peleus received the blows on helm and resounding shield and, while protecting himself, he held his own weapon ready. With this he thrust the centaur through the shoulder, with one blow piercing his two breasts¹ Before this encounter Peleus had already slain Phlegraeos and Hyles, hurling from a distance, and, in close conflict, Iphinoüs and Clanis. To these he now added Dorylas, who wore a cap of wolf's hide on his head and, in place of deadly spear, a notable pair of curving bull's horns, reeking red with blood.

"To him (for my courage gave me strength) I cried: 'See now how little your horns avail against my spear'; and I hurled the spear. Since he could not dodge this, he threw up his right hand to protect his forehead from the wound. And there his hand was pinned against his forehead. A mighty shout

¹ *i.e.*, where horse-form and man-form meet.

OVID

haerentem Peleus et acerbo vulnere victum
 (stabat enim propior) mediam ferit ense sub alvum.
 prosiluit terraque ferox sua viscera traxit 390
 tractaque calcavit calcataque rupit et illis
 crura quoque inpediit et inani concidit alvo.

“Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit,
 si modo naturae formam concedimus illi.
 barba erat incipiens, barbae color aureus, aurea 395
 ex umeris medios coma dependebat in armos.
 gratus in ore vigor; cervix umerique manusque
 pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis,
 et quacumque vir est; nec equi mendosa sub illo
 deteriorque viro facies; da colla caputque, 400
 Castore dignus erit: sic tergum sessile, sic sunt
 pectora celsa toris. totus pice nigrior atra,
 candida cauda tamen; color est quoque cruribus albus.
 multae illum petiere sua de gente, sed una
 abstulit Hylonome, qua nulla decentior inter 405
 semiferos altis habitavit femina silvis;
 haec et blanditiis et amando et amare fatendo
 Cyllaron una tenet, cultu quoque, quantus in illis
 esse potest membris, ut sit coma pectine levis,
 ut modo rore maris, modo se violave rosave 410
 implicet, interdum candentia lilia gestet,
 bisque die lapsis Pagasaeae vertice silvae
 fontibus ora lavet, bis flumine corpora tinguat,
 nec nisi quae deceant electarumque ferarum
 aut umero aut lateri praetendat vellera laevo. 415

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arose, but Peleus, for he was near him, while the centaur stood pinned and helpless with that sore wound, smote him with his sword full in the belly. He leaped fiercely forward, trailing his entrails on the ground; and as he trailed he trod upon them and burst them as he trod, tangled his legs in them, and fell with empty belly to the earth.

“But your beauty, Cyllarus, did not save you from death in that great fight, if indeed we grant beauty to your tribe. His beard was just in its first growth, a golden beard, and golden locks fell down from his neck upon his shoulders. He had a pleasing sprightliness of face; and his neck, shoulders, breast, and hands, and all his human parts you would praise as equal to an artist's perfect work. His equine part, too, was without blemish, no way less perfect than his human part. Give him but neck and head, and he will be worthy of Castor's use: so shaped for the seat his back, so bold stood out the muscles on his deep chest. All blacker than pitch he was; yet his tail was white; his legs also were snowy white. Many females of his own kind sought him, but Hylonome alone had won him, than whom there was no other centaur-maid more comely in all the forest depths. She, by her coaxing ways, by loving and confessing love, alone possessed Cyllarus; and by her toilet, too, so far as such a thing was possible to such a form; for now she smoothed her long locks with a comb, now twined rosemary, now violets or roses in her hair, and sometimes she wore white lilies. Twice each day she bathed her face in the brook that fell down from a wooded height by Pagasa, and twice dipped her body in the stream. Nor would she wear on shoulder or left side aught but becoming garments, skins of well-chosen beasts. They both felt equal love.

OVID

par amor est illis : errant in montibus una,
 antra simul subeunt ; et tum Lapitheia tecta
 intrarant pariter, pariter fera bella gerebant :
 (auctor in incerto est) iaculum de parte sinistra
 venit et inferius, quam collo pectora subsunt, 420
 Cyllare, te fixit ; parvo cor vulnere laesum
 corpore cum toto post tela educta refrixit.
 protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus
 inpositaque manu vulnus fovet oraque ad ora
 admovet atque animae fugienti obsistere temptat ;
 ut videt extinctum, dictis, quae clamor ad aures 426
 arcuit ire meas, telo, quod inhaeserat illi,
 incubuit moriensque suum complexa maritum est.

“ Ante oculos stat et ille meos, qui sena leonum
 vinxerat inter se conexis vellera nodis, 430
 Phaeocomes, hominemque simul protectus equumque ;
 codice qui misso, quem vix iuga bina moverent,
 Tectaphon Oleniden a summo vertice fregit ;
 fracta volubilitas capitis latissima, perque os
 perque cavas nares oculosque auresque cerebrum 435
 molle fluit, veluti concretum vimine querno
 lac solet utve liquor rari sub pondere cribri
 manat et exprimitur per densa foramina spissus.
 ast ego, dum parat hic armis nudare iacentem,
 (scit tuus hoc genitor) gladium spoliantis in ima 440
 ilia demisi. Chthonius quoque Teleboasque
 ense iacent nostro : ramum prior ille bifurcum
 210

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Together they would wander on the mountain-sides, together rest within the caves. On this occasion also they had come together to the palace of the Lapithae, and were waging fierce battle side by side. Thrown from an unknown hand, a javelin came from the left and pierced you, Cyllarus, below where the chest rises to the neck. The heart, though but slightly wounded, grew cold and the whole body also after the weapon had been drawn out. Straightway Hylonome embraced the dying body, fondled the wound with her hand and, placing her lips upon his lips, strove to hold from its passing the dying breath. But when she saw that he was dead, with some words which the surrounding uproar prevented me from hearing, she threw herself upon the spear which had pierced Cyllarus and fell in a dying embrace upon her lover.

“Still there stands clear before my eyes one who had with knotted thongs bound together six lion-hides, Phaeocomes, thus protecting both man and horse. Hurling a log which two yokes of cattle could scarce move, he struck Tectaphos, the son of Olenus, a crushing blow upon the head. The broad dome of his head was shattered, and through his mouth, through hollow nostrils, eyes, and ears oozed the soft brains, as when curdled milk drips through oaken withes,¹ or a thick liquid mass trickles through a coarse sieve weighted down, and is squeezed out through the crowded apertures. But I, even as he made ready to spoil his fallen victim—your father can testify to this—thrust my sword deep into the spoiler’s groin. Chthonius also and Teleboas fell by my sword. The one had carried a forked stick as

¹ Referring to the process of straining curds in cheese-making.

OVID

gesserat, hic iaculum ; iaculo mihi vulnera fecit :
 signa vides ! adparet adhuc vetus inde cicatrix.
 tunc ego debueram capiendo Pergama mitti ; 445
 tum poteram magni, si non superare, morari
 Hectoris arma meis ! illo sed tempore nullus,
 aut puer, Hector erat, nunc me mea deficit aetas.
 quid tibi victorem gemini Periphanta Pyraethi,
 Ampyca quid referam, qui quadrupedantis Echecli
 fixit in adverso cornum sine cuspidе vultu ? 451
 vecte Pelethronium Macareus in pectus adacto
 stravit Erigdupum ; memini et venabula condi
 inguine Nesseis manibus coniecta Cymeli.
 nec tu credideris tantum cecinisse futura 455
 Ampyciden Mopsum : Mopso iaculante biformis
 accubuit frustra que loqui temptavit Hodites
 ad mentum lingua mentoque ad guttura fixo.

“Quinque neci Caeneus dederat Styphelumque
 Bromumque

Antimachumque Elymumque securiferumque Pyrac-
 mon : 460

vulnera non memini, numerum nomenque notavi.
 provolat Emathii spoliis armatus Halesi,
 quem dederat leto, membris et corpore Latreus
 maximus : huic aetas inter iuvenemque senemque,
 vis iuvenalis erat, variabant tempora cani. 465
 qui clipeo gladioque Macedoniae sarisa
 conspicuus faciemque obversus in agmen utrumque
 armaeque concussit certumque equitavit in orbem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

weapon; the other had a spear, and with this spear he gave me a wound—you see the mark!—the old scar is still visible. Those were the days when I should have been sent to capture Pergama; then with my arms I could have checked, if not surpassed, the arms of Hector. But at that time mighty Hector was either not yet born or was but a little boy; and now old age has sapped my strength. What need to tell you how Periphas overcame the double-formed Pyraethus? Why tell of Ampyx, who with a pointless shaft thrust through the opposing front of the four-footed Echeclus? Macareus hurled a crow-bar at the breast of Pelethronian Erigdupus and laid him low. And I remember also how a hunting spear, thrown by the hand of Nessus, was buried in the groin of Cymelus. Nor must you deem that Mopsus, the son of Ampycus, was only a seer¹ telling what was to come; for by Mopsus' weapon the two-formed Hodites fell, striving in vain to speak, for his tongue had been pinned to his chin and his chin to his throat.

“Caeneus had already put five to death: Styphelus and Bromus, Antimachus and Elymus and Pyracmos, armed with a battle-axe. I do not remember their wounds, but their number and names I marked well. Then forth rushed one, armed with the spoils of Emathian Halesus whom he had slain, Latreus, of enormous bulk of limb and body. His years were midway between youth and age, but his strength was youthful. Upon his temples his hair was turning grey. Conspicuous for his shield and sword and Macedonian lance, and facing either host in turn, he clashed his arms and rode round in a circle, insolently

¹ He did indeed have prophetic powers, but here he is pictured as a mighty warrior.

OVID

verbaque tot fudit vacuas animosus in auras :
 ‘ et te, Caeni, feram ? nam tu mihi femina semper,
 tu mihi Caenis eris. nec te natalis origo 471
 commonuit, mentemque subit, quo praemia facto
 quaque viri falsam speciem mercede parasti ?
 vel quid nata, vide, vel quid sis passa, columque,
 i, cape cum calathis et stamina pollice torque ; 475
 bella relinque viris.’ iactanti talia Caeneus
 extentum cursu missa latus eruit hasta,
 qua vir equo commissus erat. furit ille dolore
 nudaque Phyllei iuvenis ferit ora sarisa :
 non secus haec resilit, quam tecti a culmine grando,
 aut si quis parvo feriat cava tympana saxo. 481
 comminus adgreditur laterique recondere duro
 luctatur gladium : gladio loca pervia non sunt.
 ‘ haut tamen effugies ! medio iugulaberis ense,
 quandoquidem mucro est hebes’ inquit et in latus
 ensem 485
 obliquat longaque amplectitur ilia dextra.
 plaga facit gemitus in corpore marmoris icti,
 fractaque dissiluit percusso lammina callo.
 ut satis inlaesos miranti praebuit artus,
 ‘ nunc age ’ ait Caeneus ‘ nostro tua corpora ferro 490
 temptemus ! ’ capuloque tenuis demisit in armos
 ensem fatiferum caecumque in viscera movit
 versavitque manu vulnusque in vulnere fecit.
 ecce ruunt vasto rabidi clamore bimembres
 telaque in hunc omnes unum mittuntque feruntque.
 tela retusa cadunt : manet inperfossus ab omni 496
 inque cruentatus Caeneus Elateius ictu.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

pouring out many boasts on the empty air : ' You too, Caenis, shall I brook ? For woman shall you always be to me, Caenis shall you be. Does not your birth remind you, do you not remember for what act you were rewarded, at what price you gained this false appearance of a man ? Heed well what you were born or what you have endured. Go then, take distaff and wool-basket and twist the spun thread with practised thumb ; but leave wars to men.' As he thus boasted, Caeneus, hurling his spear, plowed up the centaur's side stretched in the act of running, just where man and horse were joined. Mad with the pain, the other smote the Phylleian youth full in the naked face with his long lance ; but this leaped back again like a hailstone from a roof, or a pebble from a hollow drum. Then he closed up and strove to thrust his sword in his unyielding side. The sword found no place of entrance. ' But you shall not escape ! with the sword's edge I'll slay you, though its point be blunt,' the centaur cried ; then turned his sword edgewise and reached with his long right arm for his foeman's loins ; the blow resounded on the flesh as if on stricken marble, and the blade, striking the hardened skin, broke into pieces. When long enough he had stood unharmed before his amazed enemy, Caeneus exclaimed : ' Come now, let me try your body with my steel !' and clear to the hilt he drove his deadly sword in the other's side, and there in his vitals twisted and turned the buried weapon, inflicting wound within wound. Now, quite beside themselves, the double monsters rushed on with huge uproar, and all together against that single foe they aimed and drove their weapons. The spears fell blunted, and Caeneus, the son of Elatus, still stood, for all their strokes, unwounded and unstained. The

OVID

fecerat attonitos nova res. ‘ heu dedecus ingens !’
 Monychus exclamat. ‘ populus superamur ab uno 499
 vixque viro ; quamquam ille vir est, nos segnibus actis,
 quod fuit ille, sumus. quid membra inmania prosunt ?
 quid geminae vires et quod fortissima rerum
 in nobis duplex natura animalia iunxit ?
 nec nos matre dea, nec nos Ixione natos
 esse reor, qui tantus erat, Iunonis ut altae 505
 spem caperet : nos seminari superamur ab hoste !
 saxa trabesque super totosque involvite montes
 vivacemque animam missis elidite silvis !
 silva premat fauces, et erit pro vulnere pondus.’
 dixit et insanis deiectam viribus austri 510
 forte trabem nactus validum coniecit in hostem
 exemplumque fuit, parvoque in tempore nudus
 arboris Othrys erat, nec habebat Pelion umbras.
 obrutus inmani cumulo sub pondere Caeneus
 aestuat arboreo congestaque robora duris 515
 fert umeris, sed enim postquam super ora caputque
 crevit onus neque habet, quas ducat, spiritus auras,
 deficit interdum, modo se super aera frustra
 tollere conatur iactasque evolvere silvas
 interdumque movet, veluti, quam cernimus, ecce, 520
 ardua si terrae quatiatur motibus Ide.
 exitus in dubio est : alii sub inania corpus
 Tartara detrusum silvarum mole ferebant ;
 abnuit Ampycides medioque ex aggere fulvis
 vidit avem pennis liquidas exire sub auras, 525
 quae mihi tum primum, tunc est conspecta supremum.
 hanc ubi lustrantem leni sua castra volatu

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

strange sight struck them speechless. Then Monychus exclaimed: 'Oh, what a shame is this! We, a whole people, are defied by one, and he scarcely a man. And yet he is the man, while we, with our weak attempts, are what he was before. Of what advantage are our monster-forms? What our two-fold strength? What avails it that a double nature has united in our bodies the strongest living things? We are not sons of any goddess nor Ixion's sons, I think. For he was high-souled enough to aspire to be great Juno's mate, while we are conquered by an enemy but half-man! Come then, let us heap stones and tree-trunks on him, mountains at a time! let's crush his stubborn life out with forests for our missiles! Let forests smother his throat, and for wounds let weight suffice.' He spoke and, chancing on a tree-trunk overthrown by mad Auster's might, he hurled it at his sturdy foe. The others followed him; and in short time Othrys was stripped of trees and Pelion had lost his shade. Buried beneath that huge mound, Caeneus heaved against the weight of trees and bore up the oaken mass upon his sturdy shoulders. But indeed, as the burden mounted over lips and head, he could get no air to breathe. Gasping for breath, at times he strove in vain to lift his head into the air and to throw off the heaped-up forest; at times he moved, just as if lofty Ida, which we see yonder, should tremble with an earthquake. His end is doubtful. Some said that his body was thrust down by the weight of woods to the Tartarean pit; but the son of Ampycus denied this. For from the middle of the pile he saw a bird with golden wings fly up into the limpid air. I saw it too, then for the first time and the last. As Mopsus watched him circling round his camp in easy flight

OVID

Mopsus et ingenti circum clangore sonantem
 adspexit pariterque animis oculisque secutus
 'o salve,' dixit 'Lapithaeae gloria gentis, 530
 maxime vir quondam, sed nunc avis unica, Caeneu'
 credita res auctore suo est : dolor addidit iram,
 oppressumque aegre tulimus tot ab hostibus unum ;
 nec prius abstinimus ferro exercere dolorem,
 quam data pars leto, partem fuga noxque removit."

Haec inter Lapithas et semihomines Centauros 536
 proelia Tlepolemus Pylio referente dolorem
 praeteriti Alcidae tacito non pertulit ore
 atque ait : "Herculeae mirum est obliviam laudis
 acta tibi, senior ; certe mihi saepe referre 540
 nubigenas domitos a se pater esse solebat."
 tristis ad haec Pylius : "quid me meminisse malorum
 cogis et obductos annis rescindere luctus
 inque tuum genitorem odium offensasque fateri ?
 ille quidem maiora fide, di ! gessit et orbem 545
 inplevit meritis, quod mallet posse negare ;
 sed neque Deiphobum nec Polydamanta nec ipsum
 Hectora laudamus : quis enim laudaverit hostem ?
 ille tuus genitor Messenia moenia quondam
 stravit et inmeritas urbes Elimque Pylumque 550
 diruit inque meos ferrum flammamque penatis
 inpulit, utque alios taceam, quos ille peremit,
 bis sex Nelidae fuimus, conspecta iuventus,
 bis sex Herculeis ceciderunt me minus uno
 viribus ; atque alios vinci potuisse ferendum est : 555
 mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras
 sumere, quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

and heard the loud clangour of his wings, he followed him both with soul and eyes and cried: 'All hail, Caeneus, thou glory of the Lapithæan race, once most mighty hero, now sole bird of thy kind!' This story was believed because of him who told it. Then grief increased our wrath and we were indignant that one man should be overwhelmed by so many foes. Nor did we cease to ply sword on behalf of our mad grief till half our foes were slain and flight and darkness saved all the rest."

As Pylian Nestor told this tale of strife betwixt the Lapithæ and half-human Centaurs, Tlepolemus could not restrain his resentment that Alcides had been passed by without a word, and said: "Old sir, 'tis strange that you have forgotten to speak in praise of Hercules; for surely my father used often to tell me of the cloud-born¹ creatures he had overcome." And sternly the Pylian answered him: "Why do you force me to remember wrongs, to reopen a grief that was buried by the lapse of years, and to rehearse the injuries that make me hate your father? He has done deeds beyond belief, Heaven knows! and filled the earth with well-earned praise, which I would gladly deny him if I could. But neither Deïphobus nor Polydamas nor even Hector do we praise; for who cares to praise his enemy? That sire of yours once laid low Messene's walls, brought undeserved destruction upon Elis and Pylos, and devastated my own home with fire and sword. To say nothing of the others whom he slew, there were twelve of us sons of Neleus, a noble band of youths; and all twelve, save me alone, fell by Hercules' might. That others could be conquered must be borne; but strange was the death of Periclymenus; for to him

See Index s.v. "Centaurs."

OID

Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor.
 hic ubi nequiquam est formas variatus in omnes,
 vertitur in faciem volucris, quae fulmina curvis 560
 ferre solet pedibus divum gratissima regi;
 viribus usus avis pennis rostroque redunco
 hamatisque viri laniaverat unguibus ora.
 tendit in hanc nimium certos Tirynthius arcus
 atque inter nubes sublimia membra ferentem 565
 pendentemque ferit, lateri qua iungitur ala;
 nec grave vulnus erat, sed rupti vulnere nervi
 deficiunt motumque negant viresque volandi.
 decidit in terram, non concipientibus auras
 infirmis pennis, et qua levis haeserat alae 570
 corporis adfixi pressa est gravitate sagitta
 perque latus summum iugulo est exacta sinistro
 nunc videor debere tui praeconia rebus
 Herculis, o Rhodiae ductor pulcherrime classis?
 nec tamen ulterius, quam fortia facta silendo 575
 ulciscor fratres: solida est mihi gratia tecum."

Haec postquam dulci Neleius edidit ore,
 a sermone senis repetito munere Bacchi
 surrexere toris: nox est data cetera somno.

At deus, aequoreas qui cuspide temperat undas, 580
 in volucrum corpus nati Phaethontida versum
 mente dolet patria saevumque perosus Achillem
 exercet memores plus quam civiliter iras.
 iamque fere tracto duo per quinquennia bello

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

Neptune, father of Neleus, had given power to assume any form he pleased and to put it off again at will. When now he had vainly changed to each of his forms in turn, he took the form of the bird which carries the thunderbolts in his hooked talons, a bird most dear to the king of the gods. With all his might of wings, of curved beak and hooked claws, he had torn the hero's face. Then the Tiryntian aimed his too unerring bow at him as he bore his body high into the clouds and hung poised there, and smote him where wing joins side. The wound was not severe; but the sinews severed by the wound failed of their office and refused motion and power of flight. Down to the earth he fell, his weakened wings no longer catching the air; and the arrow, where it had lightly pierced the wing, pressed by the weight of the body in which it hung, was driven clear through the upper breast from the left side into the throat. And now, O fairest leader of the Rhodian fleet, what cause have I, think you, to sing the praises of your Hercules? Yet for my brothers I seek no other vengeance than to ignore his mighty deeds. "Twixt me and you there is unbroken amity."

When Nestor with sweet speech had told this tale, at the conclusion of the old man's words the wine-cup went around once more and they rose from the couches. The remainder of the night was given to sleep.

But the god who rules the waters of the sea with his trident was still filled with a father's grief for his son whose body he had changed into the bird¹ of Phaëthon. And, hating the murderous Achilles, he indulged his unforgetting wrath excessively. And

¹ The swan. See Index s.v. "Phaëthon."

OID

talibus intonsum compellat Sminthea dictis : 585
 "o mihi de fratris longe gratissime natis,
 inrita qui mecum posuisti moenia Troiae,
 ecquid, ubi has iamiam casuras adspicis arces,
 ingemis? aut ecquid tot defendentia muros
 milia caesa doles? ecquid, ne persequar omnes, 590
 Hectoris umbra subit circum sua Pergama tracti?
 cum tamen ille ferox belloque cruentior ipso
 vivit adhuc, operis nostri populator, Achilles.
 det mihi se : faxo, triplici quid cuspide possim,
 sentiat; at quoniam concurrere comminus hosti 595
 non datur, occulta necopinum perde sagitta!"
 adnuit atque animo pariter patruique suoque
 Delius indulgens nebula velatus in agmen
 pervenit Iliacum mediaque in caede virorum
 rara per ignotos spargentem cernit Achivos 600
 tela Parin fassusque deum, "quid spicula perdis
 sanguine plebis?" ait. "sique est tibi cura tuorum,
 vertere in Aeaciden caesosque ulciscere fratres!"
 dixit et ostendens sternentem Troica ferro
 corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum 605
 certaue letifera direxit spicula dextra.
 quod Priamus gaudere senex post Hectora posset,
 hoc fuit; ille igitur tantorum victor, Achille,
 victus es a timido Graiae raptore maritae!
 at si femineo fuerat tibi Marte cadendum, 610
 Thermodontiaca malles cecidisse bipenni.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

now for nigh ten years the war had been prolonged, when he thus addressed Sminthean Apollo of the unshorn locks: "O thou, by far the best beloved of my brother's sons, thou who with me (though vainly) didst build the walls of Troy, dost thou not groan at sight of these battlements so soon to fall? Dost thou not grieve that so many thousands have been slain in defending these walls? Not to name them all, does not Hector's image come before thee, dragged around his own Pergama? But Achilles, fierce and more cruel than war itself, still lives, the destroyer of our handiwork. Let him but come within my reach. I'll make him feel what I can do with my three-forked spear. But since it is not granted me to meet my enemy face to face, do thou bring him to sudden death by thy unseen arrow!" The Delian nodded assent and, indulging equally his own and his uncle's desire, wrapped in a cloud came to the Trojan lines. There midst the bloody strife of heroes he saw Paris taking infrequent shots at the nameless crowd. Revealing his divinity, he said: "Why do you waste your arrows in killing common folk? If you would serve your people, aim at Aeacides and avenge your slaughtered brothers!" He spoke and, pointing where Pelides was working havoc on the Trojans with his spear, he turned the bow in his direction and guided the well-aimed shaft with his death-dealing hand. This was the first cause for joy which old Priam had since Hector's death. So then, Achilles, thou conqueror of the mightiest, thou art thyself o'ercome by the cowardly ravisher of a Grecian's wife! But if thou hadst been fated to fall by a woman's battle-stroke, how gladly wouldst thou have fallen by the Amazon's double axe!

OVID

Iam timor ille Phrygum, decus et tutela Pelasgi
nominis, Aeacides, caput insuperabile bello,
arserat : armarat deus idem idemque cremarat ;
iam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille 615
nescio quid parvum, quod non bene compleat urnam,
at vivit totum quae gloria compleat orbem.
haec illi mensura viro respondet, et hac est
par sibi Pelides nec inania Tartara sentit.
ipse etiam, ut, cuius fuerit, cognoscere possis, 620
bella movet clipeus, deque armis arma feruntur.
non ea Tydides, non audet Oileos Ajax,
non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aevo
poscere, non alii : solis Telamone creato
Laerteque fuit tantae fiducia laudis. 625
a se Tantalides onus invidiamque removit
Argolicosque duces mediis considerare castris
iussit et arbitrium litis traiecit in omnes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII

And now that terror of the Phrygians, that ornament and bulwark of the Pelasgian name, Aeacides, the invincible captain of the war, was burned. One and the same god armed him and consumed him too. Now he is but dust; and of Achilles, once so great, there remains a pitiful handful, hardly enough to fill an urn. But his glory lives, enough to fill the whole round world. This is the true measure of the man; and in this the son of Peleus is still his real self, and does not know empty Tartarus. His very shield, that you might know to whom it once belonged, still wages war, and for his arms arms are taken up. Neither Tydides nor Ajax, Oileus' son, dares to claim them, nor the lesser¹ Atrides, nor the greater² in prowess and in age, nor other chieftains. Only the son³ of Telamon and Laërtes' son⁴ were bold enough to claim so great a prize. To escape the hateful burden of a choice between them, Tantalides⁵ bade the Grecian captains assemble in the midst of the camp, and he referred to all the decision of the strife.

¹ Menelaüs

⁴ Ulysses.

² Agamemnon.

⁵ Agamemnon,

³ Ajax.

BOOK XIII

LIBER XIII

CONSEDERE duces et vulgi stante corona
surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplicis Ajax,
utque erat inpatiens irae, Sigeia torvo
litora respexit classemque in litore vultu
intendensque manus “ agimus, pro Iuppiter ! ” inquit
“ ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulixes ! 6
at non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis,
quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi.
tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,
quam pugnare manu, sed nec mihi dicere promptum,
nec facere est isti : quantumque ego Marte feroci 11
inque acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.
nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
esse reor : vidistis enim ; sua narret Ulixes,
quae sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est ' 15
praemia magna peti fateor ; sed demit honorem
aemulus : Aiaci non est tenuisse superbum,
sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulixes ;
iste tulit pretium iam nunc temptaminis huius,
quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. 20

“ Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus,
moenia qui forti Troiana sub Hercule cepit
litora que intravit Pagasaea Colcha carina ;
228

BOOK XIII

THE chiefs took their seats, while the commons stood in a ring about them. Then up rose Ajax, lord of the sevenfold shield. With uncontrolled indignation he let his lowering gaze rest awhile on the Sigean shores and on the fleet; then, pointing to these, "By Jupiter!" he cried, "in the presence of these ships I plead my cause, and my competitor is—Ulysses! But he did not hesitate to give way before Hector's torches, which I withstood, nay, which I drove away from this fleet. 'Tis safer, then, to fight with lying words than with hands. But I am not prompt to speak, as he is not to act; and I am as much his master in the fierce conflict of the battle-line as he is mine in talk. As for my deeds, O Greeks, I do not think I need rehearse them to you, for you have seen them. Let Ulysses tell of his, done without witness, done with the night alone to see them! I own that it is a mighty prize I strive for; but such a rival takes away the honour of it. It is no honour for Ajax to have gained a prize, however great, to which Ulysses has aspired. Already he has gained reward enough in this contest because, when conquered, he still can say he strove with me.

"And even if my valour were in doubt, I should still be his superior in birth; for Telamon was my father, who in company with valiant Hercules took the walls of Troy and with the Pagasaean ship sailed to Colchis.

OVID

Aeacus huic pater est, qui iura silentibus illic 25
 reddit, ubi Aeoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget;
 Aeacon agnoscit summus prolemque fatetur
 Iuppiter esse suam: sic ab Iove tertius Aiax.
 nec tamen haec series in causam prosit, Achivi,
 si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille: 30
 frater erat, fraterna peto! quid sanguine cretus
 Sisyphio furtisque et fraude simillimus illi
 inseris Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis?

"An quod in arma prior nulloque sub indice veni,
 arma neganda mihi, potiorque videbitur ille, 35
 ultima qui cepit detractavitque furore
 militiam ficto, donec sollertior isto,
 sed sibi inutilior timidi commenta retextit
 Naupliades animi vitataque traxit ad arma?
 optima num sumat, quia sumere noluit ulla: 40
 nos inhonorati et donis patruelibus orbi,
 obtulimus quia nos ad prima pericula, simus?

"Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus
 esset,
 nec comes hic Phrygias umquam venisset ad arces
 hortator scelerum! non te, Poeantia proles, 45
 expositum Lemnos nostro cum crimine haberet:
 qui nunc, ut memorant, silvestribus abditus antris
 saxa moves gemitu Laertiadaeque precaris,
 quae meruit, quae, si di sunt, non vana precaris.
 et nunc ille eadem nobis iuratus in arma, 50
 heu! pars una ducum, quo successore sagittae
 Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque
 velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

His father was *Æacus*, who is passing judgment in that silent world where *Sisyphus Æolides* strains to his heavy stone; and most high *Jupiter* acknowledges *Æacus* as his son. Thus *Ajax* is the third remove from *Jove*. But let this descent be of no avail to my cause, O *Greeks*, if I do not share it with the great *Achilles*. He was my cousin; a cousin's arms I seek. Why do you, the son of *Sisyphus*, exactly like him in his tricks and fraud, seek to associate the *Æacidae* with the name of an alien family?

“Aye, is it because I came first to arms needing no detection,¹ that arms are denied me? And shall he appear the better man who came last to arms and by feigned madness shirked the war, till one more shrewd than he, but not to his own advantage, the son of *Nauplius*, uncovered this timid fellow's trick and dragged him forth to the arms that he shunned? Shall he take the best because he wanted to take none? And shall I go unhonoured, denied my cousin's gifts, just because I was the first to front the danger?

“And oh, that his madness either had been real, or had never been detected, and that this criminal had never come with us against the *Phrygians*! Then, son of *Poëas*, *Lemnos* would not possess you, landed there to our sin and shame, you who, they say, hidden in forest lairs, move the very rocks with your groans and call down curses on *Laërtes*' son which he has richly merited, and which, if there are any gods, you do not call down in vain. And now he, who took oath with us for this same war, alas! one of our chieftains, who fell heir to *Alcides*' shafts, now, broken with disease and hunger, is clothed and fed by the birds, and in pursuit of birds uses those arrows which fate intended

¹ Referring to *Palamedes*, who had exposed *Ulysses*' feigned madness and brought him to the war. See Index.

OID

debita Troianis exercet spicula fatis.
 ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulixen ; 55
 mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus :
 viveret aut certe letum sine crimine haberet ;
 quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris
 prodere rem Danaam finxit fictumque probavit
 crimen et ostendit, quod iam praefoderat, aurum. 60
 ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
 aut nece : sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulixes !
 “ Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat,
 haut tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen
 esse rear nullum ; qui cum inploraret Ulixen 65
 vulnere tardus equi fessusque senilibus annis,
 proditus a socio est ; non haec mihi crimina fingi
 scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum
 corripuit trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
 aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis ! 70
 en eget auxilio, qui non tulit, utque reliquit,
 sic linquendus erat : legem sibi dixerat ipse.
 conclamat socios : adsum videoque trementem
 pallentemque metu et trepidantem morte futura ;
 opposui molem clipei texique iacentem 75
 servavique animam (minimum est hoc laudis) inertem.
 si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum :
 redde hostem vulnusque tuum solitumque timorem
 post clipeumque late et mecum contende sub illo !
 at postquam eripui, cui standi vulnera vires 80
 non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugi†

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for Troy! But yet he lives at least, because he did not keep on with Ulysses. Ill-fated Palamedes, too, would prefer to have been left behind. He would be living still, or at least would have died without dishonour, whom that fellow there, all too mindful of the unfortunate exposure of his madness, charged with betraying the Greek cause, and in proof of his false charge showed the gold which he had already hidden there. So then, either by exile or by death he has been drawing off the Grecian strength. So does Ulysses fight, so must he be feared!

“Though he should surpass even trusty Nestor in his eloquence, he will never make me believe that his desertion of Nestor was other than a crime. For when he, slow from his horse’s wound and spent with extreme age, appealed to Ulysses, he was deserted by his friend. And that I am not making up this tale Tydides knows full well, for he repeatedly called upon him by name and chided his timid friend for flight. But the gods regard the affairs of men with righteous eyes. Behold he is in need of aid who rendered none; and as he left another, so was he fated to be left. He had established his own precedent. He cried aloud upon his friends. I came and saw him trembling, pale with fear, shrinking from impending death. I thrust forward my massive shield and covered him where he lay, and I saved his worthless life—small praise in that. If you persist in this contention let us go back to that spot; bring back the enemy, your wound and your accustomed fear; hide behind my shield and contend with me beneath it. But after I rescued him, he, who because of his wounds had had no strength to stand, now fled away not hindered by his wounds at all!

OVID

"Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit,
 quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulixè,
 sed fortes etiam : tantum trahit ille timoris.
 hunc ego sanguineae successu caedis ovantem 85
 eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi,
 hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
 sustinui : sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi,
 et vestrae valere preces. si quaeritis huius
 fortunam pugnae, non sum superatus ab illo. 90
 ecce ferunt Troes ferrumque ignesque Iovemque
 in Danaas classes : ubi nunc facundus Ulixes ?
 nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
 spem vestri reditus : date pro tot navibus arma.

"Quodsi vera licet mihi dicere, quaeritur istis 95
 quam mihi maior honos, coniunctaque gloria nostra est,
 atque Ajax armis, non Aiaci arma petuntur.
 conferat his Ithacus Rhesum inbellemque Dolona
 Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum :
 luce nihil gestum, nihil est Diomede remoto ; 100
 si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma,
 dividite, et pars sit maior Diomedis in illis.

"Quo tamen haec Ithaco, qui clam, qui semper
 inermis
 rem gerit et furtis incautum decipit hostem ?
 ipse nitor galeae claro radiantis ab auro 105
 insidias prodet manifestabitque latentem ;
 sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex
 pondera tanta feret, nec non onerosa gravisque
 Pelias hasta potest inbellibus esse lacertis,
 nec clipeus vasti caelatus imagine mundi 110

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“Here is Hector, and he brings the gods with him into battle; and where he rushes on, not you alone are terrified, Ulysses, but brave men also; so much terror does he inspire. Him, rejoicing in the success of his bloody slaughter, I laid low upon the ground with a huge stone which I threw; and when he challenged one to meet him, I alone bore the brunt of his attack. You prayed, O Greeks, that the lot might fall to me, and your prayers were heard. If you ask the outcome of the battle, at least I was not overcome by him. Behold, the Trojans bring sword and fire and Jove against the Greek ships. Where now is the eloquent Ulysses? But I with my own breast stood bulwark for the thousand ships, the hope of your return. Grant me these arms for all those ships.

“But if I may speak truth, the arms claim greater honour than do I; they share my glory, and the arms seek Ajax, not Ajax the arms. Let the Ithacan compare with these deeds his Rhesus and unwarlike Dolon, his Helenus, Priam’s son, taken captive, and the stolen Palladium: nothing done in the light of day, nothing apart from Diomedes. If you are really giving that armour for so cheap deserts, divide it and let the larger share in them be Diomedes’s.

“But why give them to the Ithacan, who always does things stealthily, always unarmed, relying upon tricks to catch the enemy off his guard? The very glint of the helmet gleaming with bright gold will betray his snares and discover him as he hides. But neither will the Dulichian’s head beneath the helmet of Achilles be able to bear so great a weight, nor can the spear-shaft, cut on Pelion, be otherwise than burdensome and heavy to his unwarlike arm. The shield also, a moulded picture of the vast universe, will not

OVID

conveniet timidae nataeque ad furta sinistrae :
 debilitaturum quid te petis, inprobe, munus,
 quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
 cur spolieris, erit, non, cur metuaris ab hoste,
 et fuga, qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis, 115
 tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti?
 adde quod iste tuus, tam raro proelia passus,
 integer est clipeus; nostro, qui tela ferendo
 mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.

“Denique (quid verbis opus est?) spectemur
 agendo! 120

arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes :
 inde iubete peti et referentem ornate relatis.”

Finierat Telamone satus, vulgique secutum
 ultima murmur erat, donec Laertius heros
 adstitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos 125
 sustulit ad proceres exspectatoque resolvit
 ora sono, neque abest facundis gratia dictis.

“Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi,
 non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres,
 tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille, 130
 quem quoniam non aequa mihi vobisque negarunt
 fata,” (manuque simul veluti lacrimantia tersit
 lumina) “quis magno melius succedit Achilli,
 quam per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles?
 huic modo ne prosit, quod, uti est, hebes esse vide-
 tur, 135

neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
 profuit ingenium, meaque haec facundia, siqua est

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become his timid hand, the left one, made for stealing. Why do you seek a prize, you shameless fellow, that will overtax your strength; a prize which, if by some mistake the Greeks should give it to you, will be reason for the foe to spoil, not fear you? And flight, in which alone you surpass all others, most timid as you are, will prove but slow for you if you carry such a weight. Consider also that that shield of yours, so rarely used in battle, is quite uninjured; while mine, pierced in a thousand places by the thrusts of spears, needs a fresh shield to take its place.

“Finally, what need of words? Let us be seen in action! Let the brave hero’s arms be sent into the enemy’s midst; bid them be recovered, and to their rescuer present the rescued arms.”

The son of Telamon finished, and the applause of the crowd followed his closing words. At length Laertes’ heroic son stood up and, holding his eyes for a little on the ground, he raised them to the chiefs and broke silence with the words for which they waited; nor was grace of manner lacking to his eloquent speech.

“If my prayers and yours had availed, O Greeks, there would be no question as to the next heir in this great strife, and you, Achilles, would still have your own armour, and we should still have you. But since the unjust fates have denied him to me and you” (and with his hand he made as if to wipe tears from his eyes), “who would better receive the great Achilles’ arms than he through whom the Greeks received the great Achilles? Only let it not be to this fellow’s profit that he seems to be, as indeed he is, slow of wit; and let it not be, O Greeks, to my hurt that I have always used my wit for your advantage. And let this eloquence of mine, if I

OVID

quae nunc pro domino, pro vobis saepe locuta est,
invidia careat, bona nec sua quisque recuset.

“ Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi,
vix ea nostra voco, sed enim, quia rettulit Ajax 141
esse Iovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor
Iuppiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo :
nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arcesius illi,
Iuppiter huic, neque in his quisquam damnatus et
exul ; 145

est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
altera nobilitas : deus est in utroque parente.
sed neque materno quod sum generosior ortu,
nec mihi quod pater est fraterni sanguinis insons,
proposita arma peto : meritis expendite causam, 150
dummodo, quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt,
Aiacis meritum non sit nec sanguinis ordo,
sed virtutis honor spoliis quaeratur in istis !
aut si proximitas primusque requiritur heres,
est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi : 155
quis locus Aiaci ? Phthiam haec Scyrumve ferantur !
nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli :
num petit ille tamen ? num, si petat, auferat illa ?
ergo, operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur,
plura quidem feci, quam quae comprehendere dictis 160
in promptu mihi sit, rerum tamen ordine ducar.

“ Praescia venturi genetrix Nereia leti
dissimulat cultu natum, et deceperat omnes,
in quibus Aiace, sumptae fallacia vestis :
arma ego femineis animum motura virilem 165

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have any, which now speaks for its owner, but often for you as well, incur no enmity, and let each man make the most of his own powers.

“For as to race and ancestry and the deeds that others than ourselves have done, I call those in no true sense our own. But the truth is, since Ajax claims to be great-grandson of Jove, Jove is the founder of my race as well, and I am just as many steps removed from him. For Laërtes is my father, Arcesius, his, and he, the son of Jupiter; nor in this line is there any exiled criminal. I have also on my mother’s side another claim to noble birth, Cyllenius.¹ Through both my parents have I divine descent. But, neither because through my mother I am more nobly born, nor because my father is guiltless of his brother’s blood, do I seek the armour that lies there. Weigh the cause on desert alone. Only count it not any desert of Ajax that Telamon and Peleus were brothers, and let not strains of blood, but the honour of manhood be considered in the award. Or, if you seek for next of kin and lawful heir, Peleus is Achilles’ father, Pyrrhus his son. What room is there for Ajax? Bear the armour hence to Phthia² or to Scyrus.³ And Teucer is no less Achilles’ cousin than he. Yet does he seek the arms, and if he did seek would he gain them? So then, since ’tis a sheer strife of deeds, I have done more deeds than I can well enumerate. Still I will tell them in their order.

“Achilles’ Nereid mother, foreseeing her son’s destruction, had disguised him, and the trick of the clothing that he wore deceived them all, Ajax among the rest. But I placed among women’s wares some

¹ Mercury.

² The home of Peleus.

³ The home of Pyrrhus.

OVID

mercibus inserui, neque adhuc proiecerat heros
virgineos habitus, cum parmam hastamque tenenti
'nate dea,' dixi 'tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama! quid dubitas ingentem evertere Troiam?'
inieci que manum fortemque ad fortia misi. 170

ergo opera illius mea sunt: ego Telephon hasta
pugnantem domui victum orantemque refeci;
quod Thebae cecidere, meum est; me credite Lesbos,
me Tenedon Chrysenque et Cillan, Apollinis urbes,
et Scyrum cepisse; mea concussa putate 175

procubuisse solo Lyrnesia moenia dextra,
utque alios taceam, qui saevum perdere posset
Hectora, nempe dedi: per me iacet inclitus Hector!
illis haec armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
arma peto: vivo dederam, post fata reposco. 180

"Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidaque Euboicam conplerunt mille carinae,
expectata diu, nulla aut contraria classi
flamina erant, duraeque iubent Agamemnona sortes
inmeritam saevae natam mactare Dianae. 185

denegat hoc genitor divisque irascitur ipsis
atque in rege tamen pater est, ego mite parentis
ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti:
hanc equidem (fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides)
difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam. 190

hunc tamen utilitas populi fraterque datique
summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine penset;
mittor et ad matrem, quae non hortanda, sed astu

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arms such as would attract a man. The hero still wore girl's clothing when, as he laid hands on shield and spear, I said to him: 'O son of Thetis, Pergama, doomed to perish, is keeping herself for you! Why do you delay the fall of mighty Troy?' And I laid my hand on him and sent the brave fellow forth to do brave deeds. So then, all that he did is mine. 'Twas I who conquered the warring Telephus with my spear and healed him, vanquished and begging aid. That Thebes fell is my deed; credit Lesbos to me, to me Tenedos, Chryse and Cilla, cities of Apollo, and Scyrus too. Consider that by my hand the walls of Lyrnesus were battered to the ground. And, not to mention others, 'twas I, indeed, who gave the man who could destroy the warlike Hector. Through me illustrious Hector lies low! These arms I seek in return for those by which Achilles was discovered. Arms I gave the living; after his death I ask them back.

"When the sorrow of one man came to all the Greeks, and a thousand ships were gathered at Euboean Aulis, there were no winds, though they waited for them long, or they blew contrary to the fleet. Then a cruel oracle bade Agamemnon sacrifice his innocent daughter to pitiless Diana. This the father refused to do and was angry at the gods themselves, having a father's feelings though he was a king. It was I who by my words turned the kind father-heart to a consideration of the public weal; I indeed (I confess it, and may Atrides pardon as I confess) had a difficult cause to plead, and that, too, before a partial judge; still the people's good, his brother, and the chief place of command assigned to him, all moved upon him to balance praise with blood. Then I was sent to the mother, who was not to be exhorted,

OVID

decipienda fuit, quo si Telamonius isset,
 orba suis essent etiam nunc lintea ventis. 195

“Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces,
 visaque et intrata est altae mihi curia Troiae,
 plenaque adhuc erat illa viris; interritus egi,
 quam mihi mandarat communis Graecia, causam 199
 accusoque Parin praedamque Helenamque reposco
 et moveo Priamum Priamoque Antenora iunctum;
 at Paris et fratres et qui rapuere sub illo,
 vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelae) nefandas,
 primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.

“Longa referre mora est, quae consilioque manumque
 utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli. 206

post acies primas urbis se moenibus hostes
 continuere diu, nec aperti copia Martis
 ulla fuit; decimo demum pugnavimus anno:
 quid facis interea, qui nil nisi proelia nosti? 210

quis tuus usus erat? nam si mea facta requiris,
 hostibus insidior, fossa munimina cingo,
 consolor socios, ut longi taedia belli
 mente ferant placida, doceo, quo simus alendi
 armandique modo, mittor, quo postulat usus. 215

“Ecce Iovis monitu deceptus imagine somni
 rex iubet incepti curam dimittere belli;
 ille potest auctore suam defendere vocem:
 non sinat hoc Ajax delendaque Pergama poscat, 219
 quodque potest, pugnet! cur non remoratur ituros?

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but deceived by craft. But if the son of Telamon had gone to her, our sails would even now be destitute of their winds.

“I was sent also as a bold ambassador to Ilium’s stronghold and visited and entered the senate-house of lofty Troy. It was still full of heroes. Undaunted, I pleaded the cause which united Greece had entrusted to me, I denounced Paris, demanded the return of Helen and the booty, and I prevailed on Priam and Antenor who sided with Priam. But Paris and his brothers and his companions in the robbery scarce restrained their impious hands from me (you know that, Menelaüs). That was the first day of my dangers shared with you.

“It would take a long time to tell the things I accomplished for your good both with thought and deed during the long-drawn war. After the first battles the enemy kept himself for a long time within his city’s walls and there was no chance for open conflict. At last in the tenth year we fought. What were you doing in the meantime, you whose only knowledge is of battles? Of what service were you then? If you ask what I was doing, I laid snares for the enemy, I surrounded the fortifications with a trench, I encouraged our allies so that they might bear patiently the tedium of the long war, I advised as to how we should be fed and armed, I was sent on missions where circumstance demanded.

“Behold, at Jove’s command, being deceived by a vision of the night, the king bids us give up the burden of the war we have undertaken. He can defend his order by quoting the source of it. Now let Ajax prevent this movement; let him demand that Pergama be destroyed and, what he can do, let him fight! Why does he not stay those who are

OVID

cur non arma capit, dat, quod vaga turba sequatur?
 non erat hoc nimium numquam nisi magna loquenti.
 quid, quod et ipse fugit? vidi, puduitque videre,
 cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares;
 nec mora, 'quid facitis? quae vos dementia' dixi
 'concitat, o socii, captam dimittere Troiam, 226
 quidque domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno?'
 talibus atque aliis, in quae dolor ipse disertum
 fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.

convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes: 230
 nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
 audet, at ausus erat reges incessere dictis
 Thersites etiam, per me haut inpune protervus '
 erigor et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem
 amissamque mea virtutem voce repono. 235

tempore ab hoc, quodcumque potest fecisse videri
 fortiter iste, meum est, qui dantem terga retraxi.

"Denique de Danais quis te laudatve petitve?
 at sua Tydides mecum communicat acta,
 me probat et socio semper confidit Ulix. 240
 est aliquid, de tot Graiorum milibus unum
 a Diomede legi! nec me sors ire iubebat:
 sic tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periclo
 ausum eadem, quae nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona
 interimo, non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi 245
 prodere et edidici, quid perfida Troia pararet.

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starting home? Why does he not take arms and give something for the straggling mob to rally round? This was not too much for one who never speaks except in boasting. But what of the fact that he himself fled also? I saw you, and I was ashamed to see, when you turned your back and were for spreading your dishonoured sails. Instantly I cried: 'What are you doing? What madness, my friends, is driving you to abandon Troy, which is already captured? What are you taking home after ten years of war except disgrace?' With such and other words, to which my very grief had made me eloquent, I turned them from their intended flight and led them back. Atrides assembled the allies still perturbed and fearful; and even then the son of Telamon did not dare utter a single syllable. But Thersites dared, indeed, and chid the kings with words, unruly fellow, but, thanks to me, not without punishment! I arose and urged my faint-hearted comrades against the enemy, and by my words I aroused again their courage. From that time on, whatever brave deed my rival here can claim to have accomplished belongs to me who brought him back from flight.

"Finally, who of the Greeks praises you or seeks your company? But Diomede shares his deeds with me, approves me, and is ever confident with Ulysses at his side. Surely, 'tis something, alone out of the many thousand Greeks, to be picked out by Diomede! And it was not the casting of lots that bade me go. Still, spurning all perils of night and of the enemy, I went forth and slew Phrygian Dolon, who was on the same perilous errand with ourselves. And yet I did not slay him till I had forced him to tell all he knew and had learned what treacherous Troy was planning.

OVID

omnia cognoram nec, quod specularer, habebam
 et iam promissa poteram cum laude reverti :
 haut contentus eo petii tentoria Rhesi
 inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi 250
 atque ita captivo, victor votisque potitus,
 ingredior curru laetos imitante triumphos ;
 cuius equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis,
 arma negate mihi, fueritque benignior Ajax.—
 quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro 255
 devastata meo? cum multo sanguine fudi
 Coeranon Iphitiden et Alastoraque Chromiumque
 Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque
 exitioque dedi cum Chersidamante Thoona
 et Charopem fatisque inmitibus Ennomon actum 260
 quique minus celebres nostra sub moenibus urbis
 procubuere manu. sunt et mihi vulnera, cives,
 ipso pulchra loco ; nec vanis credite verbis,
 aspiciate! en” vestemque manu deduxit et “haec sunt
 pectora semper” ait “vestris exercita rebus! 265
 at nil inpendit per tot Telamonius annos
 sanguinis in socios et habet sine vulnere corpus!

“Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasga
 arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Iovemque?
 confiteorque, tulit (neque enim benefacta maligne 270
 detractare meum est), sed ne communia solus
 occupet atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat honorem,
 reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis

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I had found out all and had no further cause for spying, and I could now go back with the praise which I had striven for ; but not content with this, I turned to Rhesus' tents and in his very camp I slew the captain and his comrades too. And so, victorious and with my prayers accomplished, I went on my way in my captured chariot in manner of a joyful triumph. Now refuse his arms to me, whose horses my enemy had demanded as the price of his night's work, and let Ajax be the kinder!¹ Why should I mention the Lycian Sarpedon's ranks which my sword cut to pieces? I laid low in bloody slaughter Coeranos, the son of Iphitus, Alastor and Chromius, Alcander, Halius, Noëmon, Prytanis, slew Thoön and Chersidamas, Charopes, Ennomos, driven by the pitiless fates ; and others less renowned fell by my hand beneath their city's walls. I, too, have wounds, my comrades, noble for the very place of them. And trust no empty words of mine for that. See here !” and he threw open his garment with his hand ; “ here is my breast which has ever suffered for your cause ! But the son of Telamon in all these years has lost no blood in his friends' behalf and his body can show no wound at all.

“ And what matters it if he says that he stood up in arms for the Greek fleet against the Trojans and the power of Jove? I grant he did ; for it is not my way maliciously to belittle the good that he has done. But let not him alone claim the honour that belongs to all, and let him give some credit to you also. 'Twas the son of Actor,² safe 'neath the semblance of Achilles, who drove off the Trojans from

¹ This is a reference to Ajax' ironical proposition in l. 102, to divide the armour between Ulysses and Diomedes.

² Patroclus.

Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.—
 ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis 275
 se putat, oblitus regisque ducumque meique,
 nonus in officio et praelatus munere sortis.
 sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae
 quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo!

“ Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore 280
 temporis illius, quo, Graium murus, Achilles
 procubuit! nec me lacrimae luctusve timorve
 tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem:
 his umeris, his inquam, umeris ego corpus Achillis
 et simul arma tuli, quae nunc quoque ferre laboro.
 sunt mihi, quae valeant in talia pondera, vires, 286
 est animus certe vestros sensurus honores:

scilicet idcirco pro nato caerulea mater
 ambitiosa suo fuit, ut caelestia dona,
 artis opus tantae, rudis et sine pectore miles 290
 indueret? neque enim clipei caelamina novit,
 Oceanum et terras cumque alto sidera caelo
 Pleiadasque Hyadasque immunemque aequoris Arcton
 diversasque urbes nitidumque Orionis ensem:
 postulat, ut capiat, quae non intellegit, arma! 295

“ Quid, quod me duri fugientem munera belli
 arguit incepto serum accessisse labori
 nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli?
 si simulasse vocas crimen, simulavimus ambo;
 si mora pro culpa est, ego sum maturior illo. 300
 me pia detinuit coniunx, pia mater Achillem,
 primaque sunt illis data tempora, cetera vobis:
 haut timeo, si iam nequeam defendere, crimen

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the fleet, which else had burned together with its defender. He thinks that he alone dared to stand up against Hector's spear, ignoring the king, the chieftains, and myself, he but the ninth in proffered service and by the lot's grace preferred to us. But what was the outcome of your battle, bravest of men? Hector retired without a wound.

"Ah me, with what grief am I forced to recall that time when Achilles fell, the bulwark of the Greeks! And yet neither tears nor grief nor fear kept me from lifting up his body from the ground. On these shoulders, yes, on these very shoulders, I bore Achilles' body, armour and all, arms which now also I seek to bear. I have strength enough to bear their ponderous weight and I have a mind that can appreciate the honour you would do me. Was it for this, forsooth, that the hero's mother, goddess of the sea, was ambitious for her son, that those heavenly gifts, the work of heavenly art should clothe a rough and stupid soldier? For he knows nothing of the relief-work of the shield: the sea, the lands, the deep starry heavens, the Pleiades, the Hyades, Arctos forbidden the sea, the scattered cities, and Orion's gleaming sword. He asks that he may receive armour which he cannot appreciate.

"What of his chiding me with trying to shun the hardships of the war and of coming late when the struggle had begun? Does he not know that he is reviling the great Achilles also? If you call it a crime to have pretended, we both pretended. If delay is culpable, I was the earlier of the two. A loving wife detained me; a loving mother detained Achilles. Our first time was given to them, the rest to you. I do not fear a charge—even granted I could not answer it—which I share with so great a hero. Yet he was

OVID

cum tanto commune viro : deprensus Ulixis
 ingenio tamen ille, at non Aiakis Ulixes. 305

“ Neve in me stolidae convicia fundere linguae
 admiremur eum, vobis quoque digna pudore
 obicit. an falso Palameden crimine turpe
 accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum est?
 sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum 310
 tanque patens valuit, nec vos audistis in illo
 crimina, vidistis, pretioque obiecta patebant.

“ Nec, Poeantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos,
 esse reus merui (factum defendite vestrum!
 consensistis enim,) nec me suasisse negabo, 315

ut se subtraheret bellicae viaeque labori
 temptaretque feros requie lenire dolores.
 paruit—et vivit! non haec sententia tantum
 fida, sed et felix, cum sit satis esse fidelem.
 quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt,
 ne mandate mihi! melius Telamonius ibit 321

eloquioque virum morbis iraque furentem
 molliet aut aliqua producet callidus arte!
 ante retro Simois fluet et sine frondibus Ide
 stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaia Troiae, 325

quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus,
 Aiakis stolidi Danais sollertia prosit.
 sis licet infestus sociis regique mihique
 dure Philoctete, licet execrere meumque
 devoveas sine fine caput cupiasque dolenti 330
 me tibi forte dari nostrumque haurire cruorem,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

discovered by Ulysses' wit; but not by Ajax' wit, Ulysses.

“And let us not wonder that he pours out against me the insults of his stupid tongue; for he vents on you also shameful words. Was it base for me to have accused Palamedes on a false charge, and honourable for you to have condemned him? But neither was the son of Nauplius¹ able to defend a crime so great, so clearly proved, nor did you merely hear the charge against him: you saw the proof, as it lay clearly revealed by the bribe.

“Nor should I be blamed because Vulcanian Lemnos holds the son of Poeas.² Defend your own deed, for you consented to it. But I will not deny that I advised that he withdraw from the hardships of the war and the journey thither, and seek to soothe his terrible anguish by a time of rest. He took the advice—and lives! And not alone was this advice given in good faith, but it was fortunate as well; though it is enough that it was given in good faith. Now, since our seers say that he is necessary for the fall of Pergama, do not entrust the task to me! Telamon's son will better go, and by his eloquence he will calm the hero, mad with pain and rage, or else by some shrewd trick will bring him to us. Nay, Simoïs will flow backward, Ida stand without foliage, and Greece send aid to Troy before the craft of stupid Ajax would avail the Greeks in case I should cease to work for your advantage. Though you have a deadly hatred, O harsh Philoctetes, for the allied Greeks and the king and me myself; though you heap endless curses on my head and long in your misery to have me in your power, to drink my blood, and pray that, as I was given a

¹ Palamedes.

² Philoctetes.

OVID

utque tui mihi sic fiat, tibi copia nostri :
 te tamen adgrediar mecumque reducere nitar
 tamque tuis potiar (faveat Fortuna) sagittis,
 quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus, 335
 quam responsa deum Troianaque fata retexi,
 quam rapui Phrygiae signum penetrale Minervae
 hostibus e mediis. et se mihi comparat Ajax ?
 nempe capi Troiam prohibebant fata sine illo :
 fortis ubi est Ajax ? ubi sunt ingentia magni 340
 verba viri ? cur hic metuis ? cur audet Ulixes
 ire per excubias et se committere nocti
 perque feros enses non tantum moenia Troum,
 verum etiam summas arces intrare suaque
 eripere aede deam raptamque adferre per hostes ? 345
 quae nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
 gestasset laeva taurorum tergora septem.
 illa nocte mihi Troiae victoria parta est :
 Pergama tunc vici, cum vinci posse coegi.

“ Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis 350
 ostentare meum : pars est sua laudis in illo !
 nec tu, cum socia clipeum pro classe tenebas,
 solus eras : tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus.
 qui nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
 esse nec indomitae deberi praemia dextrae, 355
 ipse quoque haec peteret ; peteret moderatior Ajax
 Eurypylosque ferox claroque Andraemone natus
 nec minus Idomeneus patriaque creatus eadem
 Meriones, peteret maioris frater Atridae :

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

chance at you, so you may have a chance at me ; still would I go to you and strive to bring you back with me. And I should get possession of your arrows (should Fortune favour me), just as I got possession of the Dardanian seer, whom I made captive ; just as I discovered the oracles of the gods and the fates of Troy ; just as I stole away from the midst of the enemy the enshrined image of Phrygian Minerva. And does Ajax compare himself to me ? The fact is, the fates declared that we could not capture Troy without this sacred statue. Where now is the brave Ajax ? Where are those big words of the mighty hero ? Why do you fear in such a crisis ? Why does Ulysses dare to go out beyond the sentinels, commit himself to the darkness and, through the midst of cruel swords, enter not alone the walls of Troy but even the citadel's top, steal the goddess from her shrine and bear her captured image through the enemy ? Had I not done this, in vain would the son of Telamon have worn on his left arm the sevenfold bulls'-hide shield. On that night I gained the victory over Troy ; at that moment did I conquer Pergama when I made it possible to conquer her.

“ Cease by your looks and mutterings to remind us that Tydides was my partner. He has his share of praise. You, too, when you held your shield in defence of the allied fleet, were not alone. You had a throng of partners ; I, but one. And if Diomedes did not know that a fighter is of less value than a thinker, and that the prize was not due merely to a right hand, however dauntless, he himself also would be seeking it ; so would the lesser Ajax, warlike Eurypylus and the son of illustrious Andraemon, and no less so Idomeneus and his fellow-countryman, Meriones ; yes, Menelaüs, too, would seek the prize.

OVID

quippe manu fortes nec sunt mihi Marte secundi, 360
 consiliis cessere meis. tibi dextera bello
 utilis, ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro;
 tu vires sine mente geris, mihi cura futuri;
 tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum
 eligit Atrides; tu tantum corpore prodes, 365
 nos animo; quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit
 remigis officium, quanto dux milite maior,
 tantum ego te supero, nec non in corpore nostro
 pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis.

“ At vos, o proceres, vigili date praemia vestro, 370
 proque tot annorum cura, quibus anxius egi,
 hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris:
 iam labor in fine est; obstantia fata removi
 altaque posse capi faciendo Pergama, cepi.
 per spes nunc socias casuraque moenia Troum 375
 perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi,
 per siquid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
 siquid adhuc audax ex praecipitique petendum est,
 si Troiae fatis aliquid restare putatis,
 este mei memores! aut si mihi non datis arma, 380
 huic date!” et ostendit signum fatale Minervae.

Mota manus procerum est, et quid facundia posset,
 re patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XII^r

But all these men, though stout of hand, fully my equals on the battlefield, have yielded to my intelligence. Your right arm is useful in the battle; but when it comes to thinking you need my guidance. You have force without intelligence; while mine is the care for to-morrow. You are a good fighter; but it is I who help Atrides select the time of fighting. Your value is in your body only; mine, in mind. And, as much as he who directs the ship surpasses him who only rows it, as much as the general excels the common soldier, so much greater am I than you. For in these bodies of ours the heart¹ is of more value than the hand; all our real living is in that.

“But do you, O princes, award the prize to your faithful guardian. In return for the many years which I have spent in anxious care, grant me this honour as the reward of all my services. And now my task is at an end; I have removed the obstructing fates and, by making it possible to take tall Pergama, I have taken her. Now, by our united hopes, by the Trojan walls doomed soon to fall, by the gods of whom but lately I deprived the foe, by whatever else remains still to be done with wisdom, if still some bold and hazardous deed must be attempted, if you think aught still is lacking to the fate of Troy, I beg you remember me! Or, if you do not give the arms to me, give them to her!” and he pointed to the fateful statue of Minerva.

The company of chiefs was moved, and their decision proved the power of eloquence: and the eloquent man bore off the brave man's arms. Then he who had so often all alone withstood great

¹ *i.e.* the mind or understanding. We should make the contrast between head and hand.

Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum ignesque Iovemque
 sustinuit totiens, unam non sustinet iram, 385
 invictumque virum vicit dolor: arripit ensem
 et "meus hic certe est! an et hunc sibi poscit
 Ulixes?"

hoc" ait "utendum est in me mihi, quique cruore
 saepe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc caede madebit,
 ne quisquam Aiace[m] possit superare nisi Ajax." 390
 dixit et in pectus tum demum vulnera passum,
 qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit ensem.
 nec valere manus infixum educere telum:
 expulit ipse cruor, rubefactaque sanguine tellus
 purpureum viridi genuit de caespite florem, 395
 qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus;
 littera communis mediis pueroque viroque
 inscripta est foliis, haec nominis, illa querellae.

Victor ad Hypsipyles patriam clarique Thoantis
 et veterum terras infames caede virorum 400
 vela dat, ut referat Tirynthia tela, sagittas;
 quae postquam ad Graios domino comitante revexit,
 inposita est sero tandem manus ultima bello.
 Troia simul Priamusque cadunt. Priameia coniunx
 perdidit infelix hominis post omnia formam 405
 externasque novo latratu terruit auras,
 longus in angustum qua clauditur Hellespontus
 Ilion ardebat, neque adhuc consederat ignis.
 exiguumque senis Priami Iovis ara cruorem
 conbiberat, tractatque comis antistita Phoebi 410
 non profecturas tendebat ad aethera palmas.
 Dardanidas matres patriorum signa deorum,

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Hector, so often sword and fire and Jove, could not withstand passion only; and resentment conquered the unconquered hero. Then, snatching out his sword, he cried: "But this at least is mine; or does Ulysses claim this also for himself? This I must employ against myself; and the sword which has often reeked with Phrygian blood will now reek with its master's, lest any man save Ajax ever conquer Ajax." He spoke and deep in his breast, which had not until then suffered any wound, where the way was open for the blow, he plunged his fatal sword. No hand was strong enough to draw away the deep-driven steel; the blood itself drove it out. The ensanguined ground produced from the green sod a purple flower, which in old time had sprung from Hyacinthus' blood. The petals are inscribed with letters, serving alike for hero and for boy: this one a name,¹ and that, a cry of woe.²

To the land³ of Queen Hypsipyle and the illustrious Thoas, once infamous for its murdered men of olden time, victorious Ulysses now set sail to bring thence the Tiryinthian⁴ arrows. After he had brought these to the Greeks, and their master⁵ with them, the final blow was at last given to the long-drawn war. Troy fell and Priam with it. The poor wife of Priam after all else lost her human form and with strange barking affrighted the alien air where the long Hellespont narrows to a strait. Ilium was in flames, nor had its fires yet died down, and Jove's altar had drunk up the scanty blood of aged Priam. The priestess⁶ of Apollo, dragged by the hair, was stretching to the heavens her unavailing hands. The Trojan women, embracing the

¹ ΑΙΑΣ.

⁴ *i. e.* of Hercules.

² ΑΙΑΙ.

⁵ Philoctetes.

³ Lemnos.

⁶ Cassandra.

OVID

dum licet, amplexas succensaque templa tenentes
 invidiosa trahunt victores praemia Grai ;
 mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde 415
 pugnanti pro se proavitaque regna tuentem
 saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solebat.
 iamque viam suadet Boreas, flatuque secundo
 carbasa mota sonant : iubet uti navita ventis ;
 “ Troia, vale ! rapimur ” clamant, dant oscula terrae
 Troades et patriae fumantia tecta relinquunt. 421
 ultima conscendit classem—miserabile visu !—
 in mediis Hecube natorum inventa sepulcris :
 prensantem tumulos atque ossibus oscula dantem
 Dulichiae traxere manus, tamen unius hausit 425
 inque sinu cineres secum tulit Hectoris haustos ;
 Hectoris in tumulo canum de vertice crinem,
 inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque reliquit.

Est, ubi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus
 Bistonii habitata viris : Polymestoris illic 430
 regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum
 clam, Polydore, pater Phrygiisque removit ab armis,
 consilium sapiens, sceleris nisi praemia magnas
 adiecisset opes, animi inritamen avari.
 ut cecidit fortuna Phrygum, capit inpius ense 435
 rex Thracum iuguloque sui demisit alumni
 et, tamquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent,
 exanimem scopulo subiectas misit in undas.

Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides,
 dum mare pacatum, dum ventus amicier esset : 440

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

images of their country's gods while still they might and crowding their burning temples, the victorious Greeks dragged off, an enviable booty. And Astyanax was hurled down from that tower where he was wont often to sit and watch his father whom his mother pointed out fighting for honour and safeguarding his ancestral realm. And now the North-wind called them on their way and the sails flapped loud, swelled by the favouring breeze. The mariner gives command to sail. "O Troy, farewell! we are forced away," the Trojan women cry; they kiss their land, and turn their backs upon their smoking homes. The last to go on board, a pitiable sight, was Hecuba, discovered midst the sepulchres of her sons. There, as she clung to their tombs, striving to give her farewell kisses to their bones, the hands of the Dulichian dragged her away. Yet she rescued Hector's ashes only, and bore the rescued dust with her in her bosom. And on Hector's tomb she left locks of her hoary hair, a meagre offering, her hair and tears.

Opposite to Phrygia where Troy stood, there lies a land where dwelt the Bistones. There was the luxurious court of Polymestor, to whom your father, Polydorus, secretly commended you for care, sending you far from Phrygia's strife; a prudent plan, if he had not sent with you a great store of treasure, the prize of crime, a temptation to a greedy soul. When the Phrygian fortunes waned, the impious Thracian king took his sword and thrust it into his young charge's throat; and just as if a murder could be disposed of with the victim's body, he threw the corpse from a cliff into the waves below.

On this Thracian coast Atrides had moored his fleet until the sea should quiet down and the winds

OVID

hic subito, quantus, cum viveret, esse solebat,
 exit humo late rupta similisque minanti
 temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles,
 quo ferus iniusto petiit Agamemnona ferro
 "inmemores" que "mei disceditis," inquit "Achivi,
 obrutaque est mecum virtutis gratia nostrae! 416
 ne facite! utque meum non sit sine honore sepulcrum,
 placet Achilleos mactata Polyxena manes!"
 dixit, et inmiti sociis parentibus umbrae,
 rapta sinu matris, quam iam prope sola fovebat, 450
 fortis et infelix et plus quam femina virgo
 ducitur ad tumulum diroque fit hostia busto.
 quae memor ipsa sui postquam crudelibus aris
 admota est sensitque sibi fera sacra parari,
 utque Neoptolemum stantem ferrumque tenentem;
 inque suo vidit figentem lumina vultu, 456
 "utere iandudum generoso sanguine" dixit
 "(nulla mora est), aut tu iugulo vel pectore telum
 conde meo": (iugulumque simul pectusque retexit.
 scilicet haud ulli servire Polyxena vellet!) 460
 "haud per tale sacrum numen placabitis ullum!
 mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset:
 mater obest minuitque necis mihi gaudia, quamvis
 non mea mors illi, verum sua vita tremenda est.
 vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera manes, 465
 ite procul, si iusta peto, tactuque viriles
 virgineo removete manus! acceptior illi,
 quisquis is est, quem caede mea placare paratis,
 liber erit sanguis. siquos tamen ultima nostri
 verba movent oris (Priami vos filia regis, 470
 non captiva rogat), generatrici corpus inemptum
 260

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be more favourable. Here on a sudden, up from the wide-gaping earth, Achilles sprang, large as he was in life. He had a threatening manner and a look as on that day when with his hostile sword he fiercely challenged Agamemnon. "And are you, then, departing, ye Greeks," he cried, "forgetful of me? And have your thanks for my services been buried with me? It shall not be! And, that my tomb may not lack its fitting honour, let Polyxena be sacrificed and so appease Achilles' shade." He spoke, and the allied Greeks obeyed the pitiless ghost. Torn from her mother's arms, of whom she was well-nigh the only comfort left, the brave, ill-fated maid, with more than woman's courage, was led to the fatal mound and there was sacrificed upon the cruel tomb. Self-possessed she was, even when she had been placed before the fatal altar and knew the grim rites were preparing for her; and when she saw Neoptolemus standing, sword in hand, with his eyes fixed upon her face, she exclaimed: "Spill at last my noble blood, for I am ready; or plunge your sword deep in my throat or breast!" (and she bared her throat and breast. Polyxena, be sure, would not desire to live in slavery to any man!) "Not by such a rite as this will you appease any god! Only I would that my mother may know nothing of my death. My mother prevents and destroys my joy of death. And yet she should not deprecate my death, but rather her own life. Only do you, that I may go free to the Stygian spirits, stand back, if my request is just, and let no hand of man touch my virgin body. More acceptable to him, whoever he is, whom by my sacrifice you are seeking to appease, will my free blood be. But if my last words move any of you ('tis the daughter of King Priam and not a captive maid who asks it),

OVID

reddite, neve auro redimat ius triste sepulcri,
 sed lacrimis! tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.”
 dixerat, at populus lacrimas, quas illa tenebat,
 non tenet; ipse etiam flens invitique sacerdos 475
 praebita coniecto rupit praecordia ferro.
 illa super terram defecto poplite labens
 pertulit intrepidus ad fata novissima vultus;
 tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas,
 cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris. 480

Troades excipiunt deploratosque recensent
 Priamidas et quot dederit domus una cruores,
 teque gemunt, virgo, teque, o modo regia coniunx,
 regia dicta parens, Asiae florentis imago,
 nunc etiam praedae mala sors; quam victor Ulixes
 esse suam nollet, nisi quod tamen Hectors partu 486
 ediderat: dominum matri vix repperit Hector!
 quae corpus complexa animae tam fortis inane,
 quas totiens patriae dederat natisque viroque,
 huic quoque dat lacrimas; lacrimas in vulnera fundit
 osculaque ore tegit consuetaque pectora plangit 491
 canitiemque suam concreto in sanguine verrens
 plura quidem, sed et haec laniato pectore, dixit:
 “nata, tuae—quid enim superest?—dolor ultime
 matris,

nata, iaces, videoque tuum, mea vulnera, vulnus: 495
 en, ne perdididerim quemquam sine caede meorum,
 tu quoque vulnus habes; at te, quia femina, rebar
 a ferro tutam: cecidisti et femina ferro,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

restore my body to my mother without ransom ; and let her pay in tears and not in gold for the sad privilege of sepulture. She did pay in gold also when she could." She spoke, and the throng could not restrain their tears, though she restrained her own. Then did the priest, himself also weeping and remorseful, with deep-driven weapon pierce her proffered breast. She, sinking down to earth with fainting knees, kept her look of dauntless courage to the end. And even then, as she was falling, she took care to cover her body and to guard the honour of her modesty.

The Trojan women take up her body and count one by one the lamented Priamidae, and all the woes which this one house has suffered. You, royal maid, they weep, and you, who but yesterday were called queen-consort and queen-mother, you, once the embodiment of proud Asia, but now suffering hard lot even for a captive, one whom victorious Ulysses would not desire, save that she had given birth to Hector. A lord for his mother Hector scarcely found ! She, embracing the lifeless body of that brave spirit, gives to it also the tears which she has shed so often for country, sons and husband. She pours her tears into her daughter's wound, covers her face with kisses, and beats the breasts that have endured so many blows. Then sweeping her white hair in the clotted blood and tearing her breast, this and much more she cried : " O child, your mother's last cause for grief—for what else is left me—my child, low you lie, and I see your wound, my wound. Behold, that I might lose none of my children without violence, you also have your wound. But you, because you were a woman, I thought safe from the sword ; even though

OVID

totque tuos idem fratres, te perdidit idem,
 exitium Troiae nostrique orbator, Achilles; 500
 at postquam cecidit Paridis Phoebique sagittis,
 ‘ nunc certe,’ dixi, ‘ non est metuendus Achilles ’ :
 nunc quoque mi metuendus erat ; cinis ipse sepulti
 in genus hoc saevit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem ;
 Aeacidæ fecunda fui ! iacet Ilion ingens, 505
 eventuque gravi finita est publica clades,
 sed finita tamen ; soli mihi Pergama restant.
 in cursuque meus dolor est : modo maxima rerum,
 tot generis natisque potens nuribusque viroque
 nunc trahor exul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum, 510
 Penelopæ munus, quæ me data pensa trahentem
 matribus ostendens Ithacis ‘ hæc Hectoris illa est
 clara parens, hæc est ’ dicet ‘ Priameia coniunx,’
 postque tot amissos tu nunc, quæ sola levabas
 maternos luctus, hostilia busta piasti ! 515
 inferias hosti peperisti ! quo ferrea resto ?
 quidve moror ? quo me servas, annosa senectus ?
 quo, di crudeles, nisi uti nova funera cernam,
 vivacem differtis animum ? quis posse putaret
 felicem Priamum post diruta Pergama dici ? 520
 felix morte sua est ! nec te, mea nata, peremptam
 adspicit et vitam pariter regnumque reliquit.
 at, puto, funeribus dotabere, regia virgo,
 condeturque tuum monumentis corpus avitis !
 non hæc est fortuna domus : tibi munera matris 525

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a woman, you have fallen by the sword; and that same Achilles, who had destroyed all your brothers, has destroyed you, too, that curse of Troy, bereaver of my heart. But when he fell by Paris' and by Phoebus' arrows, 'Surely,' I said, 'now is Achilles to be feared no more.' But even now I was still to fear him. His very ashes, though he is dead and buried, are savage against our race; even in the tomb we have felt him for our enemy; for Achilles have I been fruitful! Great Troy lies low, and by a woeful issue the public calamity was ended; yet it was ended; for me alone Pergama still survives; my woes still run their course. But late on the pinnacle of fame, strong in my many sons, my daughters, and my husband, now, exiled, penniless, torn from the tombs of my loved ones, I am dragged away as prize for Penelope. And as I sit spinning my allotted task of wool, she will point me out to the dames of Ithaca and say: 'This woman is Hector's noble mother, this is Priam's queen.' And now after so many have been lost, you, who alone were left to console your mother's grief, you have been sacrificed upon our foeman's tomb. Yes, I have but borne a victim for my enemy. And to what end do I, unfeeling wretch, live on? Why do I linger? To what end, O wrinkled age, do you keep me here? To what end, ye cruel gods, save that I still may see fresh funerals, do you prolong an old woman's life? Who would suppose that Priam could be called happy when Pergama was o'erthrown? Happy is he in death. He does not see you, my daughter, lying murdered here; he left his life and kingdom, both at once. But I suppose, O royal maiden, you will be dowered with funeral rites and your body buried in your ancestral tomb. Such is no longer the fortune of our house. Your

OVID

contingent fletus peregrinaeque haustus harenae!
 omnia perdidimus : superest, cur vivere tempus
 in breve sustineam, proles gratissima matri,
 nunc solus, quondam minimus de stirpe virili,
 has datus Ismario regi Polydorus in oras. 530

quid moror interea crudelia vulnera lymphis
 abluere et sparsos inmiti sanguine vultus?"

Dixit et ad litus passu processit anili,
 albentes lacerata comas. "date, Troades, urnam!"
 dixerat infelix, liquidas hauriret ut undas : 535

adspicit eiectum Polydori in litore corpus
 factaque Threiciis ingentia vulnera telis ;
 Troades exclamant, obmutuit illa dolore,
 et pariter vocem lacrimasque introrsus obortas
 devorat ipse dolor, duroque simillima saxo 540

torpet et adversa figit modo lumina terra,
 interdum torvos sustollit ad aethera vultus,
 nunc positi spectat vultum, nunc vulnera nati,
 vulnera praecipue, seque armat et instruit iram.
 qua simul exarsit, tamquam regina maneret, 545

ulcisci statuit poenaeque in imagine tota est,
 utque furit catulo lactente orbata leaena
 signaque nacta pedum sequitur, quem non videt,
 hostem,

sic Hecube, postquam cum luctu miscuit iram,
 non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum, 550
 vadit ad artificem dirae, Polymestora, caedis
 colloquiumque petit ; nam se monstrare relictum
 velle latens illi, quod nato redderet, aurum.

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funeral gifts shall be your mother's tears; your burial, the sand of an alien shore! We have lost all; but still there's something left, some reason why for a brief span I may endure to live: his mother's dearest, now her only child, once youngest of my sons, my Polydorus, sent to these shores to the Thracian king. But why do I delay, meanwhile, to wash my daughter's cruel wounds with water, her face bespattered with un pitying blood?"

She spoke and with tottering steps of age went to the shore, tearing her grey hair as she went. "Give me an urn, ye Trojan women," the wretched creature said, intending to dip up some water from the sea. And there she saw the body of Polydorus, cast up upon the shore, covered with gaping wounds made by Thracian spears. The Trojan women shrieked at the sight; but she was dumb with grief; her very grief engulfed her powers of speech, her rising tears. Like a hard rock, immovable she stood, now held her gaze fixed upon the ground, and at times lifted her awful face to the heavens; now she gazed upon the features of her son as he lay there in death, now on his wounds, but mostly on his wounds, arming herself and heaping up her rage. When now her rage blazed out, as if she still were queen, she fixed on vengeance and was wholly absorbed in the punishment her imagination pictured. And as a lioness rages when her suckling cub has been stolen from her, and follows the discovered tracks of her enemy, whom she does not see, so Hecuba, wrath mingling with her grief, regardless of her years but not her deadly purpose, went straight to Polymestor, who wrought the heartless murder, and sought an audience with him, pretending that she wished to show him a store of gold which she had hoarded for her son and

OVID

credit Odrysius praedaeque adsuetus amore
 in secreta venit : tum blando callidus ore 555
 "tolle moras, Hecube," dixit "da munera nato !
 omne fore illius, quod das, quod et ante dedisti,
 per superos iuro." spectat truculenta loquentem
 falsaque iurantem tumidaque exaestuat ira
 atque ita correpto captivarum agmina matrum 560
 invocat et digitos in perfida lunina condit
 expellitque genis oculos (facit ira potentem)
 inmergitque manus foedataque sanguine sontis
 non lumen (neque enim superest), loca luminis haurit.
 clade sui Thracum gens inritata tyranni 565
 Troada telorum lapidumque incessere iactu
 coepit, at haec missum rauco cum murmure saxum
 morsibus insequitur rictuque in verba parato
 latravit, conata loqui : locus exstat et ex re
 nomen habet, veterumque diu memor illa malorum
 tum quoque Sithonios ululavit maesta per agros. 571
 illius Troasque suos hostesque Pelasgos,
 illius fortuna deos quoque moverat omnes,
 sic omnes, ut et ipsa Iovis coniunxque sororque
 eventus Hecubam meruisse negaverit illos. 575
 Non vacat Aurorae, quamquam isdem faverat armis,
 cladibus et casu Troiaeque Hecubaeque moveri.
 cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit
 Memnonis amissi, Phrygiis quem lutea campis
 vidit Achillea pereuntem cuspide mater ; 580
 vidit, et ille color, quo matutina rubescunt

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now would give him. The Thracian was deceived and, led by his habitual lust for gain, he came to the hiding-place. Then craftily, with smooth speech he said: "Come, Hecuba, make haste, give me the treasure for your son! I swear by the gods of heaven, all shall be his, what you give now and what you have given before." She grimly eyed him as he spoke and swore his lying oath. Then did her rising wrath boil over, and, calling the captive women to the attack, she seized upon him, dug her fingers into his lying eyes and gouged his eyeballs from their sockets—so mighty did wrath make her. Then she plunged in her hands and, stained with his guilty blood, she plucked out, not his eyes, for they were gone, but the places of his eyes. The Thracians, incensed by their king's disaster, began to set upon the Trojan with shafts and stones. But she, with hoarse growls, bit at the stones they threw and, though her jaws were set for words, barked when she tried to speak. The place still remains and takes its name¹ from this incident, where she, long remembering her ancient ills, still howled mournfully across the Sithonian plains. Her sad fortune touched the Trojans and her Grecian foes and all the gods as well; yes, all, for even Juno, sister and wife of Jove, declared that Hecuba had not deserved such an end.

But Aurora, though she had lent her aid to the Trojan arms, had no time to lament the ruin and the fall of Troy and Hecuba. A nearer care, grief for her own son, harassed her, the loss of Memnon, whom she, his bright mother, had seen dead by Achilles' spear on the Phrygian plain. She saw and those bright hues

¹ Cynossema (*κυνός σήμα*), the Sign (or Monument) of the Dog.

OVID

tempora, palluerat, latuitque in nubibus aether.
 at non inpositos supremis ignibus artus
 sustinuit spectare parens, sed crine soluto
 sicut erat, magni genibus procumbere non est 585
 dedignata Iovis lacrimisque has addere voces :
 “omnibus inferior, quas sustinet aureus aether,
 (nam mihi sunt totum rarissima templa per orbem)
 diva tamen, veni, non ut delubra diesque
 des mihi sacrificos caliturasque ignibus aras : 590
 si tamen adspicias, quantum tibi femina praestem,
 tum cum luce nova noctis confinia servo,
 praemia danda putes ; sed non ea cura neque hic est
 nunc status Aurorae, meritos ut poscat honores :
 Memnonis orba mei venio, qui fortia frustra 595
 pro patruo tulit arma suo primisque sub annis
 occidit a forti (sic vos voluistis) Achille.
 da, precor, huic aliquem, solacia mortis, honorem,
 summe deum rector, maternaque vulnera leni !”
 Iuppiter adnuerat, cum Memnonis arduus alto 600
 corrui igne rogas, nigrique volumina fumi
 infecere diem, veluti cum flumina natas
 exhalant nebulas, nec sol admittitur infra ;
 atra favilla volat glomerataque corpus in unum
 densetur faciemque capit sumitque calorem 605
 atque animam ex igni (levitas sua praebuit alas)
 et primo similis volucris, mox vera volucris
 insonuit pennis, pariter sonuere sorores
 innumerae, quibus est eadem natalis origo,
 270

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by which the morning skies flush rosy red grew dull, and the heavens were overcast with clouds. And when his corpse was laid upon the funeral pyre his mother endured not to look upon it, but, with streaming hair, just as she was, she disdained not to throw herself at the knees of mighty Jove and with many tears to pray: "Though I am least of all whom the golden heaven upholds (for in all the world but few and scattered temples rise to me), still as a goddess I come I ask not that thou give me shrines and sacred days and altars to flame with sacrificial fires. And yet, shouldst thou consider what service I, though but a woman, render thee, when each new dawn I guard the borders of the night, then wouldst thou deem that I should have some reward. But that is not my care nor is that Aurora's errand, to demand honours which she may have earned. Bereft of my Memnon I come, who bore brave arms (though all in vain) in his uncle's service, and in his early years has fallen by Achilles' warlike hand (for so you willed it). Grant then, I beg, some honour to him as solace for his death, O most high ruler of the gods, and soothe a mother's wounded heart." Jove nodded his consent, when Memnon's lofty pyre, wrapped in high-leaping flames, crumbled to earth, and the day was darkened by the thick black smoke, as when rivers send forth the fogs they have begotten, beneath whose pall the sunlight cannot come. Dark ashes whirled aloft and there, packed and condensed, they seemed to take on form, drew heat and vitality from the fire. (Its own lightness gave it wings.) At first, 'twas like a bird; but soon, a real bird, it flew about on whirring pinions. And along with it were countless sisters winging their noisy flight; and all were sprung from the same source.

terque rogum lustrant, et consonus exit in auras 610
 ter plangor, quarto seducunt castra volatu;
 tum duo diversa populi de parte feroces
 bella gerunt rostrisque et aduncis unguibus iras
 exercent alasque adversaque pectora lassant,
 inferiaeque cadunt cineri cognata sepulto 615
 corpora seque viro forti meminere creatas.
 praepetibus subitis nomen facit auctor: ab illo
 Memnonides dictae, cum sol duodena peregit
 signa, parentali moriturae more rebellant.—
 ergo aliis latrasse Dymantida flebile visum est; 620
 luctibus est Aurora suis iuncta piasque
 nunc quoque dat lacrimas et toto rorat in orbe.

Non tamen eversam Troiae cum moenibus esse
 spem quoque fata sinunt: sacra et, sacra altera,
 patrem

fert umeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros. 625
 de tantis opibus praedam pius eligit illam
 Ascaniumque suum profugaque per aequora classe
 fertur ab Antandro scelerataque limina Thracum
 et Polydoreo manantem sanguine terram
 linquit et utilibus ventis aestuque secundo 630
 intrat Apollineam sociis comitantibus urbem.
 hunc Anius, quo rege homines, antistite Phoebus
 rite colebatur, temploque domoque recepit
 urbemque ostendit delubraque nota duasque
 Latona quondam stirpes pariente retentas. 635
 ture dato flammis vinoque in tura profuso
 caesarumque boum fibris de more crematis

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Thrice round the pyre they flew and thrice their united clamour rose into the air. At the fourth flight the flock divided and in two warring bands the fierce contestants fought together, plying beak and hooked talons in their rage, wearying wing and breast in the struggle. At last these shapes kin to the buried ashes fell down as funeral offerings and remembered that they were sprung from that brave hero. The author of their being gave his name to the new-sprung birds, and they were called Memnonides from him; and still, when the sun has completed the circuit of his twelve signs, they fight and die again in honour of their father's festival. And so others wept while the daughter of Dymas bayed; but Aurora was all absorbed in her own grief; and even to this day she weeps pious tears and bedews the whole world with them.

And yet the fates did not permit Troy's hopes to perish with her walls. The heroic son¹ of Cytherea bore away upon his shoulders her sacred images and, another sacred thing, his father, a venerable burden. Of all his great possessions, the pious hero chose that portion, and his son, Ascanius. Then with his fleet of refugees he set sail from Antandros, left behind the sinful homes of Thrace and the land dripping with Polydorus' blood, and, with favouring winds and tides assisting, reached with his accompanying friends the city² of Apollo. Him Anius, who ruled over men as king and served Phoebus as his priest, received in the temple and his home. He showed his city, the new-erected shrines and the two sacred trees³ beneath which Latona had once brought forth her children. There they burned incense in the flames, poured out wine upon the incense and, according

¹ Aeneas.

² In Delos.

³ See VI. 335.

OVID

regia tecta pctunt, positisque tapetibus altis
 munera cum liquido capiunt Cerealia Baccho.
 tum pius Anchises: "o Phoebi lecte sacerdos, 640
 fallor, an et natum, cum primum haec moenia vidi,
 bisque duas natas, quantum reminiscor, habebas?"
 huic Anius niveis circumdata tempora vittis
 concutiens et tristis ait: "non falleris, heros
 maxime; vidisti natorum quinque parentem, 645
 quem nunc (tanta homines rerum inconstantia versat)
 paene vides orbem. quod enim mihi filius absens
 auxilium, quem dicta suo de nomine tellus
 Andros habet pro patre locumque et regna tenentem?
 Delius augurium dedit huic, dedit altera Liber 650
 femineae stirpi voto maiora fideque
 munera: nam tactu natarum cuncta mearum
 in segetem laticemque meri canaeque Minervae
 transformabantur, divesque erat usus in illis.
 hoc ubi cognovit Troiae populator Atrides, 655
 (ne non ex aliqua vestram sensisse procellam
 nos quoque parte putes), armorum viribus usus
 abstrahit invitas gremio genitoris alantque
 imperat Argolicam caelesti munere classem.
 effugiunt, quo quaeque potest: Euboea duabus 660
 et totidem natis Andros fraterna petita est.
 miles adest et, ni dedantur, bella minatur:
 victa metu pietas consortia corpora poenae
 dedidit; et timido possis ignoscere fratri:
 non hic Aeneas, non, qui defenderet Andron, 665
 Hector erat, per quem decimum durastis in annum.

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to the customary rite, they slaughtered cattle and burned their entrails in the altar-fire; then sought the palace-hall and, reclining on the high couches, they partook of Ceres' bounty and the wine of Bacchus. Then pious Anchises said: "O chosen priest of Phoebus, am I mistaken, or did you have, when first I saw your city, a son and four daughters as I recall?" And Anius, shaking his head bound with snowy fillets, sadly replied: "No, mightiest of heroes, you are not mistaken; you did see me the father of five children, whom now, such is the shifting nature of men's fates, you see well-nigh bereft. For of what help to me is my absent son, whom the land of Andros, named from him, holds in place of his father; for he rules the land as king. The Delian gave him the power of augury; but to my daughters Bacchus gave other gifts, greater than they could pray or hope to gain. For at my daughters' touch all things were turned to corn and wine and the oil of grey-green Minerva,¹ and there was rich profit in them. When Agamemnon, ravager of Troy, learned this (that you may know that we also have felt some share of your destructive storm), using armed force, he dragged my unwilling daughters from their father's arms, and bade them feed the Grecian army with their heavenly gift. They escaped, each as she could. Two sought Euboea; two fled to their brother's Andros. Armed bands pursued and threatened war unless they were surrendered. Fear conquered brotherly affection, and he gave up to punishment the persons of his kindred. And you could forgive the timid brother; for Aeneas was not here to succour Andros, nor Hector, through whom you held your own for ten years. And now they

¹ *i.e.* olives.

OVID

iamque parabantur captivis vincla lacertis :
 illae tollentes etiamnum libera caelo
 bracchia ' Bacche pater, fer opem ! ' dixere, tulitque
 muneris auctor opem,—si miro perdere more 670
 ferre vocatur opem, nec qua ratione figuram
 perdiderint, potui scire aut nunc dicere possum ;
 summa mali nota est : pennas sumpsere tuaeque
 coniugis in volucres, niveas abiere columbas."

Talibus atque aliis postquam convivia dictis 675
 inplerunt, mensa somnum petiere remota
 cumque die surgunt adeuntque oracula Phoebi,
 qui petere antiquam matrem cognataque iussit
 litora ; prosequitur rex et dat munus ituris,
 Anchisae sceptrum, chlamydem pharetramque
 nepoti, 680

cratera Aeneae, quem quondam transtulit illi
 hospes ab Aoniis Therses Isniænis oris :
 miserat hunc illi Therses, fabricaverat Alcon
 Hyleus et longo caelaverat argumento.
 urbs erat, et septem posses ostendere portas : 685
 hae pro nomine erant, et quae foret illa, docebant ;
 ante urbem exequiae tumulique ignesque pyraeque
 effusaeque comas et apertae pectora matres
 significant luctum ; nymphae quoque flere videntur
 siccatosque queri fontes : sine frondibus arbor 690
 nuda riget, rodunt arentia saxa capellae.
 ecce facit mediis natas Orione Thebis
 hanc non femineum iugulo dare vulnus aperto,
 illam demisso per inertia vulnera telo

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were preparing fetters for the captives' arms, when they, stretching their still free arms to heaven, cried: 'O father Bacchus, help!' And he who gave their gift did bring them aid—if you call it aid, in some strange sort to lose their human form. For never did I know, nor can I now describe, how they lost it. But the outcome of my sad mishap I do know: covered with plumage, they were changed to snow-white doves, your consort's birds."

With such and other themes they filled up the feast, then left the banquet board and retired to rest; and on the morrow they rose and sought the oracle of Phoebus. He bade them seek their ancient mother and kindred shores. On their departure the king went forth with them and gave them parting gifts: a sceptre to Anchises, a robe and quiver to his grandson, and a goblet to Aeneas which Ismenian Therses, a guest, had once brought to the king from the Aonian coast. Therses had sent him the cup, but 'twas the handiwork of Hylean Alcon, who had engraved upon it a long pictured story. There was a city, on which you could discern seven gates. These served to name it and tell you what it was.¹ Before the city funeral rites were seen, with sepulchres and blazing funeral pyres; and women with dishevelled hair and naked breasts, proclaiming grief. Nymphs also seemed to weep and bewail their dried-up springs. The trees stood bare and leafless; goats nibbled in the parched and stony fields. See, in the Theban streets he represents Orion's daughters, one dealing a wound not apt for maiden's hands to her bared throat, the other dealing clumsy wounds with her weaving-shuttle, both falling as victims in the people's stead; then borne in funeral pomp through

¹ *i.e.* Thebes.

OVID

pro populo cecidisse suo pulchrisque per urbem 695
 funeribus ferri celebrique in parte cremari.

tum de virginea geminos exire favilla,
 ne genus intereat, iuvenes, quos fama Coronos
 nominat, et cineri materno ducere pompam.
 hactenus antiquo signis fulgentibus aere, 700
 summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho.
 nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt
 dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram,
 dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam.

Inde recordati Teucros a sanguine Teucri 705
 ducere principium, Cretam tenuere locique
 ferre diu nequiere Iovem centumque relictis
 urbibus Ausonios optant contingere portus,
 saevit hiems iactatque viros, Strophadumque receptos
 portubus infidis exterruit ales Aello. 710

et iam Dulichios portus Ithacamque Samonque
 Neritiasque domus, regnum fallacis Ulixis,
 praeter erant vecti: certatam lite deorum
 Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum
 iudicis, Actiaco quae nunc ab Apolline nota est, 715
 vocalemque sua terram Dodonida quercu
 Chaoniosque sinus, ubi nati rege Molosso
 inopia subiectis fugere incendia pennis.

Proxima Phaeacum felicibus obsita pomis
 rura petunt, Epiros ab his regnataque vati 720
 Buthrotos Phrygio simulataque Troia tenetur;
 inde futurorum certi, quae cuncta fideli

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the town and burned to ashes midst the mourning throngs. Then, that their race may not perish with them, from their virgin ashes spring two youths, whom fame has named Coroni. These join in the solemn rites due to their mother's dust. Such was the story told in figures gleaming on the antique bronze. Round the goblet's top, rough-carved, golden acanthus ran. The Trojans make presents in return of no less worth: an incense-casket for the priest, a libation-saucer and a crown, gleaming with gems and gold.

Thence, remembering that the Teucrians sprang from Teucer's stock, they sailed away to Crete.¹ Here, unable to endure for long the climate of the place, they abandoned Crete with its hundred cities and set out with eager spirit for the Ausonian shores. The wintry seas raged and tossed the heroic band; and, when they came to the treacherous harbour of the Strophades, Aëollo, the harpy, frightened them. And now Dulichium's anchorage, Ithaca and Samos, the homes of Neritos, the false Ulysses' kingdom—past all these they sailed. Ambracia next, once object of heaven's strife, they saw, and the image of the judge once changed to stone—Ambracia, now famed for Actian Apollo's sake; Dodona's land, with its speaking oaks; Chaonia's sheltered bay, where the sons of King Molossus on new-grown wings escaped impious fires.

Next they sought the land of the Phaeacians, set with fertile orchards, and landed at Buthrotos in Epirus with its mimic Troy, a city ruled by the Phrygian seer. There having learned all that awaited them from the friendly prophecies of Helenus,

¹ This, in accordance with their interpretation of the advice given in l. 678.

OVID

Priamides Helenus monitu praedixerat, intrant
 Sicaniam : tribus haec excurrit in aequora pennis,
 e quibus imbriferos est versa Pachynos ad austros, 725
 mollibus expositum zephyris Lilybaeon, at arcetos
 aequoris expertes spectat boreamque Peloros.
 hac subeunt Teucrici, et remis aestuque secundo
 sub noctem potitur Zancloa classis harena :
 Scylla latus dextrum, laevum inrequieta Charybdis 730
 infestat ; vorat haec raptas revomitque carinas,
 illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum,
 virginis ora gerens, et, si non omnia vates
 ficta reliquerunt, aliquo quoque tempore virgo :
 hanc multi petiere proci, quibus illa repulsis 735
 ad pelagi nymphas, pelagi gratissima nymphis,
 ibat et elusos iuvenum narrabat amores.
 cui dum pectendos praebet Galatea capillos,
 talibus adloquitur repetens suspiria dictis :
 “ te tamen, o virgo, genus haut inmite virorum 740
 expetit, utque facis, potes his inpune negare ;
 at mihi, cui pater est Nereus, quam caerulea Doris
 enixa est, quae sum turba quoque tuta sororum,
 non nisi per luctus licuit Cyclopi amor
 effugere.” et lacrimae vocem inpediere loquentis. 745
 quas ubi marmoreo detersit pollice virgo
 et solata deam est, “ refer, o carissima ” dixit
 “ neve tui causam tege (sic sum fida) doloris ! ”
 Nereis his contra resecula Crataeide natam est :
 “ Acis erat Fauno nymphaque Symaethide cretus 750
 magna quidem patrisque sui matrisque voluptas,
 nostra tamen maior ; nam me sibi iunxerat uni.
 pulcher et octonis iterum natalibus actis
 signarat teneras dubia lanugine malas.

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Priam's son, they came to Sicily. This land runs out into the sea in three capes. Of these, Pachynos faces to the rainy south, Lilybaeon feels the soft western breeze, and Peloros looks to the northern Bears, who never go beneath the sea. Hither the Teucris came and with oars and favouring tides the fleet reached the sandy beach of Zancle as darkness fell. Scylla infests the right-hand coast, unresting Charybdis the left. The one sucks down and vomits forth again the ships she has caught; the other's uncanny waist is girt with ravening dogs. She has a virgin's face and, if all the tales of poets are not false, she was herself once a virgin. Many suitors sought her; but she scorned them all and, taking refuge with the sea-nymphs (for the sea-nymphs loved her well), she would tell them of the disappointed wooing of her lovers. There once Galatea, while she let the maiden comb her hair, first sighing deeply, thus addressed her: "You truly, maiden, are wooed by a gentle race of men, and you can repulse them without fear, even as you do. But I, whose father is Nereus and whose mother the sea-hued Doris, who am safe also in a throng of sisters, I was not allowed to shun the Cyclops' love without grievous consequence." Tears checked her further speech. When the maid with her white fingers had dried the goddess' tears and had consoled her, she said: "Tell me, O dearest one, and do not conceal the cause of your woe, for I am faithful to you." And the Nereid answered Crataeis' daughter in these words: "Acis was son of Faunus and the nymph Symaethis, great joy to his father and his mother, but greater joy to me; for he loved me with whole-hearted love. Beautiful he was, and his sixteenth birthday past, a faint down had marked his youthful cheeks. Him did

OID

hunc ego, me Cyclops nulla cum fine petebat. 755
 nec, si quaesieris, odium Cyclopis amorne
 Acidis in nobis fuerit praesentior, edam :
 par utrumque fuit. pro ! quanta potentia regni
 est, Venus alma, tui ! nempe ille inmitis et ipsis
 horrendus silvis et visus ab hospite nullo 760
 inpune et magni cum dis contemptor Olympi,
 quid sit amor, sensit validaque cupidine captus
 uritur oblitus pecorum antrorumque suorum.
 iamque tibi formae, iamque est tibi cura placendi,
 iam rigidos pectis rastris, Polypheme, capillos, 765
 iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam
 et spectare feros in aqua et componere vultus.
 caedis amor feritasque sitisque inmensa cruoris
 cessant, et tutae veniuntque abeuntque carinae.
 Telemus interea Siculam delatus ad Aetnen, 770
 Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales,
 terribilem Polyphemon adit 'lumen' que, 'quod unum
 fronte geris media, rapiet tibi' dixit 'Ulixes.'
 risit et 'o vatum stolidissime, falleris,' inquit,
 'altera iam rapuit.' sic frustra vera monentem 775
 spernit et aut gradiens ingenti litora passu
 degravat, aut fessus sub opaca revertitur antra.
 prominet in pontum cuneatus acumine longo
 collis (utrumque latus circumfluit aequoris unda) :
 huc ferus adscendit Cyclops mediusque resedit ; 780
 lanigerae pecudes nullo ducente secutae.
 cui postquam pinus, baculi quae praebuit usum,
 ante pedes posita est antennis apta ferendis
 sumptaque harundinibus compacta est fistula centum,
 senserunt toti pastoria sibila montes, 785

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I love, but the Cyclops loved me with endless wooing. Nor, if you should ask me, could I tell which was stronger in me, my hate of Cyclops or my love of Acis; for both were in equal measure. O mother Venus, how mighty is thy sway! Behold, that savage creature, whom the very woods shudder to look upon, whom no stranger has ever seen save to his own hurt, who despises great Olympus and its gods, he feels the power of love and burns with mighty desire, forgetful of his flocks and of his caves. | And now, Polyphemus, you become careful of your appearance, now anxious to please; now with a rake you comb your shaggy locks, and now it is your pleasure to cut your rough beard with a reaping-hook, gazing at your rude features in some clear pool and composing their expression. Your love of slaughter falls away, your fierce nature and your quenchless thirst for blood; and ships come and go in safety. Meanwhile Telemus had come to Sicilian Aetna, Telemus, the son of Eurymus, whom no bird had deceived; and he said to grim Polyphemus: 'That one eye, which you have in the middle of your forehead, Ulysses will take from you.' He mocked and answered: 'O most stupid seer, you are wrong; another has already taken it.' Thus did he scoff at the man who vainly sought to warn him, and stalked with huge, heavy tread along the shore, or returned, weary, to his shady cave. A wedge-shaped promontory with long, sharp point juts out into the sea, both sides washed by the waves. Hither the fierce Cyclops climbed and sat down on the cliff's central point, and his woolly sheep, all unheeded, followed him. Then, laying at his feet the pine-trunk which served him for a staff, fit for a vessel's mast, he took his pipe made of a hundred reeds. All the mountains felt the sound of his rustic pipings; the waves felt it too. I, hiding

OVID

senserunt undae ; latitans ego rupe meique
 Acidis in gremio residens procul auribus hausi
 talia dicta meis auditaque verba notavi :

“ “ Candidior folio nivei Galatea ligustri,
 floridior pratis, longa procerior alno, 790

splendidior vitro, tenero lascivior haedo,
 levior adsiduo detritis aequore conchis,
 solibus hibernis, aestiva gratior umbra,
 nobilior pomis, platano conspectior alta,
 lucidior glacie, matura dulcior uva, 795
 mollior et cygni plumis et lacte coacto,
 et si non fugias, riguo formosior horto ;

“ “ Saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuvenis,
 durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis, 800
 lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,

his immobilior scopulis, violentior amne,
 laudato pavone superbior, acrior igni,
 asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa,
 surdior aequoribus, calcato inmitior hydro,
 et, quod praecipue vellem tibi demere possem, 805

non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
 verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura,
 (at bene si noris, pigeat fugisse, morasque
 ipsa tuas damnes et me retinere labores).

sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo 810
 antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu,
 nec sentitur hiems ; sunt poma gravantia ramos,
 sunt auro similes longis in vitibus uvae,
 sunt et purpureae : tibi et has servamus et illas.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

beneath a rock and resting in my Acis' arms, at a great distance heard the words he sang and well remember them :

“ O Galatea, whiter than snowy privet-leaves, more blooming than the meadows, surpassing the alder in your tall slenderness, more sparkling than crystal, more frolicsome than a tender kid, smoother than shells worn by the constant waves, more welcome than the winter's sun and summer's shade, more goodly than orchard-fruit, fairer than the tall plane-tree, more shining-clear than ice, sweeter than ripened grapes, softer than swan's down and curdled milk, and, if only you would not flee from me, more beautiful than a well-watered garden.

“ Yet you, the same Galatea, are more obstinate than an untamed heifer, harder than aged oak, falser than water, tougher than willow-twigs and white briony-vines, more immovable than these rocks, more boisterous than a stream, vainer than a praised peacock, more cruel than fire, sharper than thorns, more savage than a she-bear with young, deaf than the sea, more pitiless than a trodden snake, and, what I would most of all that I could take from you, swifter not only than the stag driven before the baying hounds, but also than the winds and the fleeting breeze! But, if only you knew me well, you would regret that you have fled from me; you would yourself condemn your coy delays and seek to hold me. I have a whole mountain-side for my possessions, deep caves in the living rock, where neither the sun is felt in his midsummer heat, nor the winter's cold. I have apples weighing down their branches, grapes yellow as gold on the trailing vines, and purple grapes as well. Both these and those I am keeping for your use. With your own hand you

OVID

ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra 815
 mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna
 prunaque non solum nigro liventia suco,
 verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.
 nec tibi castaneae me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt
 arbutei fetus: omnis tibi serviet arbor. 820

“Hoc pecus omne meum est, multae quoque
 vallibus errant,
 multas silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris,
 nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint:
 pauperis est numerare pecus; de laudibus harum
 nil mihi credideris, praesens potes ipsa videre, 825
 ut vix circumeant distentum cruribus uber.
 sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni.
 sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi.
 lac mihi semper adest niveum: pars inde bibenda
 servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant. 830

“Nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum
 munera contingent, dammae leporesque caperque,
 parve columbarum demptusve cacumine nidus:
 inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
 inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis, 835
 villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae:
 inveni et dixi “dominae servabimus istos.”

“Iam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exere ponto,
 iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra!
 certe ego me novi liquidaeque in imagine vidi 840
 nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.
 adspice, sim quantus: non est hoc corpore maior
 Iuppiter in caelo, nam vos narrare soletis
 nescio quem regnare Iovem; coma plurima torvos

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

shall gather the luscious strawberries that grow within the woody shade, cherries in autumn-time and plums, both juicy and purple-black and the large yellow kind, yellow as new wax. Chestnuts also shall be yours and the fruit of the arbuté-tree, if you will take me for your husband; and every tree shall yield to your desire.

“And all this flock is mine. Many besides are wandering in the valleys, many are in the woods, still others are safe within their cavern-folds. Nay, should you chance to ask, I could not tell you how many in all I have. 'Tis a poor man's business to count his flocks. And you need not believe my praises of them; here you can see for yourself how they can hardly walk for their distended udders. And I have, coming on, lambs in my warm folds and kids, too, of equal age, in other folds. There's always a plenty of snow-white milk. Some of it is kept for drinking, and some the rennet hardens into curds.

“And you shall have no easily gotten pets or only common presents, such as does and hares and goats, or a pair of doves, or a nest taken from the cliff. I found on the mountain-top two cubs of a shaggy bear for you to play with, so much alike that you can scarcely tell them apart. I found them and I said: “I'll keep these for my mistress!”

“And now, Galatea, do but raise your glistening head from the blue sea. Now come and don't despise my gifts. Surely I know myself; lately I saw my reflection in a clear pool, and I liked my features when I saw them. Just look, how big I am! Jupiter himself up there in the sky has no bigger body; for you are always talking of some Jove or other as ruling there. A wealth of hair

OVID

prominet in vultus, umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat ;
 nec mea quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis 846
 corpora, turpe puta : turpis sine frondibus arbor,
 turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent ;
 pluma tegit volucres, ovibus sua lana decori est :
 barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae. 850
 unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar
 ingentis clipei. quid ? non haec omnia magnus
 Sol videt e caelo ? Soli tamen unicus orbis.

“ Adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore
 regnat :

hunc tibi do socerum ; tantum miserere precesque 855
 supplicis exaudi ! tibi enim succumbimus uni,
 quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen,
 Nerei, te vereor, tua fulmine saevior ira est.
 atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius,
 si fugeres omnes ; sed cur Cyclope repulso 860
 Acin amas praefersque meis complexibus Acin ?
 ille tamen placeatque sibi placeatque licebit,
 quod nollem, Galatea, tibi ; modo copia detur :
 sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires !
 viscera viva traham divulsaque membra per agros 863
 perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat !) undas.
 uror enim, laesusque exaestuatur acrius ignis,
 cumque suis videor translata viribus Aetnam
 pectore ferre meo, nec tu, Galatea, moveris.'

“ Talia nequiquam questus (nam cuncta videbam)
 surgit et ut taurus vacca furibundus adempta 871
 stare nequit silvaeque et notis saltibus errat,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

overhangs my manly face and it shades my shoulders like a grove. And don't think it ugly that my whole body is covered with thick, bristling hair. A tree is ugly without its leaves and a horse is ugly if a thick mane does not clothe his sorrel neck; feathers clothe the birds, and their own wool is becoming to sheep; so a beard and shaggy hair on his body well become a man. True, I have but one eye in the middle of my forehead, but it is as big as a good-sized shield. And what of that? Doesn't the great sun see everything here on earth from his heavens? And the sun has but one eye.

“Furthermore, my father is king over your own waters; and him I am giving to you for father-in-law. Only pity me and listen to my humble prayer; for I bow to you alone; I, who scorn Jove and his heaven and his all-piercing thunderbolt, I fear you alone, O Nereid; your anger is more deadly than the lightning-flash. And I could better bear your scorning if you fled from all your suitors. But why, though you reject Cyclops, do you love Acis, and why do you prefer Acis to my arms? And yet he may please himself and please you too, Galatea; but oh, I wish he didn't please you. But only let me have a chance at him! Then he'll find that I am as strong as I am big. I'll tear his vitals out alive, I'll rend him limb from limb and scatter the pieces over the fields and over your waves—so may he mate with you! For oh, I burn, and my hot passion, thus scorned, rages more fiercely within me; I seem to carry Aetna in my breast, borne thither with all his violence. And you, Galatea, do not care at all.’

“Such vain complaints he uttered, and rose up (I saw it all), just as a bull which, furious when the cow has been taken from him, cannot stand still, but

OVID

cum ferus ignaros nec quicquam tale timentes
 me videt atque Acin 'video' que exclamat 'et ista
 ultima sit, faciam, Veneris concordia vestrae.' 875
 tantaque vox, quantam Cyclops iratus habere
 debuit, illa fuit: clamore perhorruit Aetne.
 ast ego vicino pavefacta sub aequore mergor;
 terga fugae dederat conversa Symaethius heros
 et 'fer opem, Galatea, precor, mihi! ferte, parentes,'
 dixerat 'et vestris periturum admittite regnis!' 881
 insequitur Cyclops partemque e monte revulsam
 mittit, et extremus quamvis pervenit ad illum
 angulus e saxo, totum tamen obruit Acin.
 at nos, quod fieri solum per fata licebat, 885
 fecimus, ut vires adsumeret Acis avitas.
 puniceus de mole cruor manabat, et intra
 temporis exiguum rubor evanescere coepit,
 fitque color primo turbati fluminis imbre
 purgaturque mora; tum moles iacta dehiscit, 890
 vivaque per rimas proceraque surgit harundo,
 osque cavum saxi sonat exsultantibus undis,
 mira que res, subito media tenus exstitit alvo
 incinctus iuvenis flexis nova cornua cannis,
 qui, nisi quod maior, quod toto caerulus ore, 895
 Acis erat, sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis, in amnem
 versus, et antiquum tenuerunt flumina nomen."

Desierat Galatea loqui, coetuque soluto
 discedunt placidisque natant Nereides undis.
 Scylla redit; neque enim medio se credere ponto 900
 audet, et aut bibula sine vestibus errat harena

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

wanders through the woods and familiar pasture-lands. Then the fierce giant spied me and Acis, neither knowing nor fearing such a fate, and he cried: 'I see you, and I'll make that union of your loves the last.' His voice was big and terrible as a furious Cyclops' voice should be. Aetna trembled with the din of it. But I, in panic fright, dived into the near-by sea. My Symaethian hero had already turned to run, and cried: 'Oh, help me, Galatea, I pray; help me, my parents, and take me, doomed now to perish, to your kingdom. Cyclops ran after him and hurled a piece wrenched from the mountain-side; and, though that merest corner of the mass reached Acis, still it was enough to bury him altogether. But I (the only thing that fate allowed to me) caused Acis to assume his ancestral powers. Crimson blood came trickling from beneath the mass; then in a little while its ruddy colour began to fade away and it became the colour of a stream swollen by the early rains, and it cleared entirely in a little while. Then the mass that had been thrown cracked wide open and a tall, green reed sprang up through the crack, and the hollow opening in the rock resounded with leaping waters, and, wonderful! suddenly a youth stood forth waist-deep from the water, his new-sprung horns wreathed with bending rushes. The youth, save that he was larger and his face of dark sea-blue, was Acis. But even so he still was Acis, changed to a river-god; and his waters kept their former name.'

When Galatea had finished her story, the group of Nereids broke up and went swimming away on the peaceful waves. But Scylla, not daring to trust herself to the outer deep, returned to the shore, and there either wandered all unrobed along

OVID

aut, ubi lassata est, seductos nacta recessus
 gurgitis, inclusa sua membra refrigerat unda
 ecce freto stridens, alti novus incola ponti,
 nuper in Euboica versis Anthedone membris, 905
 Glaucus adest, visaeque cupidine virginis haeret
 et, quaecumque putat fugientem posse morari,
 verba refert; fugit illa tamen veloxque timore
 pervenit in summum positi prope litora montis.
 ante fretum est ingens, apicem conlectus in unum 910
 longa sub arboribus convexus in aequora vertex:
 constitit hic et tuta loco, monstrumne deusne
 ille sit, ignorans admiraturque colorem
 caesariemque umeros subiectaue terga tegentem,
 ultimaque excipiat quod tortilis inguina piscis. 915
 sensit et innitens, quae stabat proxima, moli
 “non ego prodigium nec sum fera belua, virgo,
 sed deus” inquit “aquae: nec maius in aequora Proteus
 ius habet et Triton Athamantiadesque Palaemon.
 ante tamen mortalis eram, sed, scilicet altis 920
 deditus aequoribus, tantum exercebar in illis;
 nam modo ducebam ducentia retia pisces,
 nunc in mole sedens moderabar harundine linum.
 sunt viridi prato confinia litora, quorum
 altera pars undis, pars altera cingitur herbis, 925
 quas neque cornigeræ morsu laesere iuvencae,
 nec placidae carpsistis oves hirtaevae capellae;
 non apis inde tulit conlectos sedula¹ flores,

¹ *So Vulg. Ehwald conjectures femina; Merkel semine.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

the thirsty sands or, when she was wearied, she would seek out some deep sequestered pool and there refresh her limbs in its safe waters. Behold Glaucus, sounding with his shell upon the sea, a new-come dweller in the deep waters; for his form had been but lately changed near Anthedon in Euboea. He saw the maid and straightway burned with love, and said whatever things he thought might stay her flight. Nevertheless, she fled him and, her speed increased by fear, she came to the top of a mountain which stood near the shore. It was a huge mountain facing the sea, rising into one massive peak, its shady top reaching far out over the water. Here Scylla stayed her flight and, protected by her position, not knowing whether he was a monster or a god, looked in wonder at his colour, his hair which covered his shoulders and his back, and at his groins merging into a twisted fish-form. He saw her and, leaning on a mass of rock which lay at hand, he said: "Maiden, I am no monster or wild creature; I am a sea-god; and neither Proteus nor Triton nor Palaemon, son of Athamas, has greater power over the deeps than I. I was mortal once, but even then devoted to the sea, and there my life was spent. Now I would draw in the nets full of fish, and now, sitting on some projecting rock, I would ply rod and line. There is a shore fringed by verdant meadows, one side of which is hemmed in by the waves and the other by herbage, which neither horned cattle have ever disturbed in grazing nor have your peaceful sheep nor hairy she-goats cropped it. No busy bee ever gathered flowers¹ from there

¹ *i.e.* either the honey from the flowers, or, according to Aristotle (*de An. Hist.*, V. xxii. 4), the flowers themselves, out of which the bees made the honeycombs.

OVID

non data sunt capiti genialia sarta, neque unquam
 falciferae secuere manus; ego primus in illo 930
 caespite consedi, dum lina madentia sicco,
 utque recenserem captivos ordine pisces,
 insuper exposui, quos aut in retia casus
 aut sua credulitas in aduncos egerat hamos.
 res similis fictae, sed quid mihi fingere prodest? 935
 gramine contacto coepit mea praeda moveri
 et mutare latus terraque ut in aequore niti.
 dumque moror mirorque simul, fugit omnis in undas
 turba suas dominumque novum litusque relinquunt.
 obstipui dubitoque diu causamque requiro, 940
 num deus hoc aliquis, num sucus fecerit herbae:
 'quae tamen has' inquam 'vires habet herba?'
 manuque
 pabula decerpsi decerptaque dente momordi.
 vix bene conbiberant ignotos guttura sucos,
 cum subito trepidare intus praecordia sensi 945
 alteriusque rapi naturae pectus amore;
 nec potui restare diu 'repetenda' que 'numquam
 terra, vale!' dixi corpusque sub aequora mersi.
 di maris exceptum socio dignantur honore,
 utque mihi, quaecumque feram, mortalia demant, 950
 Oceanum Tethynque rogant: ego lustror ab illis,
 et purgante nefas noviens mihi carmine dicto
 pectora fluminibus iubeor supponere centum;
 nec mora, diversis lapsi de partibus amnes
 totaque vertuntur supra caput aequora nostrum. 955
 hactenus acta tibi possum memoranda referre,
 hactenus haec meministi, nec mens mea cetera sensit.
 quae postquam rediit, alium me corpore toto,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

and bore them off; no festal wreaths for the head were ever gathered there, no hands with sickles ever mowed its grasses. I was the first to seat me on that turf, drying my dripping lines and spreading out upon the bank to count them the fish that I had caught, which either chance had brought to my nets or their own guilelessness had fixed upon my hooks. It sounds like an idle tale; but what advantage have I in deceiving you? My catch, on touching the grass, began to stir, then to turn over and to move about on land as in the sea. And while I paused in wonder they all slipped down into their native waters, abandoning their new master and the shore. I stood a long time in amaze and doubt, seeking the cause of this. Had some god done it, or was it the grasses' juice? 'And yet what herb could have such potency?' I said, and plucking some of the herbage with my hands, I chewed what I had plucked. Scarce had I swallowed the strange juices when suddenly I felt my heart trembling within me, and my whole being yearned with desire for another element. Unable long to stand against it, I cried aloud: 'Farewell, O Earth, to which I shall nevermore return!' and I plunged into the sea. The sea-divinities received me, deeming me worthy of a place with them, and called on Oceanus and Tethys to purge my mortal nature all away. And then they purged me, first with a magic song nine times repeated to wash all evil from me, and next they bade me bathe my body in a hundred streams. Straightway the rivers that flow from every side poured all their waters upon my head. So far I can recall and tell you what befell me; so far can I remember. But of the rest my mind retains no knowledge. When my senses came back to me I was far different from what I was but lately in all

OVID

ac fueram nuper, neque eundem mente recepi :
hanc ego tum primum viridi ferrugine barbam 960
caesariemque meam, quam longa per aequora verro
ingentesque umeros et caerulea bracchia vidi
cruraque pinnigero curvata novissima pisce.
quid tamen haec species, quid dis placuisse marinis,
quid iuvat esse deum, si tu non tangeris istis? ” 965
taliam dicentem, dicturum plura, reliquit
Scylla deum ; furit ille inritatusque repulsa
prodigiosa petit Titanidos atria Circes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIII

my body, nor was my mind the same. Then for the first time I beheld this beard of dark green hue, these locks which I sweep on the long waves, these huge shoulders and bluish arms, these legs which twist and vanish in a finny fish. And yet, what boots this form, what, that I pleased the sea-divinities, what profits it to be a god, if you are not moved by these things?" As he thus spoke and would have spoken more, Scylla fled from the god, and he, stung to mad rage by his repulse, betook him to the wondrous court of Circe, daughter of the Sun.

BOOK XIV

LIBER XIV

IAMQUE Giganteis iniectam faucibus Aetnen
arvaque Cyclopum, quid rastra, quid usus aratri
nescia nec quicquam iunctis debentia bubus
liquerat Euboicus tumidarum cultor aquarum,
liquerat et Zanclen adversaque moenia Regi 5
navifragumque fretum, gemino quod litore pressum
Ausoniae Siculaeque tenet confinia terrae.
inde manu magna Tyrrhena per aequora vectus
herbiferos adiit colles atque atria Glaucus
Sole satae Circes, vanarum plena ferarum. 10
quam simul adspexit, dicta acceptaque salute,
“diva, dei miserere, precor! nam sola levare
tu potes hunc,” dixit “videar modo dignus, amorem.
quanta sit herbarum, Titani, potentia, nulli
quam mihi cognitius, qui sum mutatus ab illis. 15
neve mei non nota tibi sit causa furoris:
litore in Italico, Messenia moenia contra,
Scylla mihi visa est. pudor est promissa precesque
blanditiasque meas contemptaque verba referre;
at tu, sive aliquid regni est in carmine, carmen 20
ore move sacro, sive expugnacior herba est,
utere temptatis operosae viribus herbae
nec medeare mihi sanesque haec vulnera mando,

BOOK XIV

AND now Aetna, heaped upon the giant's head,¹ and the fields of the Cyclops, which knew naught of the harrow or the plow, which owed no debt to yoked cattle, all these the Euboean haunter of the swelling waves had left behind ; he had left Zancle also, and the walls of Rhegium which lay opposite, and the shipwrecking strait which, confined by double shores, hems in the Ausonian and Sicilian land. Thence, swimming along with mighty strength through the Tyrrhene sea, Glaucus came to the herb-clad hills and the courts of Circe, daughter of the Sun, full of phantom beasts. When he beheld her, and a welcome had been given and received, he thus addressed the goddess : " O goddess, pity a god, I pray you ! for you alone, if I but seem worthy of it, can help this love of mine. What magic potency herbs have, O Titaness, no one knows better than myself, for I was changed by them. That the cause of my mad passion may be known to you, on the Italian coast, opposite Messene's walls, I saw Scylla. I am ashamed to tell of the promises and prayers, the coaxing words I used, all scornfully rejected. But do you, if there is any power in charms, sing a charm with your sacred lips ; or, if herbs are more effectual, use the tried strength of efficacious herbs. And I do not pray that you cure me or heal me of these wounds, nor end my

¹ See v. 346 f

OVID

fineque nil opus est : partem ferat illa caloris."

at Circe (neque enim flammis habet aptius ulla 25
 talibus ingenium, seu causa est huius in ipsa,
 seu Venus indicio facit hoc offensa paterno,)

talia verba refert : " melius sequerere volentem
 optantemque eadem parilique cupidine captam.
 dignus eras ultro (poteras certeque) rogari, 30
 et, si spem dederis, mihi crede, rogaberis ultro.
 neu dubites adsitque tuae fiducia formae,
 en ego, cum dea sim, nitidi cum filia Solis,
 carmine cum tantum, tantum quoque gramine possim,
 ut tua sim, voveo. spernentem sperne, sequenti 35
 redde vices, unoque duas ulciscere facto."

talia temptanti " prius " inquit " in aequore frondes "

Glaucus " et in summis nascentur montibus algae,
 sospite quam Scylla nostri mutentur amores."

indignata dea est et laedere quatenus ipsum 40
 non poterat, (nec vellet amans), irascitur illi,
 quae sibi praelata est ; venerisque offensa repulsa,
 protinus horrendis infamia pabula sucis
 conterit et tritis Hecateia carmina miscet

caerulaque induitur velamina perque ferarum 45
 agmen adulantum media procedit ab aula
 oppositumque petens contra Zancleia saxa
 Region ingreditur ferventes aestibus undas,
 in quibus ut solida ponit vestigia terra
 summaque decurrit pedibus super aequora siccis. 50
 parvus erat gurgis, curvos sinuatus in arcus,
 grata quies Scyllae : quo se referebat ab aestu

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

love ; let her but bear her part of this burning heat." But Circe (for no one has a heart more susceptible to such flames than she, whether the cause of this is in herself, or whether Venus, offended by her father's tattling, made her so) replied : " Much better would you follow one whose strong desire and prayer was even as your own, whose heart burned with an equal flame. You were worthy on your own part to be wooed, and could be, of a truth ; and, if you give some hope, I tell you truly you shall indeed be wooed. That you may believe this, and have some faith in your own power to charm, lo, I, goddess though I be, though the daughter of the shining Sun, though I have such magic powers in song and herb, I pray that I may be yours. Scorn her who scorns, and requite her love who loves you ; and so in one act repay us both." But to her prayer Glaucus replied : " Sooner shall foliage grow on the sea, and sooner shall seaweeds spring up on the mountain-tops, than shall my love change while Scylla lives." The goddess was enraged ; and, since she could not harm the god himself (and would not because of her love for him), she turned her wrath upon the girl who was preferred to her. In hurt anger at the refusal of her love, she straightway bruised together uncanny herbs with juices of dreadful power, singing while she mixed them Hecate's own charms. Then, donning an azure cloak, she took her way from her palace through the throng of beasts that fawned upon her as she passed, and made for Rhegium, lying opposite Zancle's rocky coast. She fared along the seething waters, on which she trod as on the solid ground, skimming dry-shod along the surface of the sea. There was a little pool, curving into a deep bow, a peaceful place where Scylla loved to come. Thither would she betake her

OVID

et maris et caeli, medio cum plurimus orbe
 sol erat et minimas a vertice fecerat umbras.
 hunc dea praevitiat portentificisque venenis 55
 inquinat; his fuis latices radice nocenti
 spargit et obscurum verborum ambage novorum
 ter noviens carmen magico demurmurat ore.
 Scylla venit mediaque tenus descenderat alvo,
 cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris 60
 adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas
 esse sui partes, refugitque abigitque timetque
 ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una
 et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque
 Cerbereos rictus pro partibus invenit illis: 65
 statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum
 inguinibus truncis utroque exstante coerces.

Flevit amans Glaucus nimiumque hostiliter usae
 viribus herbarum fugit conubia Circes;
 Scylla loco mansit cumque est data copia, primum 70
 in Circes odium sociis spoliavit Ulixen;
 mox eadem Teucras fuerat mensura carinas,
 ni prius in scopulum, qui nunc quoque saxeus exstat,
 transformata foret: scopulum quoque navita vitat.

Hunc ubi Troianae remis avidamque Charybdin 75
 evicere rates, cum iam prope litus adessent
 Ausonium, Libycas vento referuntur ad oras.
 excipit Aenean illic animoque domoque
 non bene discidium Phrygii latura mariti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

from the heat of sea and sky, when the sun at his strongest was in mid-heaven, and from his zenith had drawn the shadows to their shortest compass. This pool, before the maiden's coming, the goddess befools and tinctures with her baleful poisons. When these had been poured out she sprinkles liquors brewed from noxious roots, and a charm, dark with its maze of uncanny words, thrice nine times she murmurs over with lips well skilled in magic. Then Scylla comes and wades waist-deep into the water; when all at once she sees her loins disfigured with barking monster-shapes. And at the first, not believing that these are parts of her own body, she flees in fear and tries to drive away the boisterous, barking things. But what she flees she takes along with her; and, feeling for her thighs, her legs, her feet, she finds in place of these only gaping dogs' heads, such as a Cerberus might have. She stands on ravening dogs, and her docked loins and her belly are enclosed in a circle of beastly forms.

Glauco, her lover, wept at the sight and fled the embrace of Circe, who had used too cruelly her potent herbs. But Scylla remained fixed in her place and, when first a chance was given her to vent her hate on Circe, she robbed Ulysses of his companions. She also would have wrecked the Trojan ships had she not before their coming been changed into a rock which stands there to this day. The rock also is the sailors' dread.

When the Trojan vessels had successfully passed this monster and greedy Charybdis too, and when they had almost reached the Ausonian shore, the wind bore them to the Libyan coast. There the Sidonian queen¹ received Aeneas hospitably in heart and home,

¹ Dido.

OVID

Sidonis ; inque pyra sacri sub imagine facta 80
 incubuit ferro deceptaque decipit omnes.
 rursus harenosae fugiens nova moenia terrae
 ad sedemque Erycis fidumque relatus Acasten
 sacrificat tumulumque sui genitoris honorat.
 quasque rates Iris lunonia paene cremarat, 85
 solvit et Hippotadae regnum terrasque calenti
 sulphure fumantis Acheloiadumque relinquit
 Sirenum scopulos, orbataque praeside pinus
 Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas
 colle Pithecusas, habitantum nomine dictas. 90
 quippe deum genitor, fraudem et periuria quondam
 Cercopum exosus gentisque admissa dolosae,
 in deforme viros animal mutavit, ut idem
 dissimiles homini possent similesque videri,
 membraque contraxit naresque a fronte resimas 95
 contudit et rugis peraravit anilibus ora
 totaque velatos flamenti corpora villo
 misit in has sedes nec non prius abstulit usum
 verborum et natae dira in periuria linguae ;
 posse queri tantum rauco stridore reliquit. 100

Has ubi praeteriit et Parthenopeia dextra
 moenia deseruit, laeva de parte canori
 Aeolidae tumulum et, loca feta palustribus undis,
 litora Cumarum vivacisque antra Sibyllae
 intrat, et ad manes veniat per Averno paternos, 105
 orat. at illa diu vultum tellure moratum

L 10

doomed ill to endure her Phrygian lord's departure
On a pyre, built under pretence of sacred rites, she
fell upon his sword ; and so, herself disappointed, she
disappointed all. Leaving once more the new city
built on the sandy shore, Aeneas returned to the land
of Eryx and friendly Acestes, and there he made
sacrifice and paid due honours to his father's tomb.
Then he cast off the ships which Iris, Juno's messenger,
had almost burned, and soon had sailed past the
kingdom¹ of Hippotades, past the lands smoking
with hot sulphur fumes, and the rocky haunt of the
Sirens, daughters of Acheloüs. And now, his vessel
having lost her pilot, he coasts along Inarime and
Prochyte and Pithecusae, situate on a barren hill,
called from the name of its inhabitants. For the
father of the gods, hating the tricks and lies of the
Cercopians and the crimes committed by that treacherous
race, once changed the men to ugly animals in
such a way that they might be unlike human shape
and yet seem like them. He shortened their limbs,
blunted and turned back their noses, and furrowed
their faces with deep wrinkles as of age. Then he sent
them, clothed complete in yellow hair, to dwell in
these abodes. But first he took from them the power
of speech, the use of tongues born for vile perjuries,
leaving them only the utterance of complaint in
hoarse, grating tones.

When he had passed these by and left the walled
city of Parthenope upon the right, he came upon the
left to the mound-tomb of the tuneful son of Aeolus²
and the shores of Cumae, teaming with marshy waters,
and, entering the grotto of the long-lived sibyl, prayed
that he might pass down through Avernus' realm and
see his father's shade. The sibyl held her eyes long

¹ The Aeolian Isles.

² Misenus.

OVID

erexit tandemque deo furibunda recepto
 "magna petis," dixit, "vir factis maxime, cuius
 dextera per ferrum, pietas spectata per ignes.
 pone tamen, Troiane, metum: potiere petitis 110
 Elysiasque domos et regna novissima mundi
 me duce cognosces simulacraque cara parentis.
 invia virtuti nulla est via." dixit et auro
 fulgentem ramum silva Iunonis Avernae
 monstravit iussitque suo divellere trunco. 115
 paruit Aeneas et formidabilis Orci
 vidit opes atavosque suos umbramque senilem
 magnanimi Anchisae; didicit quoque iura locorum,
 quaeque novis essent adeunda pericula bellis.
 inde ferens lassos adverso tramite passus 120
 cum duce Cumaea mollit sermone laborem.
 dumque iter horrendum per opaca crepuscula carpit,
 "seu dea tu praesens, seu dis gratissima," dixit,
 "numinis instar eris semper mihi, meque fatebor
 muneris esse tui, quae me loca mortis adire, 125
 quae loca me visae voluisti evadere mortis.
 pro quibus aeras meritis evectus ad auras
 templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi turis honores."
 respicit hunc vates et suspiratibus haustis
 "nec dea sum," dixit "nec sacri turis honore 130
 humanum dignare caput, neu nescius erres,
 lux aeterna mihi carituraque fine dabatur,
 si mea virginitas Phoebos patuisset amanti.
 dum tamen hanc sperat, dum praecorrumpere donis
 me cupit, 'elige,' ait 'virgo Cumaea, quid optes: 135

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

fixed upon the earth, then lifted them at last and, full of mad inspiration from her god, replied: "Great things do you ask, you man of mighty deeds, whose hand, by sword, whose piety, by fire, has been well tried. But have no fear, Trojan; you shall have your wish, and with my guidance you shall see the dwellings of Elysium and the latest kingdom of the universe; and you shall see your dear father's shade. There is no way denied to virtue." She spoke and showed him, deep in Avernus Juno's¹ forest, a bough gleaming with gold, and bade him pluck it from its trunk. Aeneas obeyed; then saw grim Orcus' possessions, and his own ancestral shades, and the aged spirit of the great-souled Anchises. He learned also the laws of those places, and what perils he himself must undergo in new wars. As he retraced his weary steps along the upward way he beguiled the toil with discourse with his Cumaean guide; and as he fared along the dismal road in the dim dusk he said: "Whether thou art a goddess in very truth, or a maid most pleasing to the gods, to me shalt thou always seem divine, and I shall confess that I owe my life to thee, through whose will I have approached the world of death, have seen and have escaped in safety from the world of death. And for these services, when I have returned to the upper regions, I will erect a temple to thee and there burn incense in thine honour." The sibyl regarded him and, sighing deeply, said: "I am no goddess, nor do thou deem any mortal worthy of the honour of the sacred incense. But, lest you mistake in ignorance, eternal, endless life was offered me, had my virgin modesty consented to Phoebus' love. While he still hoped for this and sought to break my will with gifts, he said: 'Chose what you will,

¹ *i.e.* Proserpina.

OVID

optatis potiere tuis. ego pulveris hausti
 ostendi cumulum : quot haberet corpora pulvis,
 tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi ;
 excidit, ut peterem iuvenes quoque protinus annos.
 hos tamen ille mihi dabat aeternaque iuventam,
 si Venerem paterer : contempto munere Phoebi 141
 innuba permaneo ; sed iam felicior aetas
 terga dedit, tremuloque gradu venit aegra senectus,
 quae patienda diu est. nam iam mihi saecula septem
 acta vides : superest, numeros ut pulveris aequem,
 ter centum messes, ter centum musta videre. 146
 tempus erit, cum de tanto me corpore parvam
 longa dies faciet, consumptaque membra senecta
 ad minimum redigentur onus : nec amata videbor
 nec placuisse deo, Phoebus quoque forsitan ipse 150
 vel non cognoscet, vel dilexisse negabit :
 usque adeo mutata ferar nullique videnda,
 voce tamen noscar ; vocem mihi fata relinquent."

Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla
 sedibus Euboicam Stygiis emergit in urbem 155
 Troius Aeneas sacrisque ex more litatis
 litora adit nondum nutricis habentia nomen.
 hic quoque substiterat post taedia longa laborum
 Neritius Macareus, comes experientis Ulixei.
 desertum quondam mediis sub rupibus Aetnae 160
 noscit Achaemeniden improvisoque repertum

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maiden of Cumae, and you shall have your choice.' Pointing to a heap of sand, I made the foolish prayer that I might have as many years of life as there were sand-grains in the pile; but I forgot to ask that those years might be perpetually young. He granted me the years, and promised endless youth as well, if I would yield to love. I spurned Phoebus' gift and am still unwedded. But now my joyous springtime of life has fled and with tottering step weak old age is coming on, which for long I must endure. Even now you see me after seven centuries of life, and, ere my years equal the number of the sands, I still must behold three hundred harvest-times, three hundred vintages. The time will come when length of days will shrivel me from my full form to but a tiny thing, and my limbs, consumed by age, will shrink to a feather's weight. Then will I seem never to have been loved, never to have pleased the god. Phoebus himself, perchance, will either gaze unknowing on me or will deny that he ever loved me. Even to such changes shall I come. Though shrunk past recognition of the eye, still by my voice shall I be known, for the fates will leave me my voice."

While thus along the hollow way the sibyl told her story, out of the Stygian world Trojan Aeneas emerged near the Euboean city.¹ Making due sacrifices here, he next landed on a shore which did not yet bear his nurse's² name. Here also Neritian Macareus, a comrade of all-suffering Ulysses, had stayed behind after the long weariness of his wanderings. He recognizes Achaemenides,³ whom they had left long since abandoned midst the rocks of Aetna. Amazed thus suddenly to find him still

¹ Cumae.

² Caieta.

³ Aeneas had taken him on board near Aetna.

OVID

vivere miratus, "qui te casusve deusve
 servat, Achaemenide? cur" inquit "barbara Graium
 prora vehit? petitur vestra quae terra carina?"
 talia quaerenti, iam non hirsutus amictu, 165
 iam suus et spinis conserto tegmine nullis,
 fatur Achaemenides: "iterum Polyphemon et illos
 adspiciam fluidos humano sanguine rictus,
 hac mihi si potior domus est Ithaceque carina,
 si minus Aenean veneror genitore, nec umquam 170
 esse satis potero, praestem licet omnia, gratus.
 quod loquor et spiro caelumque et sidera solis
 respicio, possimne ingratus et inmemor esse?
 ille dedit, quod non anima haec Cyclopi in ora
 venit, et ut iam nunc lumen vitale relinquam, 175
 aut tumulo aut certe non illa condar in alvo.
 quid mihi tunc animi (nisi si timor abstulit omnem
 sensum animumque) fuit, cum vos petere alta relictus
 aequora conspexi? volui inclamare, sed hosti
 prodere me timui: vestrae quoque clamor Ulixis 180
 paene rati nocuit. vidi, cum monte revulsum
 inmanem scopulum medias permisit in undas;
 vidi iterum veluti tormenti viribus acta
 vasta Giganteo iaculantem saxa lacerto
 et, ne deprimeret fluctus ventusve carinam, 185
 pertimui, iam me non esse oblitus in illa.
 ut vero fuga vos a certa morte reduxit,
 ille quidem totam gemebundus obambulat Aetnam
 praetemptatque manu silvas et luminis orbis
 rupibus incursat foedataque bracchia tabo 190
 in mare protendens gentem exsecratur Achivam
 atque ait: 'o si quis referat mihi casus Ulixen,

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alive, he says: "What chance, what god has saved you, Achaemenides? Why does a Greek sail in a Trojan ship? What land does your vessel seek?" And to his questions Achaemenides, no longer roughly clad, his garments no longer pinned with thorns, but his own man once more, replied: "May I look on Polyphemus yet again, and those wide jaws of his, dripping with human gore, if I prefer my home and Ithaca to this ship, if I revere Aeneas less than my own father. Nor can I ever pay my debt of gratitude, though I should give my all. That I speak and breathe and see the heavens and the constellations of the sun, for this can I cease to thank him, and be mindful of him? 'Tis due to him that my life came not into the Cyclops' jaws, and though even now I should leave the light of life, I should be buried in a tomb, but surely not in that monster's maw. What were my feelings then (except that fear took away all sense and feeling) when, left behind, I saw you making for the open sea? I longed to call out to you, but I feared to betray myself to the enemy. Even your vessel Ulysses' cry almost wrecked. I saw when Cyclops tore up a huge rock from the mountain-side and hurled it far out to sea. I saw him again throwing great stones with his gigantic arms as from a catapult, and I feared lest the waves or the wind¹ should sink the ship, forgetting that I was not in her. But when you escaped by flight from certain death, he, groaning the while, went prowling all over Aetna, groping through the woods with his hands, and blindly dashing against the rocks. Then would he stretch out his bleeding arms to the sea and curse the whole Greek race, and say: 'Oh, that some chance would but bring

¹ *i.e.* of the stone.

OID

aut aliquem e sociis, in quem mea saeviat ira,
 viscera cuius edam, cuius viventia dextra
 membra mea laniem, cuius mihi sanguis inundet 195
 guttur, et elisi trepident sub dentibus artus :
 quam nullum aut leve sit damnum mihi lucis
 ademptae !'

haec et plura ferox, me luridus occupat horror
 spectantem vultus etiamnum caede madentes
 crudelesque manus et inanem luminis orbem 200
 membraque et humano concretam sanguine barbam.
 mors erat ante oculos, minimum tamen illa malorum,
 et iam prensurum, iam nunc mea viscera rebar
 in sua mersurum, mentique haerebat imago
 temporis illius, quo vidi bina meorum 205
 ter quater adfligi sociorum corpora terrae,
 cum super ipse iacens hirsuti more leonis
 visceraque et carnes cumque albis ossa medullis
 semianimesque artus avidam condebat in alvum ;
 me tremor invasit : stabam sine sanguine maestus,
 mandentemque videns eiectantemque cruentas 211
 ore dapes et frusta mero glomerata vomentem •
 talia fingebam misero mihi fata parari
 perque dies multos latitans omnemque tremiscens
 ad strepitum mortemque timens cupidusque moriri
 glande famem pellens et mixta frondibus herba 216
 solus inops exspes leto poenaeque relictus
 hanc procul adspexi longo post tempore navem
 oravique fugam gestu ad litusque cucurri,
 et movi : Graiumque ratis Troiana recepit ! 220

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Ulysses back to me, or some one of his friends, against whom my rage might vent itself, whose vitals I might devour, whose living body I might tear asunder with my hands, whose gore might flood my throat, and whose mangled limbs might quiver between my teeth! How nothing at all, or how slight a thing would the loss of my sight appear!' This and much more in fury. Pale horror filled me as I looked upon his face still smeared with blood, and his cruel hands, his sightless eye, his limbs and his beard, matted with human gore. Death was before my eyes, but that was the least of all my troubles. I kept always thinking: now he'll catch me, now he'll make my flesh part of his; and the picture stuck in my mind of that time when I saw him catch up two of my friends at once and dash them thrice and again upon the ground; and when, crouching like a shaggy lion over them, he filled his greedy maw with their vitals and their flesh, their bones full of white marrow, and their limbs still warm with life. A quaking terror seized me and I stood pale with horror as I watched him now chewing, now ejecting his bloody feast, now disgorging his scraps of food mingled with wine. Such fate I pictured as in store for wretched me. For many days I kept myself in hiding, trembling at every sound, fearing death and yet longing to die, keeping off starvation with acorns and grass and leaves, alone, helpless and hopeless, abandoned to suffering and death. And then, after a long time, far in the distance I saw this ship, and I begged them by my gestures to save me, I rushed down to the shore and I touched their hearts: a Trojan ship received a Greek! Now do you also tell of your adventures, best of comrades, what your leader

OVID

tu quoque pande tuos, comitum gratissime, casus
et ducis et turbae, quae tecum est credita ponto."

Aeolon ille refert Tusco regnare profundo,
Aeolon Hippotaden, cohibentem carcere ventos;
quos bovis inclusos tergo, memorabile munus, 225
Dulichium sumpsisse ducem flatuque secundo
lucibus isse novem et terram aspexisse petitam;
proxima post nonam cum sese aurora moveret,
invidia socios praedaeque cupidine victos
esse; ratos aurum, dempsisse ligamina ventis; 230
cum quibus isse retro, per quas modo venerat undas,
Aeoliique ratem portus repetisse tyranni,
"inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis" inquit "in urbem
venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.
missus ad hunc ego sum, numero comitante duorum,
vixque fuga quaesita salus comit'que mihique, 236
tertius e nobis Laestrygonis inopia tinxit
ora eruore suo. fugientibus instat et agmen
conciunt Antiphates; coeunt et saxa trabesque
coniciunt merguntque viros merguntque carinas. 240
una tamen, quae nos ipsumque vehebat Ulixen,
effugit. amissa sociorum parte dolentes
multaque conquesti terris adlabimur illis,
quas procul hinc cernis (procul est, mihi crede,
videnda
insula visa mihi!) tuque o iustissime Troum, 245
nate dea, (neque enim finito Marte vocandus
hostis es, Aenea) moneo, fuge litora Circes!
nos quoque Circaeo religata in litore pinu,
Antiphatae memores inmansuetique Cyclopis,
316

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suffered and the company which put to sea with you."

Then Macareus told how Aeolus ruled over the Tuscan waters, Aeolus, son of Hippotes, confining the winds in prison. These winds, enclosed in a bag of bull's hide, the Dulichian captain had received, a memorable gift. Nine days they had sailed along with a good stern breeze and had sighted the land they sought; but when the tenth morning dawned, Ulysses' comrades were overcome by envy and by lust of booty; thinking that gold was in the bag, they untied the strings that held the winds. These blew the vessel back again over the waves they had just crossed, and she re-entered the harbour of the Aeolian tyrant. "After that," he said, "we came to the ancient city of Laestrygonian Lamus. Antiphates was ruling in that land. I was sent to him with two companions. One comrade and myself by flight barely reached a place of safety; but the third of us stained with his blood the Laestrygonians' impious mouths. Antiphates pursued us as we fled and urged his band after us. They came on in a mob, hurling stones and heavy timbers, and they sank our men and sank our ships. One of them, however, in which I and Ulysses himself sailed, escaped. Grieving for our lost companions and with many lamentations, we finally reached that land which you see at some distance yonder. (And, trust my word, I found 'twas best to see it at a distance.) And you, most righteous Trojan, son of Venus (for now that the war is over, you are no longer to be counted foe, Aeneas), I warn you, keep away from Circe's shores! We also, having moored our vessel on Circe's shore, and remembering Antiphates and the cruel Cyclops, refused to go further, but were

OVID

ire negabamus; sed tecta ignota subire 250
 sorte sumus lecti: sors me fidumque Politen
 Eurylochumque simul nimioque Elpenora vino
 bisque novem socios Circaea ad moenia misit.
 quae simul attigimus stetimisque in limine tecti,
 mille lupi mixtaeque lupis ursaeque leaeque 255
 occursum fecere metum, sed nulla timenda
 nullaque erat nostro factura in corpore vulnus;
 quin etiam blandas movere per aera caudas
 nostraeque adulantes comitant vestigia, donec
 excipiunt famulae perque atria marmore tecta 260
 ad dominam ducunt: pulchro sedet illa recessu
 sollemni solio pallamque induta nitentem
 insuper aurato circumvelatur amictu.
 Nereides nymphaeque simul, quae vellera motis
 nulla trahunt digitis nec fila sequentia ducunt: 265
 gramina disponunt sparsosque sine ordine flores
 secernunt calathis variasque coloribus herbas;
 ipsa, quod hae faciunt, opus exigit, ipsa, quis usus
 quove sit in folio, quae sit concordia mixtis,
 novit et advertens pensas examinat herbas. 270
 haec ubi nos vidit, dicta acceptaque salute
 diffudit vultus et reddidit omina votis.
 nec mora, misceri tosti iubet hordea grani
 mellaque vimque meri cum lacte coagula passo,
 quique sub hac lateant furtim dulcedine, sucos 275
 adicit. accipimus sacra data pocula dextra.
 quae simul arenti sitientes hausimus ore,
 et tetigit summos virga dea dira capillos,
 (et pudet et referam) saetis horrescere coepi,
 nec iam posse loqui, pro verbis edere raucum 280

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

chosen by lot to approach the unknown houses. The lot sent me and the trusty Polites, Eurylochus also and Elpenor, too much given to wine, and eighteen others to Circe's city. When we arrived and stood within her courts, a thousand wolves and she-bears and lionesses in a mixed throng rushed on us, filling us with terror. But not one of them was to be feared; not one of them was to give us a single scratch upon our bodies. Why, they even wagged their tails in show of kindness, and fawned upon us as they followed us along, until attendant maidens took us in charge and led us through the marble halls to their 'mistress' presence. She sat in a beautiful retreat on her throne of state, clad in a gleaming robe, with a golden veil above. Her attendants were Nereids and nymphs, who card no fleece and spin no woollen threads with nimble fingers; their only task, to sort out plants, to select from a jumbled mass and place in separate baskets flowers and herbs of various colours. She herself oversees the work they do; she herself knows what is the value of each leaf, what ingredients mix well together, directs the tasks, and weighs the herbs. When she saw us and when welcome had been given and received, she smiled upon us and seemed to promise us the friendship we desired. At once she bade her maidens spread a feast of parched barley-bread, of honey, strong wine, and curdled milk; and in this sweet drink, where they might lie unnoticed, she slyly squeezed some of her baleful juices. We took the cup which was offered by her divine hand. As soon as we had thirstily drained the cup with parched lips, the cruel goddess touched the tops of our heads with her magic wand; and then (I am ashamed to tell, yet will I tell) I began to grow rough with bristles, and I could speak no longer, but in

OVID

murmur et in terram toto procumbere vultu,
 osque meum sensi pando occallescere rostro,
 colla tumere toris, et qua modo pocula parte
 sumpta mihi fuerant, illa vestigia feci
 cumque eadem passis (tantum medicamina possunt!)
 claudor hara, solumque suis caruisse figura 286
 vidimus Eurylochum : solus data pocula fugit ;
 quae nisi vitasset, pecoris pars una manerem
 nunc quoque saetigcri, nec tantae cladis ab illo
 certior ad Circen ultor venisset Ulixes. 290
 pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album :
 moly vocant superi, nigra radice tenetur ;
 tutus eo monitisque simul caelestibus intrat
 ille domum Circes et ad insidiosa vocatus
 pocula conantem virga mulcere capillos 295
 reppulit et stricto pavidam deterruit ense.
 inde fides dextraeque datae thalamoque receptus
 coniugii dotem sociorum corpora poscit.
 spargimur ignotae sucis melioribus herbae
 percutimurque caput conversae verberare virgae, 300
 verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.
 quo magis illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati
 erigimur, saetaeque cadunt, bifidosque relinquit
 rima pedes, redeunt umeri et subiecta lacertis
 brachia sunt : flentem flentes amplectimur ipsi 305
 haeremusque ducis collo nec verba locuti
 ulla priora sumus quam nos testantia gratos.
 annua nos illic tenuit mora, multaue praesens
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place of words came only hoarse, grunting sounds, and I began to bend forward with face turned entirely to the earth. I felt my mouth hardening into a long snout, my neck swelling in brawny folds, and with my hands, with which but now I had lifted the goblet to my lips, I made tracks upon the ground. And then I was shut up in a pen with others who had suffered the same change (so great was the power of her magic drugs!). We saw that Eurylochus alone was without the pig form; for he alone had refused to take the cup. If he had not refused it, I should even now be one of the bristly herd, and Ulysses would never have been informed by him of our great calamity, and come to Circe to avenge us. Peace-bringing Cyllenius had given him a white flower which the gods call moly. It grows up from a black root. Safe with this and the directions which the god had given him, Ulysses entered Circe's palace and, when he was invited to drink of the fatal bowl, he struck aside the wand with which she was attempting to stroke his hair, and threatened the quaking queen with his drawn sword. Then faith was pledged and right hands given and, being accepted as her husband, he demanded as a wedding gift the bodies of his friends. We were sprinkled with the more wholesome juices of some mysterious herb, our heads received the stroke of her reversed rod, and words were uttered over us which counteracted the words said before. And as she sang, more and still more raised from the ground we stood erect, our bristles fell away, our feet lost their cloven hoofs, our shoulders came back to us, and our arms resumed their former shape. Weeping, we embraced him, weeping too, and clung to our chieftain's neck; and the first words we uttered were of gratitude to him. We tarried in that country for a year, and in so long a

OVID

tempore tam longo vidi, multa auribus hausi,
hoc quoque cum multis, quod clam mihi rettulit una
quattuor e famulis ad talia sacra paratis. 311

cum duce namque meo Circe dum sola moratur,
illa mihi niveo factum de marmore signum
ostendit iuvenale gerens in vertice picum,
aede sacra positum multisque insigne coronis. 315
quis foret et quare sacra coleretur in aede,
cur hanc ferret avem, quaerenti et scire volenti
'accipe' ait, 'Macareu, dominaeque potentia quae
sit

hinc quoque disce meae; tu dictis adice mentem!

“ ‘Picus in Ausoniis, proles Saturnia, terris 320
rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum;
forma viro, quam cernis, erat: licet ipse decorem
adspicias fictaque probes ab imagine verum;
par animus formae; nec adhuc spectasse per annos
quinquennem poterat Graia quater Elide pugnam.
ille suos dryadas Latiis in montibus ortas 326
verterat in vultus, illum fontana petebant
numina, naiades, quas Albula, quasque Numici,
quas Anienis aquae cursuque brevissimus Almo
Narve tulit praeceps et opacae Farfarus umbrae, 330
quaeque colunt Scythicae stagnum nemorale Dianae
finitimosque lacus; spretis tamen omnibus unam
ille colit nymphen, quam quondam in colle Palati
dicitur ancipiti peperisse Venilia Iano.
haec ubi nubilibus primum maturuit annis, 335
praeposito cunctis Laurenti tradita Pico est,

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time many were the things I saw with my own eyes and many were the tales I heard. Here is one of the many which one of the four attendants appointed for such offices as have been mentioned¹ told me privately. For, while Circe was dallying alone with our leader, this nymph pointed out to me a snow-white marble statue of a young man with a woodpecker on his head. The statue was set in a sacred fane and attracted attention for its many wreaths. When in my curiosity I asked who it was and why he was worshipped in that holy place and why he had the bird upon his head, she told me this story: ‘Listen, Macareus, and learn from this how strong is my mistress’ magic. And do you give diligent heed to what I say.

“ ‘Picus, the son of Saturn, was once the king of the Ausonian country and was very fond of horses fit for war. The hero’s form was as you see it. And, though you should look upon his living beauty, still would you approve the true in comparison with his mimic form. His spirit was equal to his body. He could not yet have seen, as the years went by, four quinquennial contests at Grecian Elis; but already had he attracted to his beauty all the dryads sprung from the hills of Latium; the nymphs of the fountains pined for him, and the naiads who dwell in the Albula, beneath Numicus’ stream and Anio’s, short-coursing Almo, headlong Nar, and Farfar’s shady waters; and those who haunt the wooded pool of Taurian Diana and the neighbouring lakes. But, spurning all these, he loved one nymph alone, whom once on the Palatine Venilia is said to have borne to two-headed Janus. This maid, when she had ripened into marriageable years, was given

¹ See ll. 266 ff.

OVID

rara quidem facie, sed rarior arte canendi,
 unde Canens dicta est: silvas et saxa movere
 et mulcere feras et flumina longa morari
 ore suo volucresque vagas retinere solebat. 340
 quae dum feminea modulatur carmina voce,
 exierat tecto Laurentes Picus in agros
 indigenas fixurus apros tergumque premebat
 acris equi laevaue hastilia bina ferebat
 poeniceam fulvo chlamydem contractus ab auro. 345
 venerat in silvas et filia Solis easdem,
 utque novas legeret fecundis collibus herbas,
 nomine dicta suo Circaea reliquerat arva.
 quae simul ac iuvenem virgultis abdita vidit,
 obstipuit: cecidere manu, quas legerat, herbae, 350
 flammaque per totas visa est errare medullas.
 ut primum valido mentem conlegit ab aestu,
 quid cuperet, fassura fuit: ne posset adire,
 cursus equi fecit circumfususque satelles.
 "non" ait "effugies, vento rapiare licebit, 355
 si modo me novi, si non evanuit omnis
 herbarum virtus, et non mea carmina fallunt."
 dixit et effigiem nullo cum corpore falsi
 fingit apri praeterque oculos transcurrere regis
 iussit et in densum trabibus nemus ire videri, 360
 plurima qua silva est et equo loca pervia non sunt.
 haut mora, continuo praedae petit inscius umbram
 Picus equique celer spumantia terga relinquit
 spemque sequens vanam silva pedes errat in alta.

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to Laurentian Picus, preferred above all suitors. Rare was her beauty, but rarer still her gift of song, whence was her name, Canens. She used to move woods and rocks, soften wild beasts, stop the long rivers with her singing, and stay the wandering birds. Once, while she was singing her songs with her maidenly voice, Picus had sallied forth from home into the Laurentian fields to hunt the native boar. He bestrode a prancing courser, carrying in his left hand a brace of spears and wearing a purple mantle caught with a brooch of gold. The daughter¹ of the Sun also had come to those selfsame woods and, to gather fresh herbs on the fertile hills, she had left the fields called Circean from her name. As soon as she saw the youth from her leafy hiding-place she was struck with wonder. The herbs which she had gathered fell from her hands and burning fire seemed to creep through her whole frame. As soon as she could master her passion and collect her thoughts she was on the point of confessing her desire; but his swift-speeding horse and his thronging retinue prevented her approach to him. "You shall not escape me so," she cried, "not though the wind itself should bear you off, if I know myself, if my herbs' magic power has not wholly vanished, and if my charms have not failed." She spoke and fashioned an unsubstantial image of a boar and bade it rush across the trail before the prince's eyes and seem to take cover in a grove thick with fallen trees, where the woods were dense, places where a horse could not penetrate. The thing was done, and straightway Picus, all unconscious of the trick, made after his shadowy prey and, swiftly dismounting from his foaming steed, followed the empty lure

¹ Circe.

OVID

concipit illa preces et verba precantia dicit . 365
 ignotosque deos ignoto carmine adorat,
 quo solet et niveae vultum confundere Lunae
 et patrio capiti bibulas subtexere nubes.
 tum quoque cantato densetur carmine caelum
 et nebulas exhalat humus, caecisque vagantur 370
 limitibus comites, et abest custodia regis.
 nacta locum tempusque "per o, tua lumina," dixit
 "quae mea ceperunt, perque hanc, pulcherrime,
 formam,
 quae facit, ut supplex tibi sim dea, consule nostris
 ignibus et socerum, qui pervidet omnia, Solem 375
 accipe nec durus Titanida despice Circen."
 dixerat; ille ferox ipsamque precesque repellit
 et "quaecumque es," ait "non sum tuus; altera
 captum
 me tenet et teneat per longum, conprecor, aevum,
 nec Venere externa socialia foedera laedam, 380
 dum mihi Ianigenam servabunt fata Canentem"
 saepe retemptatis precibus Titania frustra
 "non inipune feres, neque" ait "reddere Canenti,
 laesaque quid faciat, quid amans, quid femina, disces
 [rebus," ait "sed amans est laesa et femina Circe!"]
 tum bis ad occasus, bis se convertit ad ortus, 386
 ter iuvenem baculo tetigit, tria carmina dixit.
 ille fugit, sed se solito velocius ipse
 currere miratur: pennas in corpore vidit,
 seque novam subito Latiis accedere silvis 390
 326

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and went wandering on foot amid the forest depths. She utters prayers and fell to muttering incantations, worshipping her weird gods with a weird charm with which it was her wont to obscure the white moon's features, and hide her father's face behind misty clouds. Now also by her magic song the heavens are darkened, and thick fogs spring up from the ground, while the retainers wander in the dim trails far from their king's defence. Having secured a fitting place and time, she says: "Oh, by those eyes which have enthralled my own, and by that beauty, fairest of youths, which has made even me, a goddess, suppliant to you, look with favour on my passion and accept the Sun, who beholds all things, as your father-in-law; and do not cruelly reject Circe, the Titaness." But he fiercely repelled her and her prayers, and said: "Whoever you are, I am not for you. Another has taken and holds my love in keeping, and I pray that she may keep it through all coming time. Nor will I violate my plighted troth by any other love so long as the fates shall preserve to me my Canens, Janus' daughter." Having tried oft-repeated prayers in vain, the Titaness exclaimed: "But you shall not go scathless, nor shall your Canens ever have you more; and you shall learn by experience not alone what any woman, loving and scorned, can do, but what the woman, Circe, loving and scorned, can do!" Then twice she turned her to the west and twice to the east; thrice she touched the youth with her wand and thrice she sang her charms. He turned in flight, but was amazed to find himself running more swiftly than his wont, and saw wings spring out upon his body. Enraged at his sudden change to a strange bird in his Latian woods, he

OID

indignatus avem duro fera robora rostro
 figit et iratus longis dat vulnera ramis ;
 purpureum chlamydis pennae traxere colorem ;
 fibula quod fuerat vestemque momorderat aurum,
 pluma fit, et fulvo cervix praecingitur auro, 395
 nec quicquam antiquum Pico nisi nomina restat.

“ “ Interea comites, clamato saepe per agros
 nequiquam Pico nullaque in parte reperto,
 inveniunt Circen (nam iam tenuaverat auras
 passaque erat nebulas ventis ac sole recludi) 400
 criminibusque premunt veris regemque reposcunt
 vimque ferunt saevisque parant incessere telis :
 illa nocens spargit virus sucosque veneni
 et Noctem Noctisque deos Ereboque Chaoque
 convocat et longis Hecaten ululatibus orat. 405
 exsiluere loco (dictu mirabile) silvae,
 ingemuitque solum, vincinaque palluit arbor,
 sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis,
 et lapides visi mugitus edere raucos
 et latrare canes et humus serpentibus atris 410
 squalere et tenues animae volitare silentum :
 attonitum monstris vulgus pavet ; illa paventis
 ora venenata tetigit mirantia virga,
 cuius ab attactu variarum monstra ferarum
 in iuvenes veniunt : nulli sua mansit imago. 415

“ “ Sparserat occiduis Tartessia litora Phoebus,
 et frustra coniunx oculis animoque Canentis
 exspectatus erat : famuli populusque per omnes

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pecked at the rough oak-trees with his hard beak and wrathfully inflicted wounds on their long branches. His wings took the colour of his bright red mantle, and what had been a brooch of gold stuck through his robe was changed to feathers, and his neck was circled with a golden-yellow band; and naught of his former self remained to Picus except his name.

““ Meanwhile his companions, calling often and vainly for Picus throughout the countryside and finding him nowhere, came upon Circe (for now she had cleared the air and had permitted the clouds to be dispelled by wind and sun), charged her flatly with her crime, demanded back their king with threats of force, and were preparing to attack her with their deadly spears. But she sprinkled upon them her baleful drugs and poisonous juices, summoning to her aid Night and the gods of Night from Erebus and Chaos, and calling on Hecate in long-drawn, wailing cries. The woods, wonderful to say, leaped from their place, the ground rumbled, the neighbouring trees turned white, and the herbage where her poisons fell was stained with clots of blood. The stones also seemed to voice hoarse bellowings; the baying of dogs was heard, the ground was foul with dark, crawling things, and the thin shades of the silent dead seemed to be fitting about. The astounded crowd quaked at the monstrous sights and sounds; but she touched the frightened, wondering faces with her magic wand, and at the touch horrid, beast-like forms of many shapes came upon the youths, and none kept his proper form.

““ Now the setting sun had bathed the Tartessian shores, and vainly had Canens watched for her lord's return with eyes and heart. Her slaves and her

OVID

discurrunt silvas atque obvia lumina portant ;
 nec satis est nymphae flere et lacerare capillos 420
 et dare plangorem (facit haec tamen omnia) seque
 proripit ac Latios errat vesana per agros.
 sex illam noctes, totidem redeuntia solis
 lumina viderunt inopem somnique cibique
 per iuga, per valles, qua fors ducebat, euntem ; 425
 ultimus adspexit Thybris luctuque viaque
 fessam et iam longa ponentem corpora ripa.
 illic cum lacrimis ipso modulata dolore
 verba sono tenui maerens fundebat, ut olim
 carmina iam moriens canit exequialia cygnus ; 430
 luctibus extremum tenues liquefacta medullas
 tabuit inque leves paulatim evanuit auras,
 fama tamen signata loco est, quem rite Canentem
 nomine de nymphae veteres dixere Camenae.'

"Talia multa mihi longum narrata per annum 435
 visaque sunt. resides et desuetudine tardi
 rursus inire fretum, rursus dare vela iubemur,
 ancipitesque vias et iter Titania vastum
 dixerat et saevi restare pericula ponti :
 pertimui, fateor, nactusque hoc litus adhaesi." 440

Finierat Macareus, urnaque Aeneia nutrix
 condita marmorea tumulo breve carmen habebat :

HIC · ME · CAIETAM · NOTAE · PIETATIS · ALUMNUS
 EREPTAM · ARGOLICO · QUO · DEBUIT · IGNE · CREMAVIT

solvitur herboso religatus ab aggere funis, 445
 et procul insidias infamataeque relinquunt
 330

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people scattered through all the woods, bearing torches in hope to meet him. Nor was the nymph content to weep, to tear her hair and beat her breasts; (all these she did, indeed) and, rushing forth, she wandered madly through the Latian fields. Six nights and as many returning dawns beheld her wandering, sleepless and fasting, over hills, through valleys, wherever chance directed. The Tiber was the last to see her, spent with grief and travel-toil, laying her body down upon his far-stretching bank. There, with tears, in weak, faint tones, she poured out her mournful words attuned to grief; just as sometimes, in dying, the swan sings a last funeral-song. Finally, worn to a shade by woe, her very marrow changed to water, she melted away and gradually vanished into thin air. Still her story has been kept in remembrance by the place which ancient muses fitly called Canens from the name of the nymph.'

“Many such things I heard and saw during a long year. At length, grown sluggish and slow through inactivity, we were ordered to go again upon the sea and again to spread our sails. The Titaness had told us of the dubious pathways of the sea, their vast extent, and all the desperate perils yet to come. I own I was afraid to face them and, having reached this shore, I stayed behind.”

Macareus had finished his story; and Aeneas' nurse, buried in a marble urn, had a brief epitaph carved on her tomb:

HERE ME, CAIETA, SNATCHED FROM GRECIAN FLAMES,
MY PIOUS SON CONSUMED WITH FITTING FIRE.

Loosing their cables from the grass-grown shore,
they kept far out from the treacherous island, the

OVID

tecta deae lucosque petunt, ubi nubilus umbra
 in mare cum flava prorumpit Thybris harena ;
 Faunigenaeque domo potitur nataque Latini,
 non sine Marte tamen. bellum cum gente feroci 450
 suscipitur, pactaque furit pro coniuge Turnus.
 concurrat Latio Tyrrhenia tota, diuque
 ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.
 auget uterque suas externo robore vires,
 et multi Rutulos, multi Troiana tuentur 455
 castra, neque Aeneas Euandri ad moenia frustra,
 at Venulus frustra profugi Diomedis ad urbem
 venerat : ille quidem sub Iapyge maxima Dauno
 moenia condiderat dotaliaque arva tenebat ;
 sed Venulus Turni postquam mandata peregit 460
 auxiliumque petit, vires Aetolius heros
 excusat : nec se aut soceri committere pugnae
 velle sui populos, aut quos e gente suorum
 armet habere ullos, “ neve haec commenta putetis,
 admonitu quamquam luctus renoventur amari, 465
 perpetiar memorare tamen. postquam alta cremata
 est

Ilios, et Danaas paverunt Pergama flammis,
 Naryciusque heros, a virgine virgine rapta,
 quam meruit poenam solus, digessit in omnes,
 spargimur et ventis inimica per aequora rapti 470
 fulmina, noctem, imbres, iram caelique marisque
 perpetimur Danai cumulumque Capherea cladis,

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home of the ill-famed goddess, and headed for the wooded coast where shady Tiber pours forth his yellow, silt-laden waters into the sea. There did Aeneas win the daughter and the throne of Latinus, Faunus' son; but not without a struggle. War with a fierce race is waged, and Turnus fights madly for his promised bride. All Etruria rushes to battle-shock with Latium, and with long and anxious struggle hard victory is sought. Both sides augment their strength by outside aid; and many defend the Rutuli and many the Trojan camp. Aeneas had not gone in vain to Evander's home, but Venulus had vainly sought the city of the exiled Diomedes. He had founded a large city¹ within Iapygian Daunus' realm, and was ruling the fields granted to him as a marriage portion. But when Venulus had done Turnus' bidding and asked for aid, the Aetolian hero pleaded his lack of resources as his excuse, saying that he was not willing to expose himself or his father-in-law's people to the risk of battle, nor did he have men of his own nation whom he might equip for war. "And, that you may not think my excuses false, although the very mention of my woes renews my bitter grief, still will I endure the telling of them. After high Ilium had been burned and Pergama had glutted the furious passions of the Greeks; and after the Narycian hero² from a virgin goddess³ for a violated virgin had brought on us all the punishment which he alone deserved, we Greeks were scattered and, blown by winds over the angry waters, we suffered lightning blasts, thick darkness, storms, the rage of sky and sea and Caphereus, the climax of our

¹ Arpi.

² Ajax, the son of Oileus, who violated Cassandra.

³ Minerva.

OVID

neve morer referens tristes ex ordine casus,
 Graecia tum potuit Priamo quoque flenda videri.
 me tamen armiferae servatum cura Minervae 475
 fluctibus eripuit, patriis sed rursus ab Argis
 pellor, et antiquo memores de vulnere poenas
 exigit alma Venus, tantosque per alta labores
 aequora sustinui, tantos terrestribus armis,
 ut mihi felices sint illi saepe vocati, 480
 quos communis hiems inportunusque Caphereus
 mersit aquis, vellemque horum pars una fuissem.
 “Ultima iam passi comites belloque fretoque
 deficiunt finemque rogant erroris, at Acmon
 fervidus ingenio, tum vero et cladibus asper, 485
 ‘quid superest, quod iam patientia vestra recuset
 ferre, viri?’ dixit ‘quid habet Cytherea, quod ultra,
 velle puta, faciat? nam dum peiora timentur,
 est locus in vulnus: sors autem ubi pessima rerum,
 sub pedibus timor est securaque summa malorum. 490
 audiat ipsa licet et, quod facit, oderit omnes
 sub Diomede viros, odium tamen illius omnes
 spernimus, et magno stat magna potentia nobis.’
 talibus inritans Venerem Pleuronius Acmon
 instimulat verbis veteremque resuscitat iram. 495
 dicta placent paucis, numeri maioris amici
 Acmona conripimus; cui respondere volenti
 vox pariter vocisque via est tenuata, comaeque
 in plumas abeunt, plumis nova colla teguntur
 pectoraque et tergum, maiores bracchia pennas 500

disasters. Not to delay you by telling our sad mishaps in order, Greece at that time could have moved even Priam's tears. Well-armed Minerva's care, however, saved me from the waves; but again I was driven forth from my native Argos, for fostering Venus, still mindful of the old wound I had given her, now exacted the penalty. So great toils did I endure on the high seas and so great toils of war on land that often did I call those blessed of heaven whom the storm, which all had suffered, and cruel Caphereus drowned beneath the waves; and I wished that I, too, had been one of them.

“And now my companions, having endured the uttermost in war and sea, became disheartened and begged me to make an end of wandering. But Acmon, who was naturally hot-headed and who was then especially intractable because of our sufferings, exclaimed: ‘What is there left, men, for your long-suffering to refuse to bear? What is there left for Venus to do further, supposing she wishes it? For, so long as we fear worse fortunes, we lie open to wounds; but when the worst possible lot has fallen, then is fear beneath our feet and the utmost misfortune can bring us no further care. Though she herself should hear and, as indeed she does, should hate all the followers of Diomedes, still do we all scorn her hatred; and much we reckon of her mighty power!’¹ With such insulting words did Pleuronian Acmon rouse Venus and revive her former anger. But few approved his words. We, the greater number of his friends, upbraided Acmon; and when he would have replied, his voice and throat together grew thin; his hair was changed to feathers, and feathers clothed a new-formed neck and breast

¹ The phrase is ironical and the variant *parvo* gives the same sense.

OVID

accipiunt, cubitique leves sinuantur in alas ;
 magna pedum digitos pars occupat, oraque cornu
 indurata rigent finemque in acumine ponunt.
 hunc Lycus, hunc Idas et cum Rhexenore Nycteus,
 hunc miratur Abas, et dum mirantur, eandem 505
 accipiunt faciem, numerusque ex agmine maior
 subvolat et remos plausis circumvolat alis :
 si volucrum quae sit dubiarum forma requiris,
 ut non cygnorum, sic albis proxima cygnis.
 vix equidem has sedes et Iapygis arida Dauni 510
 arva gener teneo minima cum parte meorum.”

Hactenus Oenides, Venulus Calydonia regna
 Peucetiosque sinus Messapiaque arva relinquit.
 in quibus antra videt, quae, multa nubila silva
 et levibus cannis latitantia, semicaper Pan 515
 nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore nymphae.
 Apulus has illa pastor regione fugatas
 terruit et primo subita formidine movit,
 mox, ubi mens rediit et contempsero sequentem,
 ad numerum motis pedibus duxere choreas ; 520
 inprobat has pastor saltuque imitatus agresti
 addidit obscenis convicia rustica dictis,
 nec prius os tacuit, quam guttura condidit arbor :
 arbor enim est, sucoque licet cognoscere mores.
 quippe notam linguae bacis oleaster amaris 525
 exhibet : asperitas verborum cessit in illas.

Hinc ubi legati rediere, negata ferentes
 arma Aetola sibi, Rutuli sine viribus illis

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and back. His arms acquired large pinion-feathers and his elbows curved into nimble wings; his toes were replaced by webbed feet and his face grew stiff and horny, ending in a sharp-pointed beak. Lycus viewed him in wonder, so also Idas, Rhexenor and Nycteus and Abas too; and, while they wondered, they became of the same form. The greater number of the flock flew up and circled round the rowers with flapping wings. If you ask of what sort were these questionable birds, while they were not swans, they were very like snowy swans. And now, as son-in-law of Iapygian Daunus, I have hard work to hold this settlement and this parched countryside with but a pitiful remnant of my friends."

So spoke the grandson of Oeneus. And Venulus departed from the Calydonian realm, passing the Peucetian bay and the regions of Messapia. Here he saw a cavern, dark with forest shades and hidden by a growth of waving reeds. The half-goat Pan now claims the place, but at one time the nymphs dwelt there. An Apulian shepherd of that region caused them to run away in terror, filling them at first with sudden fear. But soon, when their courage returned and they saw with scorn who was pursuing them, they returned to their choral dancing again with nimble feet. Still did the shepherd mock them, imitating their dance with his clownish steps, adding to this boorish insults and vulgar words. Nor did he cease speaking until the rising wood covered his mouth. For now he is a tree. You could tell his character from the savour of its fruit; for the wild olive bears the traces of his tongue in its bitter berries. The sharpness of his words has passed to them.

When the ambassadors returned with the news that Aetolian help had been refused them, the Rutuli

OVID

bella instructa gerunt, multumque ab utraque cruoris
 parte datur; fert ecce avidas in pinea Turnus 530
 texta faces, ignesque timent, quibus unda pepercit.
 iamque picem et ceras alimenta que cetera flammæ
 Mulciber urebat perque altum ad carbasa malum
 ibat, et incurvae fumabant transtra carinae,
 cum memor has pinus Idaeo vertice caesas 535
 sancta deum genetrix tinnitibus aera pulsi
 aeris et inflati complevit murmure buxi
 perque leves domitis invecta leonibus auras
 "inrita sacrilega iactas incendia dextra,
 Turne!" ait. "eripiam: nec me patiente cremabit
 ignis edax nemorum partes et membra meorum." 541
 intonuit dicente dea, tonitrumque secuti
 cum saliente graves ceciderunt grandine nimbi,
 aeraque et tumidum subitis concursibus aequor
 Astraei turbant et eunt in proelia fratres. 545
 e quibus alma parens unius viribus usa
 stuppea prærupit Phrygiae retinacula classis,
 fertque rates pronas medioque sub aequore mergit;
 robore mollito lignoque in corpora verso
 in capitum facies puppes mutantur aduncae, 550
 in digitos abeunt et crura natantia remi,
 quodque prius fuerat, latus est, mediisque carina
 subdita navigiis spinæ mutatur in usum,
 lina comæ molles, antemnae brachia fiunt,
 caeruleus, ut fuerat, color est; quasque ante timebant,
 illas virgineis exercent lusibus undas 556

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

without that help went on with the war they had begun; and much blood was spilled on both sides. But lo, Turnus brought devouring torches against the pine fabric of the ships, and what the waves had spared feared the flames. And now Mulciber was burning the pitchy, resinous mass and other rich food for flames, and was spreading even to the tall masts and sails, while the cross-banks of the curving hulls were smoking; when the holy mother of the gods, mindful that these pines were felled on Ida's top, filled the air with the harsh beat of brazen cymbals and the shrill music of the boxwood flute. Then, borne by her tamed lions through the yielding air, she cried: "Vainly, O Turnus, with impious hand you hurl those brands. For I shall rescue the burning ships, nor with my consent shall the greedy flames devour what was once part and parcel of my sacred woods." While yet the goddess spoke it thundered and, following the thunder, a heavy shower of rain began to fall, mingled with leaping hail, and the winds, Astraean brothers, wrought wild confusion in the air and on the waves, swollen by the sudden rush of waters, and mingled in the fray. The all-fostering mother, with the help of one of these, broke the hempen fastenings of the Phrygian ships and, forcing them head down, plunged them beneath the water. Straightway the wood softened and turned to flesh, the ships' curved prows changed to heads, the oars to toes and swimming legs; what had been body before remained as body and the deep-laid keel was changed into a spine; cordage became soft hair, and sail-yards, arms; the sea-green colour was unchanged. And now, as water-nymphs, with maiden glee they sport in the waters which they feared before. Though born on the rough mountain-tops, they now throng

OVID

Naides aequoreae durisque in montibus ortae
molle fretum celebrant nec eas sua tangit origo ;
non tamen oblitae, quam multa pericula saepe
pertulerint pelago, iactatis saepe carinis 560
subposuere manus, nisi siqua vehebat Achivos :
cladis adhuc Phrygiae memores odere Pelasgos
Neritiaeque ratis viderunt fragmina laetis
vultibus et laetis videre rigescere puppim
vultibus Alcinoi saxumque increscere ligno. 565

Spes erat, in nymphas animata classe marinas
posse metu monstri Rutulum desistere bello :
perstat, habetque deos pars utraque, quodque deorum
est

instar, habent animos ; nec iam dotalia regna,
nec sceptrum soceri, nec te, Lavinia virgo, 570
sed vicisse petunt deponendique pudore
bella gerunt, tandemque Venus victricia nati
arma videt, Turnusque cadit : cadit Ardea, Turno
sospite dicta potens ; quem postquam barbarus ensis
abstulit et tepida latuerunt tecta favilla, 575
congerie e media tum primum cognita praepes
subvolat et cineres plausis everberat alis.

et sonus et macies et pallor et omnia, captam
quae deceant urbem, nomen quoque mansit in illa
urbis, et ipsa suis deplangitur Ardea pennis. 580

Iamque deos omnes ipsamque Aeneia virtus
Iunonem veteres finire coegerat iras,
cum, bene fundatis opibus crescentis Iuli,
tempestivus erat caelo Cythereius heros.
ambieratque Venus superos colloque parentis 585

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

the yielding waves and no trace of their first state troubles them. And yet, remembering the many perils they have often suffered on the deep, they often place helping hands beneath storm-tossed barques, except such as carried Greeks. Remembering still the Phrygian calamity, they hated the Pelasgian race and they rejoiced to see the broken timbers of Ulysses' ship, rejoiced to see the vessel of Alcinoüs grow stiff and its wood turn to stone.

After the fleet had been changed to living water-nymphs, there was hope that the Rutuli, in awe of the portent, would desist from war. But the war went on and both sides had their gods to aid them, and, what is as good as gods, they had courage too. And now neither a kingdom given in dowry, nor the sceptre of a father-in-law, nor you, Lavinian maiden, did they seek, but only victory, and they kept on warring through sheer shame of giving up. At length Venus saw her son's arms victorious and Turnus fell. Ardea fell, counted a powerful city in Turnus' lifetime. But after the outlander's sword destroyed it and warm ashes hid its ruins, from the confused mass a bird flew forth of a kind never seen before, and beat the ashes with its flapping wings. Its sound, its meagre look, its deathly paleness, all things which become a captured city, yes, even the city's name remained in the bird;¹ and Ardea's self is beaten in lamentation by its wings.

Now had Aeneas' courageous soul moved all the gods and even Juno to lay aside their ancient anger, and, since the fortunes of the budding Iulus were well established, the heroic son of Cytherea was ripe for heaven. Venus had approached the heavenly gods and, throwing her arms around her father's

¹ *i.e.* Ardea, a heron.

OVID

circumfusa sui " numquam mihi " dixerat " ullo
 tempore dure pater, nunc sis mitissimus, opto,
 Aeneaeque meo, qui te de sanguine nostro
 fecit avum, quamvis parvum des, optime, numen,
 dummodo des aliquod ! satis est inamabile regnum 590
 adspexisse semel, Stygios semel isse per annes."
 adsensere dei, nec coniunx regia vultus
 inmotos tenuit placatoque adnuit ore ;
 tum pater " estis " ait " caelesti munere digni,
 quaeque petis pro quoque petis : cape, nata, quod
 optas ! " 595

fatus erat : gaudet gratesque agit illa parenti
 perque leves auras iunctis invecta columbis
 litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus harundine serpit
 in freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.
 hunc iubet Aeneae, quaecumque obnoxia morti, 600
 abluere et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu ;
 corniger exsequitur Veneris mandata suisque,
 quicquid in Aenea fuerat mortale, repurgat
 et respersit aquis ; pars optima restitit illi.
 lustratum genetrix divino corpus odore 605

unxit et ambrosia cum dulci nectare mixta
 contigit os fecitque deum, quem turba Quirini
 nuncupat Indigetem temploque arisque recepit.
 Inde sub Ascanii dicione binominis Alba
 resque Latina fuit. succedit Silvius illi. 610
 quo satus antiquo tenuit repetita Latinus
 nomina cum sceptro, clarus subit Alba Latinum.
 Epytus ex illo est ; post hunc Capetusque Capysque,
 sed Capys ante fuit ; regnum Tiberinus ab illis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

neck, had said: "O father, who hast never at any time been harsh to me, now be most kind, I pray. To my Aeneas, who is thy grandson and of our blood, grant, O most excellent, some divinity, however small I care not, if only thou grant any. It is enough once to have looked upon the unlovely kingdom, once to have crossed the Stygian stream." The gods all gave assent; nor did the queen-consort keep an unyielding face, but peacefully consented. Then Father Jove declared: "You are both worthy of this heavenly boon, both thou who prayest and he for whom thou prayest. Have then, my daughter, what thou dost desire." He spoke, and Venus, rejoicing, gave her father thanks. Then, borne aloft through the yielding air by her harnessed doves, she came to the Laurentian coast, where the river Numicius, winding through beds of sheltering reeds, pours its fresh waters into the neighbouring sea. She bade the river-god wash away from Aeneas all his mortal part and carry it down in his silent stream into the ocean depths. The horned god obeyed Venus' command and in his waters cleansed and washed quite away whatever was mortal in Aeneas. His best part remained to him. His mother sprinkled his body and anointed it with divine perfume, touched his lips with ambrosia and sweet nectar mixed, and so made him a god, whom the Roman populace styled Indiges and honoured with temple and with sacrifice.

Next Alba and the Latin state came under the sway of Ascanius of the double name.¹ Silvius succeeded him; his son, Latinus, took a name inherited with the ancient sceptre. Illustrious Alba succeeded Latinus; Epytus next, and after him Capetus and Capys, but Capys first.² Tiberinus received the

¹ *i.e.* Iulus.

² The metre prevents the proper order of these names.

OVID

cepit et in Tusci demersus fluminis undis 615
 nomina fecit aquae ; de quo Remulusque feroxque
 Acrota sunt geniti. Remulus maturior annis
 fulmineo periit, imitator fulminis, ictu.
 fratre suo sceptrum moderatior Acrota forti
 tradit Aventino, qui, quo regnarat, eodem 620
 monte iacet positus tribuitque vocabula monti ;
 iamque Palatinae summam Proca gentis habebat.
 Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit, qua nulla Latinas
 inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos
 nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fetus ; 625
 unde tenet nomen : non silvas illa nec amnes,
 rus amat et ramos felicia poma ferentes ;
 nec iaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce,
 qua modo luxuriam premit et spatiantia passim
 brachia conpescit, fisso modo cortice lignum 630
 inserit et sucos alieno praestat alumno ;
 nec sentire sitim patitur bibulaeque recurvas
 radicis fibras labentibus inrigat undis.
 hic amor, hoc studium, Veneris quoque nulla cupido
 est ;
 vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit 635
 intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles
 quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta iuventus,
 fecere et pinu praecincti cornua Panes
 Silenusque, suis semper iuvenilior annis,
 quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret, 640
 ut poterentur ea ? sed enim superabat amando
 hos quoque Vertumnus neque erat felicior illis.
 o quotiens habitu duri messoris aristas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

kingdom after them, and he, drowned in the waters of the Tuscan stream, gave his name to that river. His sons were Remulus and warlike Acrota. Remulus, the elder, perished by a thunderbolt while striving to imitate the thunder. Acrota, less daring than his brother, resigned the sceptre to brave Aventinus. He lies buried on the same hill where he had reigned and has given his name to the hill. And now Proca held dominion over the Palatine race.

Pomona flourished under this king, than whom there was no other Latian wood-nymph more skilled in garden-culture nor more zealous in the care of fruitful trees. Hence was her name. She cared nothing for woods and rivers, but only for the fields and branches laden with delicious fruits. She carried no javelin in her hand, but the curved pruning-hook with which now she repressed the too luxuriant growth and cut back the branches spreading out on every side, and now, making an incision in the bark, would engraft a twig and give juices to an adopted bough. Nor would she permit them to suffer thirst, but watered the twisted fibres of the thirsty roots with her trickling streams. This was her love; this was her chief desire; nor did she have any care for Venus; yet, fearing some clownish violence, she shut herself up within her orchard and so guarded herself against all approach of man. What did not the Satyrs, a young dancing band, do to win her, and the Pans, their horns encircled with wreaths of pine, and Silenus, always more youthful than his years, and that god ¹ who warns off evil-doers with his sickle or his ugly shape? But, indeed, Vertunnius surpassed them all in love; yet he was no more fortunate than they. Oh, how often in the garb of a rough reaper did

¹ Priapus.

OVID

corbe tulit verique fuit messoris imago !
 tempora saepe gerens faeno religata recenti 645
 desectum poterat gramen versasse videri ;
 saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat, ut illum
 iurares fessos modo disiunxisse iuencos.
 falce data frondator erat vitisque putator ;
 induerat scalas : lecturum poma putares ; 650
 miles erat gladio, piscator harundine sumpta ;
 denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
 repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
 ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
 innitens baculo, positus per tempora canis, 655
 adsimulavit anum cultosque intravit in hortos
 pomaque mirata est “ tanto ” que “ potentior ! ” inquit
 paucaque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam
 vera dedisset anus, glaebaque incurva resedit
 suspiciens pandos autumnii pondere ramos. 660
 ulmus erat contra speciosa nitentibus uvis :
 quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit,
 “ at si staret ” ait “ caelebs sine palmite truncus,
 nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet ;
 haec quoque, quae iuncta est, vitis requiescit in
 ulmo : 665
 si non nupta foret, terrae acclinata iaceret ;
 tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris huius
 concubitusque fugis nec te coniungere curas.
 atque utinam velles ! Helene non pluribus esset

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

he bring her a basket of barley-ears ! And he was the perfect image of a reaper, too. Often he would come with his temples wreathed with fresh hay, and could easily seem to have been turning the new-mown grass. Again he would appear carrying an ox-goad in his clumsy hand, so that you would swear that he had but now unyoked his weary cattle. He would be a leaf-gatherer and vine-pruner with hook in hand ; he would come along with a ladder on his shoulder and you would think him about to gather apples. He would be a soldier with a sword, or a fisherman with a rod. In fact, by means of his many disguises, he obtained frequent admission to her presence and had much joy in looking on her beauty. He also put on a wig of grey hair, bound his temples with a gaudy head-cloth, and, leaning on a staff, came in the disguise of an old woman, entered the well-kept garden and, after admiring the fruit said : “ But you are far more beautiful,” and having praised he kissed her several times as no real old woman ever would have done. The bent old creature sat down on the grass, gazing at the branches bending beneath the weight of autumn fruits. There was a shapely elm-tree opposite, covered with gleaming bunches of grapes. After he had looked approvingly at this awhile, together with its vine companion, he said : “ But if that tree stood there unmated to the vine, it would not be sought save for its leaves alone ; and this vine, which clings to and rests safely on the elm, if it were not thus wedded, it would lie languishing, flat upon the ground. But you are not touched by the vine’s example and you shun wedlock and do not desire to be joined to another. And I would that you did desire it ! Then would you have more suitors than ever Helen had, or she ¹

¹ Hippodamia.

OID

sollicitata procis nec quae Lapitheia movit 670
 proelia nec coniunx timidi, haud audacis Ulixis.
 nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
 mille viri cupiunt et semideique dei que
 et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 sed tu si sapias, si te bene iungere anumque 675
 hanc audire voles, quae te plus omnibus illis,
 plus, quam credis, amo : vulgares reice taedas
 Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige ! pro quo
 me quoque pignus habes : neque enim sibi notior ille
 est,
 quam mihi ; nec passim toto vagus errat in orbe, 680
 haec loca magna colit ; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 quam modo vidit, amat : tu primus et ultimus illi
 ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos.
 adde, quod est iuvenis, quod naturale decoris
 munus habet formasque apte fingetur in omnes, 685
 et quod erit iussus, iubeas licet omnia, fiet.
 quid, quod amatis idem, quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,
 primus habet laetaque tenet tua munera dextra !
 sed neque iam fetus desiderat arbore demptos
 nec, quas hortus alit, cum sucis mitibus herbas 690
 nec quicquam nisi te : miserere ardentis et ipsum,
 quod petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari.
 ultoresque deos et pectora dura perosam
 Idalien memoremque time Rhamnusidis iram !
 quoque magis timeas, (etenim mihi multa vetustas 695
 348

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

for whom the Lapithae took arms, or the wife of the timid, not the bold, Ulysses. And even as it is, though you shun them and turn in contempt from their wooing, a thousand men desire you, and half-gods and gods and all the divinities that haunt the Alban hills. But if you will be wise, and consent to a good match and will listen to an old woman like me, who love you more than all the rest, yes, more than you would believe, reject all common offers and choose Vertumnus as the consort of your couch. You have me also as guaranty for him; for he is not better known to himself than he is to me. He does not wander idly throughout the world, but he dwells in the wide spaces here at hand; nor, as most of your suitors do, does he fall in love at sight with every girl he meets. You will be his first love and his last, and to you alone he will devote his life. Consider also that he is young, blest with a native charm, can readily assume whatever form he will, and what you bid him, though without stint you bid, he will perform. Moreover your tastes are similar, and the fruit which you so cherish he is the first to have and with joyful hands he lays hold upon your gifts. But neither the fruit of your trees, nor the sweet, succulent herbs which your garden bears, nor anything at all does he desire save you alone. Pity him who loves you so, and believe that he himself in very presence through my lips is begging for what he wants. And have a thought for the avenging gods and the Idalian¹ goddess who detests the hard of heart, and the unforgetting wrath of Nemesis! And that you may the more fear these (for my long life has brought me knowledge of many things), I will tell you a story that is well known all over

¹ *i.e.* Cyprian an epithet of Venus.

OVID

scire dedit) referam tota notissima Cypro
facta, quibus flecti facile et mitescere possis.

“Viderat a veteris generosam sanguine Teucris
Iphis Anaxareten, humili de stirpe creatus,
viderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum 700
luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit
et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae,
et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris 705
sollicita petiit propensum voce favorem ;
saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis,
interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas
postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro
molle latus tristisque serae convicia fecit. 710
saevior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis,
durior et ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur,
spernit et inridet, factisque inmitibus addit
verba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem.
non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris 716
Iphis et ante fores haec verba novissima dixit :
‘vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem
ulla ferenda mei : laetos molire triumphos
et Paeanam voca nitidaque incingere lauru ! 720
vincis enim, moriorque libens : age, ferrea, gaude !
certe aliquid laudare mei cogeris amoris,
quo tibi sim gratus, meritumque fatebere nostrum.
non tamen ante tui curam excessisse memento
quam vitam geminaque simul mihi luce carendum. 725

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

Cyprus, by which you may learn to be easily persuaded and to be soft of heart.

“Iphis, a youth of humble birth, had chanced to see Anaxarete, a proud princess of old Teucer’s line. He saw her, and at once felt the fire of love through all his frame. Long did he fight against it; but when he found he could not overcome his passion by the power of reason, he came as a suppliant to her door. Now he confessed his unhappy love to her nurse and begged her by her fond hopes for her dear foster-child not to be hard towards him; now, coaxing some one of her many servants, he earnestly begged her to do him a kindly turn; often he gave them coaxing messages on tablets to bear to her; at times he would hang garlands of flowers upon her door, wet with his tears, and lay his soft body down upon her hard threshold, complaining bitterly of her unfeeling bars. But she, more savage than the waves that rise at the setting of the Kids, harder than steel tempered in Noric fire, or living rock, which still holds firmly to its native bed, spurns him and mocks at him. And to her heartless deeds she adds insolent, haughty words, and utterly deprives her lover of hope itself. Unable to bear further the torment of his long agony, before her door Iphis cries these words as his last message to her: ‘You win, Anaxarete, and no more need you be annoyed on my account. Celebrate your glad triumph, sing songs of victory, set a gleaming wreath of laurel on your head! For you have won, and I die gladly. Come then, rejoice, you of the iron heart! Surely you will be forced to admit that there is some feature of my love in which I am pleasing to you, and you will confess my merit. But remember that my love for you ended only with my life and that I must

OVID

neq̄ tibi fama mei ventura est nuntia leti :
 ipse ego, ne dubites, adero praesensque videbor,
 corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina pascas.
 si tamen, o superi, mortalia facta videtis,
 este mei memores (nihil ultra lingua precari 730
 sustinet) et longo facite ut narremur in aevo,
 et, quae dempsistis vitae, date tempora famae !'
 dixit, et ad postes ornatos saepe coronis
 umentes oculos et pallida bracchia tollens,
 cum foribus laquei religaret vincula summis, 735
 'haec tibi sarta placent, crudelis et inopia !' dixit
 inseruitque caput, sed tum quoque versus ad illam,
 atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit.
 iecta pedum motu trepidantium ut multa gementem
 visa dedisse sonum est adaperataque ianua factum 740
 prodidit, exclamant famuli frustra levatum
 (nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris ;
 accipit illa sinu complexaque frigida nati
 membra sui postquam miserarum verba parentum
 edidit et matrum miserarum facta peregit, 745
 funera ducebat mediam lacrimosa per urbem
 luridaque arsuro portabat membra feretro.
 forte viae vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat
 pompa, fuit, duraeque sonus plangoris ad aures
 venit Anaxaretes, quam iam deus ultor agebat. 750
 mota tamen 'videamus' ait 'miserabile funus'
 et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

suffer the loss of two lights at once. And 'twill be no mere rumour that comes to announce my death to you; I shall myself be there, be well assured, and that, too, in visible presence, that you may feast your cruel eyes upon my lifeless body. But if, O gods, you see the things we mortals do, remember me (nothing further can my tongue hold out to pray) and have my story told long ages hence; and what time you have taken from my life give to my fame.' He spoke, and raising his tearful eyes and pale arms to the door-posts that he had often decorated with his floral wreaths, he fastened a rope to the topmost beam, saying the while: 'Does this garland please you, cruel and wicked girl?' Then he thrust his head into the noose, even in that act turning his face towards her, and then, poor fellow, hung there, a lifeless weight with broken neck. The door was struck by the convulsive motion of his feet; it seemed to give out a sound suggesting many fearful things and, being thrown open, showed what had happened there. The servants cried out in horror and took him down, but all in vain. Then (for his father was dead) they bore him to his mother's house. She took him in her arms and embraced her son's cold limbs. And after she had said the words which wretched parents say, and done the things which wretched mothers do, through the midst of the city she led his tearful funeral, and bore the pale corpse on a bier to the funeral pyre. Anaxarete's house chanced to be near the street where the mournful procession was passing, and the sound of mourning came to the ears of the hard-hearted girl, whom already an avenging god was driving on. Yet, moved by the sound, she said: 'Let us go see this tearful funeral.' And she went into her high dwelling with

OVID

vixque bene inpositum lecto prospexerat Iphin :
 deriguere oculi, calidusque e corpore sanguis
 inducto pallore fugit, conatæque retro 755

ferre pedes haesit, conata avertere vultus
 hoc quoque non potuit, paulatimque occupat artus,
 quod fuit in duro iam pridem pectore, saxum.
 neve ea ficta putes, dominae sub imagine signum
 servat adhuc Salamis, Veneris quoque nomine
 templum 760

Prospicientis habet.—quorum memor, o mea, lentos
 pone, precor, fastus et amanti iungere, nympha :
 sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
 poma, nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti ! ”

Haec ubi nequiquam formae deus aptus anili 765
 edidit, in iuvenem rediit et anilia demit
 instrumenta sibi talisque apparuit illi,
 qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
 evicit nubes nullaque obstante reluxit,
 vimque parat : sed vi non est opus, inque figura 770
 capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit.

Proximus Ausonias iniusti miles Amuli
 rexit opes, Numitorque senex amissa nepotis
 munere regna capit, festisque Palilibus urbis
 moenia conduntur ; Tatiisque patresque Sabini 775
 bella gerunt, arcisque via Tarpeia reclusa
 dignam animam poena congestis exuit armis ;
 inde sati Curibus tacitorum more luporum
 ore premunt voces et corpora victa sopore
 invadunt portasque petunt, quas obice firmo 780
 clauserat Iliades : unam tamen ipsa recludit

its wide-open windows. Scarce had she gained a good look at Iphis, lying there upon the bier, when her eyes stiffened at the sight and the warm blood fled from her pale body. She tried to step back from the window, but she stuck fast in her place. She tried to turn her face away, but this also she could not do; and gradually that stony nature took possession of her body which had been in her heart all along. And that you may not think this story false, Salamis still keeps a marble statue, the image of the princess. It has a temple in honour of the Gazing Venus also. Have thought of these things, I pray you, and put away, dear nymph, your stubborn scorn; yield to your lover. So may no late spring frost ever nip your budding fruit, and may no rude winds scatter them in their flower."

When the god in the form of age had thus pleaded his cause in vain, he returned to his youthful form, put off the old woman's trappings, and stood revealed to the maiden as when the sun's most beaming face has conquered the opposing clouds and shines out with nothing to dim his radiance. He was all ready to force her will, but no force was necessary; and the nymph, smitten by the beauty of the god, felt an answering passion.

Next false Amulius by force of arms rules the Ausonian state; but old Numitor by the aid of his grandson gains the kingdom he has lost, and the walls of the City are founded on the shepherd's festal day. Tatius and the Sabine fathers wage their war, and Tarpeia, having betrayed the passage to the citadel, gives up her life as forfeit beneath the arms heaped on her. Then the men of Cures, like silent wolves, with hushed voices steal on the Romans buried in slumber, and try the gates which Ilia's son has

OVID

nec strepitum verso Saturnia cardine fecit ;
 sola Venus portae cecidisse repagula sensit
 et clausura fuit, nisi quod rescindere numquam
 dis licet acta deum. Iano loca iuncta tenebant 785
 naides Ausoniae gelido rorantia fonte :
 has rogat auxilium, nec nymphae iusta petentem
 sustinuere deam venasque et flumina fontis
 elicuere sui ; nondum tamen invia Iani
 ora patentis erant, neque iter praecluserat unda : 790
 lurida subponunt fecundo sulphura fonti
 incenduntque cavas fumante bitumine venas.
 viribus his aliisque vapor penetravit ad ima
 fontis, et Alpino modo quae certare rigori
 audebatis aquae, non ceditis ignibus ipsis ! 795
 flammifera gemini fumant aspergine postes,
 portaque nequiquam rigidis promissa Sabinis
 fonte fuit praestructa novo, dum Martius arma
 indueret miles ; quae postquam Romulus ultro
 obtulit, et strata est tellus Romana Sabinis 800
 corporibus strata estque suis, generique cruorem
 sanguine cum soceri permiscuit impius ensis.
 pace tamen sisti bellum nec in ultima ferro
 decertare placet Tatiumque accedere regno.

Occiderat Tatius, populisque aequata dnobus, 805
 Romule, iura dabas : posita cum casside Mavors
 talibus adfatur divumque hominumque parentem :
 “ tempus adest, genitor, quoniam fundamine magno
 res Romana valet nec praeside pendet ab uno,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

fastened with strong bars. But Saturnian Juno herself unfastened one of these, opening the gate on noiseless hinges. Venus alone perceived that the gate's bars had fallen, and would have closed it; but it is never permitted to gods to undo the acts of gods. Now the Ausonian water-nymphs held a spot near Janus' fane, where a cold spring bubbled forth. Venus asked aid of these, nor did the nymphs refuse the goddess her just request, but opened up their fountain's streaming veins. Up to that time the pass of Janus was still open, nor had the water ever blocked the way. Now they placed yellow sulphur beneath their living spring and heated the hollow veins with burning pitch. By these and other means the reeking steam filled the fountain through and through, and you waters, which dared but now to vie with Alpine cold, did not yield in heat to fire itself! The two gate-posts smoked with the hot fumes; and the gate, which had been opened (but now in vain) to the hardy Sabines, was made impassable by the new fountain, until the Roman soldiery could arm themselves. Then Romulus took the offensive, and soon the Roman plain was strewn with the Sabine dead and with its own as well, and the impious swords mingled the blood of son-in-law with blood of father-in-law. At last it was their will to end the war in peace, and not strive with the sword to the bitter end; and 'twas agreed that Tatius should share the throne.

Tatius had fallen and now, Romulus, you were meting equal laws to both the tribes, when Mars put off his gleaming helmet and thus addressed the father of gods and men: "The time is come, O father, since the Roman state stands firm on strong foundations and no longer hangs on one man's

OVID

praemia, (sunt promissa mihi dignoque nepoti) 810
 solvere et ablatum terris inponere caelo.

tu mihi concilio quondam praesente deorum
 (nam memoro memorique animo pia verba notavi)
 ‘unus erit, quem tu tolles in caerula caeli’
 dixisti : rata sit verborum summa tuorum !” 815

adnuit omnipotens et nubibus aera caecis
 occuluit tonitruque et fulgure terruit orbem.
 quae sibi promissae sensit rata signa rapinae,
 innixusque hastae pressos temone cruento
 inpavidus conscendit equos Gradivus et ictu 820
 verberis increpuit pronusque per aera lapsus
 constitit in summo nemorosi colle Palati
 reddentemque suo non regia iura Quiriti
 abstulit Iliaden : corpus mortale per auras
 dilapsum tenues, ceu lata plumbea funda 825
 missa solet medio glans intabescere caelo ;
 pulchra subit facies et pulvinaribus altis
 dignior, est qualis trabeati forma Quirini.

Flebat ut amissum coniunx, cum regia Iuno
 Irin ad Hersilien descendere limite curvo 830
 imperat et vacuae sua sic mandata referre :

“ o et de Latia, o et de gente Sabina
 praecipuum, matrona, decus, dignissima tanti
 ante fuisse viri coniunx, nunc esse Quirini,
 siste tuos fletus, et, si tibi cura videndi 835
 coniugis est, duce me lucum pete, colle Quirini

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

strength alone, to grant the reward which was promised to me and to thy worthy grandson, to take him from earth and set him in the heavens. Once to me, in full council of the gods (for I treasured up thy gracious words in retentive mind, and now recall them to thee), thou didst declare : ‘ One shall there be whom thou shalt bear up to the azure blue of heaven.’ Now let the full meaning of thy words be ratified.” The omnipotent Father nodded his assent ; then, hiding all the sky with his dark clouds, he filled the earth with thunder and lightning. Gradivus knew this for the assured sign of the translation which had been promised him ; and, leaning on his spear, dauntless he mounted his chariot drawn by steeds straining beneath the bloody yoke, and swung the loud-resounding lash. Gliding downward through the air, he halted on the summit of the wooded Palatine. There, as Ilia’s son was giving kindly¹ judgment to his citizens, he caught him up from earth. His mortal part dissolved into thin air, as a leaden bullet hurled by a broad sling is wont to melt away in the mid-heavens. And now a fair form clothes him, worthier of the high couches of the gods, such form as has Quirinus, clad in the sacred robe.

His wife was mourning him as lost, when regal Juno bade Iris go down to Hersilia on her arching way with these directions for the widowed queen : “ O queen, bright glory both of the Latin and of the Sabine race, most worthy once to have been the consort of so great a man, and now of divine Quirinus, cease your laments and, if you would indeed behold your husband, come with me to yonder grove which stands green on Quirinus’ hill, shading the temple of

¹ *i. e.* not kingly or tyrannical.

OVID

qui viret et templum Romani regis obumbrat";
 paret et in terram pictos delapsa per arcus,
 Hersilien iussis compellat vocibus Iris;
 illa verecundo vix tollens lumina vultu 840
 "o dea (namque mihi nec, quae sis, dicere promptum
 est,
 et liquet esse deam) duc, o duc" inquit "et offer
 coniugis ora mihi, quae si modo posse videre
 fata semel dederint, caelum accepisse fatebor!"
 nec mora, Romuleos cum virgine Thaumantea 845
 ingreditur colles: ibi sidus ab aethere lapsum
 decidit in terras; a cuius lumine flagrans
 Hersilie crinis cum sidere cessit in auras:
 hanc manibus notis Romanae conditor urbis
 excipit et priscum pariter cum corpore nomen 850
 mutat Horamque vocat, quae nunc dea iuncta Quirino
 est.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XIV

the king of Rome." Iris obeyed and, gliding to earth along her rainbow arch, accosted Hersilia in the words which had been given her. She, scarce lifting her eyes and with modest look, replied: "O goddess (for I may not tell who thou art, and yet 'tis plain thou art a goddess), lead, oh, lead me on, and show me my husband's face. If only the fates grant me but once to see him, then shall I say I have gained heaven indeed." Straightway she fared along with Thaumas' daughter to the hill of Romulus. There a star from high heaven came gliding down to earth, and Hersilia, her hair bursting into flame from its light, goes up together with the star into thin air. Her with dear, familiar hands Rome's founder receives, and changes her mortal body and her old-time name. He calls her Hora, and now as goddess is she joined once more to her Quirinus.

BOOK XV

LIBER XV

QVAERITVR interea quis tantae pondera molis
sustineat tantoque queat succedere regi :
destinat imperio clarum praenuntia veri
Fama Numam ; non ille satis cognosse Sabinae
gentis habet ritus, animo maiora capaci 5
concipit et, quae sit rerum natura, requirit.
huius amor curae patria Curibusque relictis
fecit ut Herculei penetraret ad hospitis urbem.
Graia quis Italicis auctor posuisset in oris
moenia, quaerenti sic e senioribus unus 10
rettulit indigenis, veteris non inscius aevi :
“ dives ab Oceano bobus Iove natus Hiberis
litora felici tenuisse Lacinia cursu
fertur, et armento teneras errante per herbas
ipse domum magni nec inhospita tecta Crotonis 15
intrasse et requie longum relevasse laborem
atque ita discedens, ‘ aevo ’ dixisse ‘ nepotum
hic locus urbis erit, ’ promissaque vera fuerunt.
nam fuit Argolico generatus Alehone quidam
Myscelus, illius dis acceptissimus aevi. 20
hunc super incumbens pressum gravitate soporis
claviger adloquitur : ‘ patrias, age, desere sedes

BOOK XV

MEANWHILE it is a question who can sustain the burden of so great a task, who can succeed so great a king. Then Fame as a faithful herald selects illustrious Numa for the throne. He, not content with knowing the usages of the Sabine race, conceives larger plans in his generous soul, and seeks to know what is Nature's general law. His great fondness for this pursuit caused him to leave his native Cures and take his way to the city¹ which once gave hospitality to Hercules. There, when he asked who was the founder of this Grecian city on Italian soil, one of the old inhabitants of the place, well versed in its ancient lore, thus answered him: "'Tis said that the son of Jove, returning from the Ocean enriched with the herds of Spain, came by good fortune to the borders of Lacinium, and there, while his cattle grazed upon the tender grass, he entered the home and beneath the friendly roof of the great Croton and refreshed himself by quiet rest from his long toil. And as he took his leave he said: 'Here, ages hence, shall stand the city of your descendants.' And the words proved true. For there was a certain Myscelus, son of Alemon of Argos, the man of all that generation most beloved of heaven. Standing over him as he lay buried in deep slumber, the club-bearer² thus addressed him: 'Up and away from

¹ Crotona.

² Hercules.

OVID

et pete diversi lapidosas Aesaris undas !'
 et, nisi paruerit, multa ac metuenda minatur ;
 post ea discedunt pariter somnusque deusque 25
 surgit Alemonides tacitaque recentia mente
 visa refert, pugnatque diu sententia secum :
 numen abire iubet, prohibent discedere leges,
 poenaeque mors posita est patriam mutare volenti.
 candidus Oceano nitidum caput abdiderat Sol, 30
 et caput extulerat densissima sidereum Nox :
 visus adesse idem deus est eademque monere
 et, nisi paruerit, plura et graviora minari.
 et timuit patriumque simul transferre parabat
 in sedes penetrare novas : fit murmur in urbe, 35
 spectarumque agitur legum reus, utque peracta est
 causa prior, crimenque patet sine teste probatum,
 squalidus ad superos tollens reus ora manusque
 ' o cui ius caeli bis sex fecere labores,
 fer, precor ' inquit ' opem ! nam tu mihi criminis
 auctor.' 40
 mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis,
 his damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa ;
 tunc quoque sic lata est sententia tristis, et omnis
 calculus innitem demittitur ater in urnam :
 quae simul effudit numerandos versa lapillos, 45
 omnibus e nigro color est mutatus in album,
 candidaque Herculeo sententia numine facta
 366

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

your native land ; go, seek out the rocky channel of the distant Aesar ; and he threatened him with many fearful things should he not obey. Then did his slumber and the presence of the god withdraw together. The son of Alemon arose and silently recalled the vision which was still vivid in his memory. Long was he in great stress of doubt : the god bade him depart, his country's laws prohibited his departure. The punishment of death was appointed to the man who should desire to change his fatherland. The bright Sun had hidden his shining face beneath the sea, and thick Night had raised her starry face from the waters, when the same god seemed to stand before him, to give the same commands, and to threaten worse and heavier penalties if he should not obey. He was sore afraid. And as soon as he made ready to move his household belongings to a new abode, the rumour got abroad in the town, and he was tried as a breaker of the laws. When the case for the prosecution had been closed and the charge was clearly proved without need of witnesses, the wretched culprit, raising his face and hands to heaven, cried out : ' O thou to whom thy twelve great labours gave thee a claim to heaven, help me, I pray ! for thou art responsible for my sin.' It was the custom in ancient times to use white and black pebbles, the black for condemning prisoners and the white for freeing them from the charge. At this time also the fatal vote was taken in this way ; and every pebble that was dropped into the pitiless urn was black ! But when the urn was turned and the pebbles poured out for counting, the colour of them all was changed from black to white ; and so, by the will of Hercules, the vote was made favourable, and Alemon's son was

OVID

solvit Alemoniden : grates agit ille parenti
Amphitryoniadae ventisque faventibus aequor
navigat Ionium Sallentinumque Neretum 50
praeterit et Sybarin Lacedaemoniumque Tarentum
Sirinosque sinus Crimisenque et Iapygis arva,
vixque pererratis, quae spectant litora, terris,
invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora
nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata Crotonis 55
ossa tegebat humus, iussaque ibi moenia terra
condidit et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem.”
taliam constabat certa primordia fama
esse loci positaeque Italis in finibus urbis.

Vir fuit hic ortu Samius, sed fugerat una 60
et Samon et dominos odioque tyrannidis exul
sponte erat isque, licet caeli regione remotos,
mente deos adiit et, quae natura negabat
visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit,
cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura, 65
in medium discenda dabat coetusque silentum
dictaque mirantum magni primordia mundi
et rerum causas et, quid natura, docebat,
quid deus, unde nives, quae fulminis esset origo,
Iuppiter an venti discussa nube tonarent, 70
quid quateret terras, qua sidera lege mearent,
et quodcumque latet, primusque animalia mensis
arcuit inponi, primus quoque talibus ora
docta quidem solvit, sed non et credita, verbis :
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freed. He first gave thanks to his patron, Amphitryon's son, and soon with favouring winds was sailing over the Ionian sea. He passed by Salentine Neretum, and Sybaris and Spartan Tarentum, the bay of Siris, Crimisa, and the Iapygian coast; and scarcely had he passed the lands which border on that coast when he found the destined mouth of Aesar's stream, and near by this a mound of earth which guarded the consecrated bones of Croton. There in that land, as the god had bidden him, he laid his city's walls and named it from him who had been buried there." Such was the ancient tale, confirmed by established fame, both of the place and the founding of the city on Italian soil.

There was a man here, a Samian by birth, but he had fled forth from Samos and its rulers, and through hatred of tyranny was living in voluntary exile. He, though the gods were far away in the heavenly regions, still approached them with his thought, and what Nature denied to his mortal vision he feasted on with his mind's eye. And when he had surveyed all things by reason and wakeful diligence, he would give out to the public ear the things worthy of their learning and would teach the crowds, which listened in wondering silence to his words, the beginnings of the great universe, the causes of things and what their nature is: what God is, whence come the snows, what is the origin of lightning, whether it is Jupiter or the winds that thunder from the riven clouds, what causes the earth to quake, by what law the stars perform their courses, and whatever else is hidden from men's knowledge. He was the first to decry the placing of animal food upon our tables. His lips, learned indeed but not believed in this, he was the first to open in such words as these:

OVID

“**Parcite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis** 75
corpora! sunt fruges, sunt deducunt ramos
 pondere poma suo tumidaeque in vitibus uvae,
 sunt herbae dulces, sunt quae mitescere flamma
 mollisque queant; nec vobis lacteus umor
 eripitur, nec mella thymi redolentia flore: 80
prodiga divitias alimenta que mitia tellus
 suggerit atque epulas sine caede et sanguine praebet.
 carne ferae sedant ieiunia, nec tamen omnes:
 quippe equus et pecudes armenta que gramine vivunt;
 at quibus ingenium est inmansuetumque ferumque, 85
 Armeniae tigres iracundique leones
 cumque lupis ursi, dapibus cum sanguine gaudent.
 heu quantum scelus est in viscera viscera condi
 congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus
 alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto! 90
 scilicet in tantis opibus, quas, optima matrum,
 terra parit, nil te nisi tristia mandere saevo
 vulnera dente iuvat ritusque referre Cyclopum,
 nec, nisi perdidideris alium, placare voracis
 et male morati poteris ieiunia ventris! 95

“**At** vetus illa aetas, cui fecimus aurea nomen,
 fetibus arboreis et, quas humus educat, herbis
 fortunata fuit nec polluit ora cruore.
 tunc et aves tutae movere per aera pennas,
 et lepus inpavidus mediis erravit in arvis, 100
 nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo:
 cuncta sine insidiis nullamque timentia fraudem
 plenaque pacis erant. postquam non utilis auctor

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

“O mortals, do not pollute your bodies with a food so impious! You have the fruits of the earth, you have apples, bending down the branches with their weight, and grapes swelling to ripeness on the vines; you have also delicious herbs and vegetables which can be mellowed and softened by the help of fire. Nor are you without milk or honey, fragrant with the bloom of thyme. The earth, prodigal of her wealth, supplies you her kindly sustenance and offers you food without bloodshed and slaughter. With flesh the wild beasts appease their hunger, and yet not all, since the horse, the sheep and cattle live on grass; but those whose nature is savage and untamed, Armenian tigers, raging lions, bears and wolves, all these delight in bloody food. Oh, how criminal it is for flesh to be stored away in flesh, for one greedy body to grow fat with food gained from another, for one live creature to go on living through the destruction of another living thing! And so in the midst of the wealth of food which Earth, the best of mothers, has produced, it is your pleasure to chew the piteous flesh of slaughtered animals with your savage teeth, and thus to repeat the Cyclops' horrid manners! And you cannot, without destroying other life, appease the cravings of your greedy and insatiable maw!

“But that pristine age, which we have named the golden age, was blessed with the fruit of the trees and the herbs which the ground sends forth, nor did men defile their lips with blood. Then birds plied their wings in safety through the heaven, and the hare loitered all unafraid in the tilled fields, nor did its own guilelessness hang the fish upon the hook. All things were free from treacherous snares, fearing no guile and full of peace. But after someone, an

OVID

victibus invidit, quisquis fuit ille, leonum
corporeasque dapes avidum demersit in alvum, 105
fecit iter sceleri, primoque e caede ferarum
incaluisse potest maculatum sanguine ferrum
(idque satis fuerat) nostrumque petentia letum
corpora missa neci salva pietate fatemur :
sed quam danda neci, tam non epulanda fuerunt. 110

“ Longius inde nefas abiit, et prima putatur
hostia sus meruisse mori, quia semina pando
eruerit rostro spemque interceperit anni ;
vite caper morsa Bacchi mactatus ad aras
dicitur ultoris : nocuit sua culpa duobus ! 115

quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus inque tuendos
natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar,
mollia quae nobis vestras velamina lanas
praebetis vitaeque magis quam morte iuvatis ?
quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque, 120
innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
inmemor est demum nec frugum munere dignus,
qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
ruricolam mactare suum, qui trita labore
illa, quibus totiens durum renovaverat arvum, 125
tot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.
nec satis est, quod tale nefas committitur : ipsos
inscripsere deos sceleri numenque supernum
caede laboriferi credunt gaudere iuvenci !
victima labe carens et praestantissima forma 130

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

ill exemplar, whoever he was, envied the food of lions, and thrust down flesh as food into his greedy stomach, he opened the way for crime. It may be that, in the first place, with the killing of wild beasts the steel was warmed and stained with blood. This would have been justified, and we admit that creatures which menace our own lives may be killed without impiety. But, while they might be killed, they should never have been eaten.

“Further impiety grew out of that, and it is thought that the sow was first condemned to death as a sacrificial victim because with her curved snout she had rooted up the planted seeds and cut off the season’s promised crop. The goat is said to have been slain at the avenging altars because he had browsed the grape-vines. These two suffered because of their own offences! But, ye sheep, what did you ever do to merit death, a peaceful flock, born for man’s service, who bring us sweet milk to drink in your full udders, who give us your wool for soft clothing, and who help more by your life than by your death? What have the oxen done, those faithful, guileless beasts, harmless and simple, born to a life of toil? Truly inconsiderate he and not worthy of the gift of grain who could take off the curved plow’s heavy weight and in the next moment slay his husbandman; who with his axe could smite that neck which was worn with toil for him, by whose help he had so often renewed the stubborn soil and planted so many crops. Nor is it enough that we commit such infamy: they made the gods themselves partners of their crime and they affected to believe that the heavenly ones took pleasure in the blood of the toiling bullock! A victim without blemish and of perfect form (for beauty proves his

OVID

(nam placuisse nocet) vittis insignis et auro
 sistitur ante aras auditque ignara precantem
 inponique suae videt inter cornua fronti,
 quas coluit, fruges percussaque sanguine cultros
 inficit in liquida praevisos forsitan unda. 135
 protinus ereptas viventi pectore fibras
 inspiciunt mentesque deum scrutantur in illis;
 inde (fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum est !)
 audetis vesci, genus o mortale ! quod, oro,
 ne facite, et monitis animos advertite nostris! 140
 cumque boum dabitur caesorum membra palato,
 mandere vos vestros scite et sentite colonos.

“ Et quoniam deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem
 rite deum Delphosque meos ipsumque recludam
 aethera et augustae reserabo oracula mentis: 145
 magna nec ingeniis investigata priorum
 quaeque diu latuere, canam; iuvat ire per alta
 astra, iuvat terris et inertis sede relicta
 nube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis
 palantesque homines passim et rationis egentes 150
 despectare procul trepidosque obitumque timentes
 sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati!

“ O genus attonitum gelidae formidine mortis,
 quid Styga, quid tenebras et nomina vana timetis,
 materiem vatum falsique pericula mundi? 155
 corpora, sive rogi flamma seu tabe vetustas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

bane), marked off with fillets and with gilded horns, is set before the altar, hears the priest's prayer, not knowing what it means, watches the barley-meal sprinkled between his horns, barley which he himself laboured to produce, and then, smitten to his death, he stains with his blood the knife which he has perchance already seen reflected in the clear pool. Straightway they tear his entrails from his living breast, view them with care, and seek to find revealed in them the purposes of heaven. Thence (so great is man's lust for forbidden food!) do you dare thus to feed, O race of mortals! I pray you, do not do it, but turn your minds to these my words of warning, and when you take the flesh of slaughtered cattle in your mouths, know and realize that you are devouring your own fellow-labourers.

“Now, since a god inspires my lips, I will dutifully follow the inspiring god; I'll open Delphi and the heavens themselves and unlock the oracles of the sublime mind. Great matters, never traced out by the minds of former men, things that have long been hidden, I will sing. It is a delight to take one's way along the starry firmament and, leaving the earth and its dull regions behind, to ride on the clouds, to take stand on stout Atlas' shoulders and see far below men wandering aimlessly, devoid of reason, anxious and in fear of the hereafter, thus to exhort them and unroll the book of fate!

“O race of men, stunned with the chilling fear of death, why do you dread the Styx, the shades and empty names, the stuff that poets manufacture, and their fabled sufferings of a world that never was? As for your bodies, whether the burning pyre or long lapse of time with its wasting power shall

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

have consumed them, be sure they cannot suffer any ills. Our souls are deathless, and ever, when they have left their former seat, do they live in new abodes and dwell in the bodies that have received them. I myself (for I well remember it) at the time of the Trojan war was Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, in whose breast once hung the heavy spear of the younger Atrides. Recently, in Juno's temple in Argos, Abas' city, I recognized the shield which I once wore on my left arm! All things are changing; nothing dies. The spirit wanders, comes now here, now there, and occupies whatever frame it pleases. From beasts it passes into human bodies, and from our bodies into beasts, but never perishes. And, as the pliant wax is stamped with new designs, does not remain as it was before nor keep the same form long, but is still the selfsame wax, so do I teach that the soul is ever the same, though it passes into ever-changing bodies. Therefore, lest your piety be overcome by appetite, I warn you as a seer, do not drive out by impious slaughter what may be kindred souls, and let not life be fed on life.

“And since I am embarked on the boundless sea and have spread my full sails to the winds, there is nothing in all the world that keeps its form. All things are in a state of flux, and everything is brought into being with a changing nature. Time itself flows on in constant motion, just like a river. For neither the river nor the swift hour can stop its course; but, as wave is pushed on by wave, and as each wave as it comes is both pressed on and itself presses the wave in front, so time both flees and follows and is ever new. For that which once existed is no more, and that which was not has come to be; and so the whole round of motion is gone through again.

OVID

“ Cernis et emensas in lucem tendere noctes,
 et iubar hoc nitidum nigrae succedere nocti;
 nec color est idem caelo, cum lassa quiete
 cuncta iacent media cumque albo Lucifer exit
 clarus equo rursusque alius, cum praevia lucis 190
 tradendum Phoebō Pallantias inficit orbem.
 ipse dei clipeus, terra cum tollitur ima,
 mane rubet, terraque rubet cum conditur ima,
 candidus in summo est, melior natura quod illic
 aetheris est terraeque procul contagia fugit. 195
 nec par aut eadem nocturnae forma Dianae
 esse potest umquam semperque hodierna sequente,
 si crescit, minor est, maior, si contrahit orbem.

“ Quid ? non in species succedere quattuor annum
 adspicis, aetatis peragentem imitamina nostrae ? 200
 nam tener et lactens puerique simillimus acvo
 vere novo est : tunc herba nitens et roboris expers
 turget et insolida est et spe delectat agrestes ;
 omnia tunc florent, florumque coloribus almus
 ludit ager, neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla est.
 transit in aestatem post ver robustior annus 206
 fitque valens iuvenis : neque enim robustior aetas
 ulla nec uberior, nec quae magis ardeat, ulla est.
 excipit autumnus, posito fervore iuventae
 maturus mitisque inter iuvenemque senemque 210
 temperie medius, sparsus quoque tempora canis.
 inde senilis hiems tremulo venit horrida passu,
 aut spoliata suos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos.

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“ You see how the spent nights speed on to dawn, and how the sun’s bright rays succeed the darkness of the night. Nor have the heavens the same appearance when all things, wearied with toil, lie at rest at midnight and when bright Lucifer comes out on his snowy steed; there is still another aspect when Pallantias,¹ herald of the morning, stains the sky bright for Phoebus’ coming. The god’s round shield itself is red in the morning when it rises from beneath the earth and is red when it is hidden beneath the earth again; but in its zenith it is white, because there the air is of purer substance and it is far removed from the debasing presence of the earth. Nor has Diana, goddess of the night, the same phase always. She is always less to-day than she will be to-morrow if she is waxing, but greater if she is waning.

“Then again, do you not see the year assuming four aspects, in imitation of our own lifetime? For in early spring it is tender and full of fresh life, just like a little child; at that time the herbage is bright, swelling with life, but as yet without strength and solidity, and fills the farmers with joyful expectation. Then all things are in bloom and the fertile fields run riot with their bright-coloured blossoms; but as yet there is no strength in the green foliage. After spring has passed, the year, grown more sturdy, passes into summer and becomes like a strong young man. For there is no hardier time than this, none more abounding in rich, warm life. Then autumn comes, with its first flush of youth gone, but ripe and mellow, midway in mood between youth and age, with sprinkled grey showing on the temples. And then comes aged winter, with faltering step and shivering, its locks all gone or hoary.

¹ Aurora, see Index.

OVID

“ Nostra quoque ipsorum semper requieque sine ulla
 corpora vertuntur, nec quod fuimusve sumusve, 215
 cras erimus; fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum
 spesque hominum primæ matris habitavimus alvo:
 artifices natura manus admovit et angî
 corpora visceribus distentæ condita matris
 noluit eque domo vacuas emisit in auras. 220
 editus in lucem iacuit sine viribus infans;
 mox quadrupes rituque tulit sua membra ferarum,
 paulatimque tremens et nondum poplite firmo
 constitit adiutis aliquo conamine nervis.
 inde valens veloxque fuit spatiumque iuventæ 225
 transit et emeritis mediî quoque temporis annis
 labitur occiduae per iter declive senectæ.
 subruit hæc ævi demoliturque prioris
 roboræ: fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes,
 illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum 230
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;
 flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
 Tyndaris et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit.
 tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
 omnia destruitis vitiataque dentibus ævi 235
 paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte!

“ Hæc quoque non perstant, quæ nos elementa
 vocamus,

quasque vices peragant, animos adhibete: docebo.
 quattuor æternus genitalia corpora mundus
 continet; ex illis duo sunt onerosa suoque 240
 pondere in inferius, tellus atque unda, feruntur,
 et totidem gravitate carent nulloque premente

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“Our own bodies also go through a ceaseless round of change, nor what we have been or are to-day shall we be to-morrow. There was a time when we lay in our first mother’s womb, mere seeds and hopes of men. Then Nature wrought with her cunning hands, willed not that our bodies should lie cramped in our strained mother’s body, and from our home sent us forth into the free air. Thus brought forth into the light, the infant lay without strength; but soon it lifted itself up on all fours after the manner of the beasts; then gradually in a wabbling, weak-kneed fashion it stood erect, supported by some convenient prop. Thereafter, strong and fleet, it passed over the span of youth; and when the years of middle life also have been spent, it glides along the downhill path of declining age. This undermines and pulls down the strength of former years; and Milon, grown old, weeps when he looks at those arms, which once had been like the arms of Hercules with their firm mass of muscles, and sees them now hanging weak and flabby. Helen also weeps when she sees her aged wrinkles in the looking-glass, and tearfully asks herself why she should twice have been a lover’s prey. O Time, thou great devourer, and thou, envious Age, together you destroy all things; and, slowly gnawing with your teeth, you finally consume all things in lingering death!

“And even those things which we call elements do not persist. What changes they undergo, listen and I will tell you. In the eternal universe there are four elemental substances. Two of these, earth and water, are heavy and of their own weight sink down to lower levels. And two, air and fire, purer still than air, are without weight and, if unopposed, fly to the upper realms. These elements, although

OVID

alta petunt, aer atque aere purior ignis.
 quae quamquam spatio distent, tamen omnia fiunt
 ex ipsis et in ipsa cadunt: resolutaque tellus 245
 in liquidas rarescit aquas, tenuatus in auras
 aeraque umor abit, dempto quoque pondere rursus
 in superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes;
 inde retro redeunt, idemque retextitur ordo.
 ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit, 250
 hic in aquas, tellus glomerata cogitur unda.

“Nec species sua cuique manet, rerumque novatrix
 ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
 nec perit in toto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo,
 sed variat faciemque novat, nascique vocatur 255
 incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante, morique
 desinere illud idem. cum sint huc forsitan illa,
 haec translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.

“Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem
 crediderim: sic ad ferrum venistis ab auro, 260
 saecula, sic totiens versa est fortuna locorum.
 vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
 esse fretum, vidi factas ex aequore terras;
 et procul a pelago conchae iacuerere marinae,
 et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis; 265
 quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
 fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor,
 eque paludosa siccis humus aret harenis,
 quaeque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus ument.
 hic fontes natura novos emisit, at illic 270
 clausit, et aut imis commota tremoribus orbis

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far separate in position, nevertheless are all derived each from the other, and each into other falls back again. The element of earth, set free, is rarefied into liquid water, and, thinned still further, the water changes into wind and air. Then, losing weight again, this air, already very thin, leaps up to fire, the highest place of all. Then they come back again in reversed order; for fire, condensed, passes into thick air, thence into water; and water, packed together, solidifies into earth.

“Nothing retains its own form; but Nature, the great renewer, ever makes up forms from other forms. Be sure there's nothing perishes in the whole universe; it does but vary and renew its form. What we call birth is but a beginning to be other than what one was before; and death is but cessation of a former state. Though, perchance, things may shift from there to here and here to there, still do all things in their sum total remain unchanged.

“Nothing, I feel sure, lasts long under the same appearance. Thus the ages have come from gold to iron; thus often has the condition of places changed. I have myself seen what once was solid land changed into sea; and again I have seen land made from the sea. Sea-shells have been seen lying far from the ocean, and an ancient anchor has been found on a mountain-top. What once was a level plain, down-flowing waters have made into a valley; and hills by the force of floods have been washed into the sea. What was once marsh is now a parched stretch of dry sand, and what once was dry and thirsty now is a marshy pool. Here Nature sends forth fresh fountains, there seals them up; and rivers, stirred by some inward quakings of the

OVID

flumina prosiliunt, aut exsiccata residunt.
 sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatu,
 existit procul hinc alioque renascitur ore ;
 sic modo conbibitur, tecto modo gurgite lapsus 275
 redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis,
 et Mysum capitisque sui ripaeque prioris
 paenituisse ferunt, alia nunc ire Caicum ;
 nec non Sicanias volvens Amenanus harenas
 nunc fluit, interdum suppressis fontibus aret. 280
 ante bibebatur, nunc, quas contingere nolis,
 fundit Anigrus aquas, postquam, nisi vatibus omnis
 eripienda fides, illic lavere bimembres
 vulnera, clavigeri quae fecerat Herculis arcus.

quid ? non et Scythicis Hypanis de montibus ortus,
 qui fuerat dulcis, salibus vitiatur amaris ? 286

“ Fluctibus ambitae fuerant Antissa Pharosque
 et Phoenissa Tyros : quarum nunc insula nulla est.
 Leucada continuam veteres habuere coloni :
 nunc freta circueunt ; Zancle quoque iuncta fuisse
 dicitur Italiae, donec confinia pontus 291

abstulit et media tellurem reppulit unda ;
 si quaeras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
 invenies sub aquis, et adhuc ostendere nautae
 inclinata solent cum moenibus oppida mersis. 295

est prope Pittheam tumulus Troezena, sine ullis
 arduus arboribus, quondam planissima campi
 area, nunc tumulus ; nam (res horrenda relatu)
 vis fera ventorum, caecis inclusa cavernis,
 expirare aliqua cupiens luctataque frustra 300

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earth, leap forth or, dried up, sink out of sight. So, when Lycus is swallowed up by the yawning earth, he emerges far away and springs forth again with different appearance. So Erasinus is now engulfed and now, gliding along in a hidden stream, reappears as a lordly river in the Argolic fields. And they say that the Mysus, ashamed of his source and former banks, now flows in another region as Caïcus. The Amenanus now flows full over the Sicilian sands, and at times, its sources quenched, is dry. The Anigrus was once wholesome to drink, but now it pours down waters which you would not wish to taste since there (unless all credence is to be denied to bards) the two-formed centaurs bathed their wounds which the arrows of club-bearing Hercules had dealt. Further, is not the Hypanis, sprung from the Scythian mountains, which once was fresh and sweet, now spoiled with brackish water?

“Antissa and Pharos and Phoenician Tyre were once surrounded by the waters of the sea; but now not one of them is an island. The old inhabitants of that region once possessed Leucas as part of the mainland; but now the waves wash clear around it. Zancle also is said to have been a part of Italy until the sea washed away their common boundary and thrust back the land by the intervening water. If you seek for Helice and Buris, once cities of Achaia, you will find them beneath the waves; and the sailors still show you the sloping cities with their buried walls. Near Troezen, ruled by Pitheus, there is a hill, high and treeless, which once was a perfectly level plain, but now a hill; for (horrible to relate) the wild forces of the winds, shut up in dark regions underground, seeking an outlet for their flowing and striving vainly to obtain a

OVID

liberiore frui caelo, cum carcere rima
 nulla foret toto nec pervia flatibus esset,
 extentam tumefecit humum, ceu spiritus oris
 tendere vesicam solet aut derepta bicorni
 terga capro; tumor ille loci permansit et alti 305
 collis habet speciem longoque induruit aevo.

“ Plurima cum subeant audita et cognita nobis,
 pauca super referam. quid? non et lympa figuras
 datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,
 unda die gelida est, ortuque obituque calescit 310
 adnotis Athamanas aquis accendere lignum
 narratur, minimos cum luna recessit in orbes.
 flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxca reddit
 viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus;
 Crathis et hinc Sybaris nostris conterminus oris 315
 electro similes faciunt auroque capillos;
 quodque magis mirum est, sunt, qui non corpora tantum,
 verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:
 cui non audita est obscenae Salmacis undae
 Aethiopesque lacus? quos si quis faucibus hausit, 320
 aut furit aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem;
 Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit,
 vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis,
 seu vis est in aqua calido contraria vino,
 sive, quod indigenae memorant, Amythaone natus, 325
 Proetidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas
 eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas
 misit aquas, odiumque meri permansit in undis.
 hinc fluit effectu dispar Lyncestius amnis,
 386

freer space, since there was no chink in all their prison through which their breath could go, puffed out and stretched the ground, just as when one inflates a bladder with his breath, or the skin of a horned goat. That swelling in the ground remained, has still the appearance of a high hill, and has hardened as the years went by.

“Though many instances that I have heard of and known suggest themselves to me, I shall tell but a few more. Why, does not even water give and receive strange forms? Thy stream, horned Ammon, at midday is cold, but warm in the morning and at eventide; and they say that the Athamanians set wood on fire by pouring water on it when the moon has reached her last point of waning. The Cicones have a river whose waters, if drunk, turn the vitals into stone, make marble of everything they touch. Crathis and Sybaris, a stream not far from our own region, make hair like amber and gold; and, what is still more wonderful, there are streams whose waters have power to change not alone the body, but the mind as well. Who has not heard of the ill-famed waves of Salmacis and of the Aethiopian lakes? Whoever drinks of these waters either goes raving mad or falls into a strange, deep lethargy. Whoever slakes his thirst from Clitor’s spring shuns the wine-cup and abstemiously enjoys pure water only; whether there is a power in the water which counteracts the heating wine, or whether, as the natives say, Amythaon’s son,¹ after he had freed the frenzied daughters of Proetus of madness by his magic songs and herbs, threw into those waters his mind-purifying herbs, and the hate of wine remained in the spring. The Lyncestian river produces

¹ Melampus.

OVID

quem quicumque parum moderato gutture traxit, 330
 haut aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset.
 est locus Arcadiae, Pheneon dixere priores,
 ambiguis suspectus aquis, quas nocte timeto :
 nocte nocent potae, sine noxa luce bibuntur ;
 sic alias aliasque lacus et flumina vires 335
 concipiunt.—tempusque fuit, quo navit in undis,
 nunc sedet Ortygie ; timuit concursibus Argo
 undarum sparsas Symplegadas elisarum,
 quae nunc inmotae perstant ventisque resistunt.
 nec quae sulphureis ardet fornacibus Aetna, 340
 ignea semper erit, neque enim fuit ignea semper.
 nam sive est animal tellus et vivit habetque
 spiramenta locis flammam exhalantia multis,
 spirandi mutare vias, quotiensque movetur,
 has finire potest, illas aperire cavernas ; 345
 sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris
 saxaque cum saxis et habentem semina flammae
 materiam iactant, ea concipit ictibus ignem,
 antra relinquentur sedatis frigida ventis ;
 sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires, 350
 luteave exiguis ardescunt sulphura fumis,
 nempe, ubi terra cibos alimentaue pinguia flammae
 non dabit absumptis per longum viribus aevum,
 naturaeque suum nutrimentum deerit edaci,
 non feret illa famem desertaue deseret ignis. 355
 “ Esse viros fama est in Hyperborea Pallene,
 qui soleant levibus velari corpora plumis,

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an effect the opposite of this; for if one drinks too copiously of its waters, he staggers in his walk just as if he had drunk undiluted wine. There is a place in Arcadia which the ancients called Pheneus, mistrusted for its uncertain waters. Shun them by night, for, drunk by night, they are injurious; but in the daytime they may be drunk without harm. So lakes and streams have now these, now those effects. There was a time when Ortygia floated on the waves, but now she stands firm. The Argo feared the Symplegades, which at that time clashed together with high-flung spray; but now they stand immovable and resist the winds. And Aetna, which now glows hot with her sulphurous furnaces, will not always be on fire, neither was it always full of fire as now. For if the earth is of the nature of an animal, living and having many breathing-holes which exhale flames, she can change her breathing-places and, as often as she shakes herself, can close up these and open other holes; or if swift winds are penned up in deep caverns and drive rocks against rocks and substance containing the seeds of flame, and this catches fire from the friction of the stones, still the caves will become cool again when the winds have spent their force; or if it is pitchy substances that cause the fire, and yellow sulphur, burning with scarce-seen flames, surely, when the earth shall no longer furnish food and rich sustenance for the fire, and its strength after long ages has been exhausted, and greedy Nature shall feel lack of her own nourishment, then she will not endure hunger and, being deserted, will desert her fires.

“There is a story of certain men in Hyperborean Pallene who gain a covering of light feathers for their bodies after they have nine times plunged in

OVID

cum Tritoniacam noviens subiere paludem ;
 haut equidem credo : sparsae quoque membra venenis
 exercere artes Scythides memorantur easdem. 360

“ Siqua fides rebus tamen est addenda probatis,
 nonne vides, quaecumque mora fluidove calore
 corpora tabuerint, in parva animalia verti ?
 in scrobe delectos mactatos obrue tauros
 (cognita res usu) : de patris viscere passim 365
 florilegae nascuntur apes, quae more parentum
 rura colunt operique favent in spemque laborant.
 pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est ;
 concava litoreo si demas bracchia canero,
 cetera supponas terrae, de parte sepulta 370
 scorpius exhibit caudaque minabitur unca ;
 quaeque solent canis frondes intexere filis
 agrestes tineae (res observata colonis),
 ferali mutant cum papilione figuram.

“ Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas, 375
 et generat truncas pedibus, mox apta natando
 crura dat, utque eadem sint longis saltibus apta,
 posterior partes superat mensura priores.
 nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
 sed male viva caro est ; lambendo mater in artus 380
 fingit et in formam, quantam capit ipsa, reducit.
 nonne vides, quos cera tegit sexangula fetus
 melliferarum apium sine membris corpora nasci
 390

Minerva's pool. I do not vouch for it, but the Scythian women also are said to sprinkle their bodies with certain magic juices and produce the same effect.

“Still, if credence is to be given to things that have actually been tested, do you not see that, whenever dead bodies by lapse of time or by the liquefying power of heat have become thoroughly putrid, tiny animals are bred in them? Bury the carcasses of choice bulls in a ditch after they have been offered in sacrifice (it is a well-known experiment), and from the putrid entrails everywhere will spring flower-culling bees which, after the fashion of their progenitors, frequent the country fields, are fond of work, and toil in hope of their reward. A horse, which is a warlike animal, buried in the ground will produce hornets. If you cut off the hollow claws of a sea-crab and bury the rest in the ground, from the buried part a scorpion will come forth threatening with his hooked tail. And worms that weave their white cocoons on the leaves of trees (a fact well known to country-folk) change into funereal butterflies.¹

“Slimy mud contains seeds that produce green frogs, without legs at first, but soon it gives them legs adapted to swimming, and, that these may be fitted for taking long leaps also, the hind-legs are longer than the fore. A cub that a she-bear has just brought forth is not a cub, but a scarce-living lump of flesh; but the mother licks it into shape, and in this way gives it as much of a form as she has herself. Do you not see how the larvae of the honey-bearing bees, which the hexagonal waxen cell protects, are

¹ The departed soul is sometimes represented on tombstones as a butterfly.

OVID

et serosque pedes serasque adsumere pennas?
 Iunonis volucrem, quae cauda sidera portat, 385
 armigerumque Iovis Cythereiadasque columbas
 et genus omne avium mediis e partibus ovi,
 ni sciret fieri, quis nasci posse putaret?
 sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulcro,
 mutari credant humanas angue medullas. 390

“ Haec tamen ex aliis generis primordia ducunt,
 una est, quae reparat seque ipsa reseminet, ales:
 Assyrii phoenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis,
 sed turis lacrimis et suco vivit amomi.
 haec ubi quinque suae complevit saecula vitae, 395
 ilicet in ramis tremulaeque cacumine palmae
 unguibus et puro nidum sibi construit ore,
 quo simul ac casias et nardi lenis aristas
 quassaque cum fulva substravit cinnama murra,
 se super inponit finitque in odoribus aevum. 400
 inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debeat annos,
 corpore de patrio parvum phoenica renasci;
 cum dedit huic actas vires, onerique ferendo est,
 ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae
 fertque pius cunasque suas patriumque sepulcrum 405
 perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
 ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit.

“ Si tamen est aliquid mirae novitatis in istis,
 alternare vices et, quae modo femina tergo
 passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur hyaenam;
 392

born mere memberless bodies and later put on feet and wings? Juno's bird, which wears starry spots on its tail, and the weapon-bearing bird of Jove, and Cytherea's doves, and the whole family of birds—who would believe, who did not know the facts, that these could be born from the inside of an egg? There are some who think that when the backbone of a man has decomposed in the narrow tomb the spinal marrow is changed into a snake.

“Now all these things get their life's beginning from some other creature; but there is one bird which itself renews and reproduces its own being. The Assyrians call it the phoenix. It does not live on seeds and green things, but on the gum of frankincense and the juices of amomum. This bird, you may know, when it has completed five centuries of its life, builds for itself a nest in the topmost branches of a waving palm-tree, using his talons and his clean beak; and when he has covered this over with cassiabark and spikes of smooth nard, broken cinnamon and yellow myrrh, he takes his place upon it and so ends his life amidst the odours. And from his father's body, so they say, a little phoenix springs up which is destined to attain the same length of years. When age has given him strength, and he is able to carry burdens, he relieves the tall palm's branches of the heavy nest, piously bears his own cradle and his father's tomb through the thin air, until, having reached the city of the Sun, he lays the nest down before the sacred doors of the Sun's temple.

“But if there is anything to wonder at in such novelties as these, we might wonder that the hyena changes her nature and that a creature which was but now a female and mated with a male is now a

OVID

id quoque, quod ventis animal nutritur et aura, 411
 protinus adsimulat, tetigit quoscumque colores.
 victa racemifero lynceas dedit India Baccho :
 e quibus, ut memorant, quicquid vesica remisit,
 vertitur in lapides et congelat aere tacto. 415
 sic et curalium quo primum contigit auras
 tempore, durescit : mollis fuit herba sub undis.
 “ Desinet ante dies et in alto Phoebus anhelos
 aequore tinguet equos, quam consequar omnia verbis
 in species translata novas : sic tempora verti 420
 cernimus atque illas adsumere robora gentes,
 concidere has ; sic magna fuit censuque virisque
 perque decem potuit tantum dare sanguinis annos,
 nunc humilis veteres tantummodo Troia ruinas
 et pro divitiis tumulos ostendit avorum ; 425
 clara fuit Sparte, magnae viguere Mycenae,
 nec non et Cecropis, nec non Amphionis arces.
 [vile solum Sparte est, altae cecidere Mycenae,
 Oedipodioniae quid sunt, nisi nomina, Thebae ?
 quid Pandioniae restant, nisi nomen, Athenae ?] 430
 nunc quoque Dardanium fama est consurgere Romam,
 Appenninigenae quae proxima Thybridis undis
 mole sub ingenti rerum fundamina ponit :
 haec igitur formam crescendo mutat et olim
 immensi caput orbis erit ! sic dicere vates 435
 fatincasque ferunt sortes, quantumque recordor,
 dixerat Aeneae, cum res Troiana labaret,
 Priamides Helenus flenti dubioque salutis :
 ‘ nate dea, si nota satis praesagia nostrae
 mentis habes, non tota cadet te sospite Troia ! 440

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male herself. That little animal,¹ also, which gets its nourishment from wind and air immediately takes the colour of whatever thing it rests upon. Conquered India gave to cluster-crowned Bacchus some lynxes as a present, whose watery secretions, as they say, change into stones and harden in contact with the air. So also coral hardens at the first touch of air, whereas it was a soft plant beneath the water.

“The day will come to an end and Phoebus will bathe his panting horses in the deep waters of the sea before I tell of all the things which have assumed new forms. So we see times changing, and some nations putting on new strength and others falling into weakness. So was Troy great in wealth and men, and for ten years was able to give so freely of her blood; but now, humbled to earth, she has naught to show but ancient ruins, no wealth but ancestral tombs. Sparta was at one time a famous city; great Mycenae flourished, and Cecrops' and Amphion's citadels. Sparta is now a worthless countryside, proud Mycenae has fallen; and what is the Thebes of Oedipus except a name? What is left of Pandion's Athens but a name? And now fame has it that Dardanian Rome is rising, and laying deep and strong foundations by the stream of Tiber sprung from the Apennines. She therefore is changing her form by growth, and some day shall be the capital of the boundless world! So, they tell us, seers and fate-revealing oracles are declaring. And, as I myself remember, when Troy was tottering to her fall, Helenus, the son of Priam, said to Aeneas, who was weeping and doubtful of his fate: ‘O son of Venus, if you keep well in mind my soul's prophetic visions, while you live Troy shall not wholly

¹ The chameleon.

OVID

flamma tibi ferrumque dabunt iter : ibis et una
 Pergama rapta feres, donec Troiaeque tibi que
 externum patria contingat amicus arvum,
 urbem et iam cerno Phrygios debere nepotes,
 quanta nec est nec erit nec visa prioribus annis. 445
 hanc alii proceres per saecula longa potentem,
 sed dominam rerum de sanguine natus Iuli
 efficiet, quo cum tellus erit usa, fruentur
 aetheriae sedes, caelumque erit exitus illi. /
 haec Helenum cecinisse penatigero Aeneae 450
 mente memor refero cognataque moenia laetor
 crescere et utiliter Phrygibus vicisse Pelasgos.

“ Ne tamen oblitis ad metam tendere longe
 exspatiemur equis, caelum et quodcumque sub illo
 est,
 inmutat formas, tellusque et quicquid in illa est, 455
 nos quoque, pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
 verum etiam volucres animae sumus, inque ferinas
 possumus ire domos pecudumque in corpora condi.
 corpora, quae possint animas habuisse parentum
 aut fratrum aut aliquo iunctorum foedere nobis 460
 aut hominum certe, tuta esse et honesta sinamus
 neve Thyesteis cumulemus viscera mensis !
 quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori
 impius humano, vituli qui guttura ferro
 rumpit et inmotas praebet mugitibus aures, 465
 aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus haedum
 edentem iugulare potest aut alite vesci,
 cui dedit ipse cibos ! quantum est, quod desit in istis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

perish ! Fire and sword shall give way before you. You shall go forth and with you shall you catch up and bear away your Pergama, until you shall find a foreign land, kinder to Troy and you than your own country. I see even now a city destined to the descendants of the Phrygians, than which none greater is or shall be, or has been in past ages. Other princes through the long centuries shall make her powerful, but a prince sprung from Iulus' blood shall make her mistress of the world. When earth shall have had her share of him, the celestial regions shall enjoy him and heaven shall be his goal.' These things I well remember that Helenus prophesied to Aeneas as he bore with him his guardian gods, and I rejoice that my kindred walls are rising and that the Greeks conquered to the profit of the Phrygians.

“ But, not to wander too far out of my course, my steeds forgetting meanwhile to speed towards the goal, the heavens and whatever is beneath the heavens change their forms, the earth and all that is within it. We also change, who are a part of creation, since we are not bodies only but also winged souls, and since we can enter wild-beast forms and be lodged in the bodies of cattle. We should permit bodies which may possibly have sheltered the souls of our parents or brothers or those joined to us by some other bond, or of men at least, to be uninjured and respected, and not load our stomachs as with a Thyestean banquet ! What an evil habit he is forming, how surely is he impiously preparing to shed human blood, who cuts a calf's throat with the knife and listens all unmoved to its piteous cries ! Or who can slay a kid which cries just like a little child, or feed on a bird to which he himself has just given food ! How much does such a deed as that fall short

OVID

ad plenum facinus? quo transitus inde paratur
 bos aret aut mortem senioribus inputet annis, 470
 horriferum contra borean ovis arma ministret,
 ubera dent saturae manibus pressanda capellae!
 retia cum pedicis laqueosque artesque dolosas
 tollite! nec volucrem viscata fallite virga
 nec formidatis cervos inludite pinnis 475
 nec celate cibis uncos fallacibus ham ;
 perditte siqua nocent, verum haec quoque perditte
 tantum :

ora vacent epulis alimentaue mitia carpant!"

Talibus atque aliis instructo pectore dictis
 in patriam remeasse ferunt ultroque petitem 480
 accepisse Numam populi Latialis habenas.
 coniuge qui felix nympba ducibusque Camenis
 sacrificos docuit ritus gentemque feroci
 adsuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.
 qui postquam senior regnumque aevumque peregit,
 extinctum Latiaeque nurus populusque patresque 486
 deflevere Numam; nam coniunx urbe relicta
 vallis Aricinae densis latet abdita silvis
 sacraque Oresteae gemitu questuque Dianae
 impedit. a! quotiens nympbae nemorisque lacusque,
 ne faceret, monuere et consolantia verba 491
 dixerunt! quotiens flenti Theseius heros
 "siste modum," dixit "neque enim fortuna querenda
 sola tua est; similes aliorum respice casus:
 mitius ista feret, utinamque exempla dolentem 495
 non mea te possent relevare! sed et mea possunt.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

of actual murder? What is the end of such a course? Let the bull plow and let him owe his death to length of days; let the sheep arm you against the rough north wind; let the she-goats give full udders to the milking. Have done with nets and traps, snares and deceptive arts. Catch not the bird with the limed twig; no longer hem in the deer with fear-compelling feathers,¹ nor conceal the barbed hook beneath fair-seeming food. Kill creatures that work you harm, but even in the case of these let killing suffice. Make not their flesh your food, but seek a more harmless nourishment."

They say that Numa, with mind filled with these and other teachings, returned to his own land and, being urged thereto, assumed the guidance of the Latin state. He, blessed with a nymph² for wife, blessed with the Muses' guidance, taught holy rites and trained a fierce, warlike people in the arts of peace. When he, now ripe in years, laid down his sceptre and his life, the Latin mothers, the commons, and the fathers all mourned for the departed Numa. For his wife fled from the city and hid herself away in the dense forests of the Arician vale, and by her groans and lamentations she disturbed the worship of Orestean Diana. Oh, how often the nymphs of wood and lake urged her to desist and spoke words of consolation! How often to the weeping nymph the heroic son of Theseus said: "Have done with tears, for yours is not the only lot to be lamented. Think upon others who have borne equal losses; then will you bear your own more gently. And I would that I had no experience of my own wherewith to comfort you in your grief! But even mine can comfort you.

¹ Hung on trees to scare the deer towards the nets. ² Egeria.

OVID

“ Fando aliquem Hippolytum vestras, puto, contigit
aures

credulitate patris, sceleratae fraude novercae
occubuisse neci : mirabere, vixque probabo,
sed tamen ille ego sum. me Pasiphaeia quondam
temptatum frustra patrium temerare cubile, 501
quod voluit, finxit voluisse et, crimine verso
(indiciine metu magis offensane repulsae?)
damnavit, meritumque nihil pater eicit urbe
hostilique caput prece detestatur euntis. 505
Pittheam profugo curru Troezena petebam
iamque Corinthiaci carpebam litora ponti,
cum mare surrexit, cumulusque inmanis aquarum
in montis speciem curvari et crescere visus
et dare mugitus summoque cacumine findi ; 510
corniger hinc taurus ruptis expellitur undis
pectoribusque tenus molles erectus in auras
naribus et patulo partem maris evomit ore.
corda pavent comitum, mihi mens interrita mansit
exiliis intenta suis, cum colla feroces 515
ad freta convertunt adrectisque auribus horrent
quadrupedes monstrique metu turbantur et altis
praecipitant currum scopulis ; ego ducere vana
frena manu spumis albetibus oblita luctor
et retro lentas tendo resupinus habenas. 520
nec tamen has vires rabies superasset equorum,
ni rota, perpetuum qua circumvertitur axem,
stipitis occursu fracta ac disiecta fuisset.
excitior curru, lorisque tenentibus artus
viscera viva trahi, nervos in stipe teneri, 525
400

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

“ You may have heard some mention of Hippolytus, how he met his death through the easy credence of his father and the wiles of his accursed stepmother. You will be amazed and I shall scarce prove my statement, but nevertheless I myself am he. Pasiphaë's daughter once, when she had tried in vain to tempt me to defile my father's couch, perverting truth, pretended that I had willed what she herself had willed (was it through fear of discovery or offence at her repulse?), and, guiltless though I was, my father drove me from the city and cursed me as I went with a deadly curse. Banished from home, I was making for Troezen, Pittheus' city, in my chariot, and now was coursing along the beach of the Corinthian bay, when the sea rose up and a huge mound of water seemed to swell and grow to mountain size, to give forth bellowings, and to be cleft at its highest point. Then the waves burst and a horned bull was cast forth, and, raised from the sea breast-high into the yielding air, he spouted out great quantities of water from his nostrils and wide mouth. The hearts of my companions quaked with fear; but my own soul was unterrified, filled with its own thoughts of exile. Then suddenly my spirited horses faced towards the sea and, with ears pricked forward, quaked and trembled with fear at the monstrous shape; then dashed with the chariot at headlong speed over the steep, rocky way. I vainly strove to check them with the reins, flecked with white foam, and, leaning backward, strained at the tough thongs. Still would the horses' mad strength not have surpassed my own had not a wheel, striking its hub against a projecting stock, been broken and wrenched off from the axle. I was thrown from my car, and while the reins held my legs fast, you might

OVID

membra rapi partim, partim reprensa relinqui,
 ossa gravem dare fracta sonum fessamque videres
 exhalari animam nullasque in corpore partes,
 noscere quas posses: unumque erat omnia vulnus.
 num potes aut audes cladi componere nostrae, 530
 nymphea, tuam? vidi quoque luce carentia regna
 et lacrum fovi Phlegethontide corpus in unda,
 nec nisi Apollineae valido medicamine prolis
 reddita vita foret; quam postquam fortibus herbis
 atque ope Paeonia Dite indignante recepi, 535
 tum mihi, ne praesens auferem muneris huius
 invidiam, densas obiecit Cynthia nubes,
 utque forem tutus possemque inpune videri,
 addidit aetatem nec cognoscenda reliquit
 ora mihi Cretemque diu dubitavit habendam 540
 traderet an Delon: Creta Deloque relictis
 hic posuit nomenque simul, quod possit equorum
 admonuisse, iubet deponere 'qui' que 'fuisti
 Hippolytus,' dixit 'nunc idem Virbius esto!'
 hoc nemus inde colo de disque minoribus unus 545
 numine sub dominae lateo atque accenseor illi."

Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare
 damna valent; montisque iacens radicibus imis
 liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
 mota soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem 550
 fecit et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.

Et nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

see my living flesh dragged along, my sinews held on the sharp stake, my limbs partly drawn on and in part caught fast and left behind, and my bones broken with a loud, snapping sound. You might see my spent spirit breathed out and there was no part of my body which you could recognize, but it all was one great wound. Now can you, dare you, nymph, compare your loss with my disaster? Further, I saw the rayless world of death and bathed my torn body in the waves of Phlegethon. And there should I still be had not Apollo's son by his potent remedies given me back my life. And when I had regained it by the help of strong herbs and medicinal aid, though 'twas against the will of Dis, then Cynthia threw a thick cloud around me, lest I be seen and stir up envy of my gift of life. And, that I might be safe and able to be seen without fear of punishment, she gave me the look of age and left me no features that could be recognized. She debated long whether to give me Crete or Delos for my home. But, deciding against Crete and Delos, she placed me here and bade me lay aside the name which could remind me of my horses, and said: 'You who were Hippolytus shall now be Virbius.' From that time I have dwelt within this grove and, one of the lesser deities, I hide beneath my mistress' deity and am accepted as her follower."

But Egeria's grief could not be assuaged by the woes of others, and, lying prostrate at the mountain's base, she melted away in tears; until Phoebus' sister, in pity of her faithful sorrow, made her body into a cool spring and dissolved her slender limbs into unfailling streams.

This strange event struck the nymphs with wonder; and the son of the Amazon was no less

OVID

haut aliter stupuit, quam cum Tyrrhenus arator
 fatalem glaebam mediis adspexit in arvis
 sponte sua primum nulloque agitante moveri, 555
 sumere mox hominis terraeque amittere formam
 oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis :
 indigenae dixerunt Tagen, qui primus Etruscam
 edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros ;
 utve Palatinis haerentem collibus olim 560
 cum subito vidit frondescere Romulus hastam,
 quae radice nova, non ferro stabat adacto
 et iam non telum, sed lenti viminis arbor
 non expectatas dabat admirantibus umbras ;
 aut sua fluminea cum vidit Cibus in nuda 565
 cornua (vidit enim) falsamque in imagine credens
 esse fidem, digitis ad frontem saepe relatis,
 quae vidit, tetigit, nec iam sua lumina damnans
 restitit, ut victor domito veniebat ab hoste,
 ad caelumque manus et eodem lumina tollens 570
 “ quicquid,” ait “ superi, monstro portenditur isto,
 seu laetum est, patriae laetum populoque Quirini,
 sive minax, mihi sit.” viridique e caespite factas
 placat odoratis herbosas ignibus aras
 vinaque dat pateris mactatarumque bidentum, 575
 quid sibi significant, trepidantia consulit exta ;
 quae simul adspexit Tyrrhenae gentis haruspex,
 magna quidem rerum molimina vidit in illis,
 non manifesta tamen ; cum vero sustulit acre
 a pecudis fibris ad Cibi cornua lumen, 580
 “ rex,” ait “ o ! salve ! tibi enim, tibi, Cibe, tuisque

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

amazed than was the Tyrrhene plowman when he saw in his fields a clod, big with fate, first moving of its own accord, and with no one touching it, then taking on the form of man and losing its earthy shape, and finally opening its new-made mouth to speak things that were to be. The natives called him Tages, who first taught the Etruscan race how to read the future. And no less amazed than was Romulus when of old he saw his spear, which he had planted on the Palatine hill, suddenly putting forth leaves, and standing, not with iron point driven in the earth, but with new-grown roots; and now 'twas not a spear at all, but a tough-fibred tree, giving unexpected shade to those who gazed on it in wonder; or than was Cipus when in the river water he saw horns springing from his head. For he saw them and, thinking that he was deceived by the reflection, lifting his hands again and again to his forehead, he touched what he saw; and now no longer disbelieving his eyes he halted on his triumphal march and lifting his hands and eyes to the heavens cried: "O ye gods, whatever is portended by this monstrous thing, if it be fortunate, let the good fortune befall my country and the people of Quirinus; but if it threaten ill, may the ill be mine." Then, making an altar of green turf, he appeased the gods with a fragrant burnt-offering, made a libation of wine, and consulted the quivering entrails of the slaughtered victims as to what they might mean for him. When the Etruscan seer inspected these he saw the signs of great enterprises there, but not yet clearly visible. But when he raised his keen eyes from the sheep's entrails to the horns of Cipus, he cried: "All hail, O king! for to thee, to thee, Cipus, and to thy horns

OVID

hic locus et Latiae parebunt cornibus arces.
 tu modo rumpe moras portasque intrare patentes
 adpropera! sic fata iubent; namque urbe receptus
 rex eris et sceptro tutus potiere perenni." 585
 rettulit ille pedem torvamque a moenibus urbis
 avertens faciem "procul, a! procul omnia" dixit
 "taliam di pellant! multoque ego iustius aevum
 exul agam, quam me videant Capitolia regem."
 dixit et extemplo populumque gravemque senatum
 convocat, ante tamen pacali cornua lauro 591
 velat et aggeribus factis a milite forti
 insistit priscosque deos e more precatus
 "est" ait "hic unus, quem vos nisi pellitis urbe,
 rex erit: is qui sit, signo, non nomine dicam: 595
 cornua fronte gerit! quem vobis indicat augur,
 si Romam intrarit, famularia iura daturum.
 ille quidem potuit portas inrumpere apertas,
 sed nos obstitimus, quamvis coniunctior illo
 nemo mihi est: vos urbe virum prohibete, Quirites,
 vel, si dignus erit, gravibus vincite catenis 601
 aut finite metum fatalis morte tyranni!"
 qualia succinctis, ubi trux insibilat eurus,
 murmura pinetis fiunt, aut qualia fluctus
 aequorei faciunt, siquis procul audiat illos, 605
 tale sonat populus; sed per confusa frementis
 verba tamen vulgi vox eminent una "quis ille est?"
 et spectant frontes praedictaque cornua quaerunt.
 rursus ad hos Cipus "quem poscitis," inquit
 "habetis"

METAMORPHOSES BOOK XV

shall this place and Latium's citadels bow down. Only delay not and make speed to enter the open gates! Such is fate's command; for, received within the city, thou shalt be king and wield the sceptre in safe and endless sway." He started back and, keeping his gaze stubbornly turned from the city's walls, he said: "Far, oh, far from me may the gods keep every such fate. Better far it is that I should spend my days exiled from home than that the Capitol should see me king." He spoke and straight-way called a joint assembly of the people and the reverend senate. But first he hid his horns with a wreath of peaceful laurel; then, standing on a mound raised by the brave soldiery and praying to the ancient gods according to the rite, he said: "There is one here who will be king unless you drive him from your city. Who he is, not by his name but by a sign I will disclose to you: he wears horns upon his brow! The augur declares that if once he enters Rome he will reduce you to the rank of slaves. He might have forced his way through your gates, for they stand open; but I withstood him, though no one is more closely bound to him than I. Do you, Quirites, keep him from your city, or, if he deserves it, bind him with heavy fetters, or end your fear of the fated tyrant by his death!" At this such a murmur arose among the people as comes from the high-girt pine-groves when the boisterous wind whistles through them, or as the waves of the sea make heard from afar. But, midst the confused words of the murmuring throng, one cry rose clear: "Who is the man?" They looked at each other's foreheads, and sought to find the horns that had been spoken of. Then Cipus spoke again and said: "Him whom you seek you have"; and removing the wreath from

OVID

- et dempta capiti populo prohibente corona 610
 exhibuit gemino praesignia tempora cornu.
 demisere oculos omnes gemitumque dedere
 atque illud meritis clarum (quis credere possit ?)
 inviti videre caput : nec honore carere
 ulterius passi festam inposuere coronam ; 615
 at proceres, quoniam muros intrare vetaris,
 ruris honorati tantum tibi, Cipe, dedere,
 quantum depresso subiectis bobus aratro
 complecti posses ad finem lucis ab ortu.
 cornuaque aeratis miram referentia formam 620
 postibus insculpunt, longum mansura per aevum.
- Pandite nunc, Musae, praesentia numina vatum,
 (scitis enim, nec vos fallit spatiosa vetustas,)
 unde Coroniden circumflua Thybridis alti
 insula Romuleae sacris adiecerit urbis. 625
- Dira lues quondam Latias vitiaverat auras,
 pallidaque exsanguis squalebant corpora morbo.
 funeribus fessi postquam mortalia cernunt
 temptamenta nihil, nihil artes posse medentum,
 auxilium caeleste petunt medianque tenentis 630
 orbis humum Delphos adeunt, oracula Phoebi,
 utque salutifera miseris succurrere rebus
 sorte velit tantaeque urbis mala finiat, orant :
 et locus et laurus et, quas habet ipse pharetras,
 intremuere simul, cortinaque reddidit imo 635
 hanc adyto vocem pavefactaque pectora movit ·

his head, while the people sought to stay him, he showed to them his temples marked with the two horns. All cast down their eyes and groaned aloud, and (who could believe it?) reluctantly looked upon that deservedly illustrious head. Then, not suffering him further to stand dishonoured, they replaced upon his head the festal wreath. But the senate, since you might not come within the walls, gave you, Cibus, as a gift of honour, as much land as you could enclose with a yoke of oxen and a plow from dawn till close of day. And the horns in all their wondrous beauty they engraved upon the bronze pillars of the gates, there to remain through all the ages.

Reveal to me now, O Muses, ye ever-helpful divinities of bards (for you know, nor has far-stretching time dimmed your memory), whence did the island bathed by the deep Tiber bring Coronis' son¹ and set him midst the deities of Rome.

In olden time a deadly pestilence had corrupted Latium's air, and men's bodies lay wasting and pale with a ghastly disease. When, weary with caring for the dead, men saw that their human efforts were as nothing, and that the healers' arts were of no avail, they sought the aid of heaven, and, coming to Delphi, situate in the earth's central spot, the sacred oracle of Phoebus, they begged that the god would vouchsafe with his health-bringing lots to succour them in their wretchedness and end the woes of their great city. Then did the shrine and the laurel-tree and the quiver which the god himself bears quake together, and the tripod from the inmost shrine gave forth these words and stirred their hearts trembling with fear: "What you seek

¹ Aesculapius.

OVID

“quod petis hinc, propiore loco, Romane, petisses,
 et pete nunc propiore loco: nec Apolline vobis,
 qui minuat luctus, opus est, sed Apolline nato.
 ite bonis avibus prolemque accersite nostram.” 640
 iussa dei prudens postquam accepere senatus,
 quam colat, explorant, iuvenis Phoebieus urbem,
 quique petant ventis Epidauria litora, mittunt;
 quae simul incurva missi tetigere carina,
 concilium Graiosque patres adiere, darentque, 645
 oravere, deum, qui praesens funera gentis
 finiat Ausoniae: certas ita dicere sortes.
 dissidet et variat sententia, parsque negandum
 non putat auxilium, multi retinere suamque
 non emittere opem nec numina tradere suadent: 650
 dum dubitant, seram pepulere crepuscula lucem;
 umbraque telluris tenebras induxerat orbi,
 cum deus in somnis opifer consistere visus
 ante tuum, Romane, torum, sed qualis in aede
 esse solet, baculumque tenens agreste sinistra 655
 caesariem longae dextra deducere barbae
 et placido tales emittere pectore voces:
 “pone metus! veniam simulacraque nostra relinquam.
 hunc modo serpentem, baculum qui nexibus ambit,
 perspice et usque nota visu, ut cognoscere possis! 660
 vertar in hunc: sed maior ero tantusque videbor,
 in quantum debent caelestia corpora verti.”
 extemplo cum voce deus, cum voce deoque
 somnus abit, somnique fugam lux alma secuta est.
 postera sidereos aurora fugaverat ignes: 665

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from this place you should have sought, O Roman, from a nearer place. And even now seek from that nearer place. Nor have you any need of Apollo to abate your troubles, but of Apollo's son. Go with kindly auspices and call on my son." When the senate, rich in wisdom, heard the commands of the god, they sought in what city the son of Phoebus dwelt, and sent an embassy by ship to seek out the coast of Epidaurus. When the embassy had beached their curved keel upon that shore, they betook them to the council of the Grecian elders and prayed that they would give the god who with his present deity might end the deadly woes of the Ausonian race; for thus the oracle distinctly bade. The elders disagreed and sat with varying minds. Some thought that aid should not be refused; but the many advised to keep their god and not let go the source of their own wealth nor deliver up their deity. And while they sat in doubt the dusk of evening dispelled the lingering day and the darkness spread its shadows over the world. Then did the health-giving god seem in your dreams to stand before your couch, O Roman, even as he is wont to appear in his own temple, holding his rustic staff in his left hand and with his right stroking his flowing beard, and with calm utterance to speak these words: "Fear not! I shall come and leave my shrine. Only look upon this serpent which twines about my staff, and fix it on your sight that you may know it. I shall change myself to this, but shall be larger and shall seem as great as celestial bodies should be when they change." Straightway the god vanished as he spoke, and with the voice and the god sleep vanished too, and the kindly day dawned as sleep fled. The next morning had put the gleaming

OVID

incerti, quid agant, proceres ad templa petiti
 conveniunt operosa dei, quaque ipse morari
 sede velit, signis caelestibus indicet, orant.
 vix bene desierant, cum cristis aureus altis
 in serpente deus praenuntia sibila misit 670
 adventuque suo signumque arasque foresque
 marmoreumque solum fastigiaque aurea movit
 pectoribusque tenus media sublimis in aede
 constitit atque oculos circumtulit igne micantes :
 territa turba pavet, cognovit numina castos 675
 evinctus vitta crines albente sacerdos ;
 “ en deus est, deus est ! animis linguisque favete,
 quisquis adest ! ” dixit “ sis, o pulcherrime, visus
 utiliter populosque iuves tua sacra colentes ! ”
 quisquis adest, iussum venerantur numen, et omnes
 verba sacerdotis referunt geminata piisque 681
 Aeneadae praestant et mente et voce favorem.
 adnuit his motisque deus rata pignora cristis
 et repetita dedit vibrata sibila lingua ;
 tum gradibus nitidis delabitur oraque retro 685
 flectit et antiquas abiturus respicit aras
 adsuetasque domos habitataque templa salutat.
 inde per iniectis adopertam floribus ingens
 serpit humum flectitque sinus mediamque per urbem
 tendit ad incurvo munitos aggere portus. 690
 restitit hic agmenque suum turbaeque sequentis
 officium placido visus dimittere vultu
 corpus in Ausonia posuit rate : numinis illa

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stars to flight when the chiefs, still uncertain what to do, assembled at the sumptuous temple of the sought-for god and begged him by heavenly tokens to reveal where he himself wished to abide. Scarce had they ceased to speak when the golden god, in the form of a serpent with high crest, uttered hissing warnings of his presence, and at his coming the statue, altars, doors, the marble pavement and gilded roof, all rocked. Then, raised breast-high in the temple's midst, he stood and gazed about with eyes flashing fire. The terrified multitude quaked with fear; but the priest, with his sacred locks bound with a white fillet, recognized the divinity and cried: "The god! behold the god! Think holy thoughts and stand in reverent silence, all ye who are in this presence. And, O thou most beautiful, be this vision of thee expedient for us and bless thou this people who worship at thy shrine." All in the divine presence worshipped the god as they were bid, repeating the priest's words after him, and the Romans, too, performed their pious devotions with heart and lips. The god nodded graciously to them and, moving his crest, assured them of his favour and with darting tongue gave forth repeated hisses. Then he glided down the polished steps and with backward gaze looked fixedly upon the ancient altars which he was about to leave, and saluted his well-known home and the shrine where he had dwelt so long. Thence the huge serpent wound his way along the ground covered with scattered flowers, bending and coiling as he went, and proceeded through the city's midst to the harbour guarded by a curving embankment. Here he halted and, seeming with kindly expression to dismiss his throng of pious followers, he took his place within the Ausonian ship. It felt the burden

OVID

sensit onus, pressa estque dei gravitate carina ;
 Aeneadae gaudent cunctoque in litore tauro 695
 torta coronatae solvunt retinacula navis.
 inpulerat levis aura ratem : deus eminent alte
 inpositaque premens puppim cervice recurvam
 caeruleas **despectat** aquas modicisque per aequor
 Ionium zephyris sextae Pallantidos ortu 700
 Italiam tenuit praeterque Lacinia templo
 nobilitatae deae Seylaceaque litora fertur ;
 linquit Iapygiam laevisque Amphrisia remis
 saxa fugit, dextra praerupta Cocinthia parte,
 Romethiumque legit Caulonaque Naryciamque 705
 evincitque fretum Siculique angusta Pelori
 Hippotadaeque domos regis Temesesque **metalla**
 Leucosiamque petit tepidique rosaria Paesti.
 inde legit Capreas promunturiumque **Minervae**
 et Surrentino generosos palmite colles 710
 Ærcaeiamque urbem Stabiasque et in otia natam
 Parthenopen et ab hac Cumacae templa Sibyllae.
 hinc calidi fontes lentisciferumque tenetur
 Liternum multaque trahens sub gurgite harenam
 Volturnus niveisque frequens Sinuessa columbis 715
 Minturnaeque graves et quam tumulavit alumnus
 Antiphataeque domus Trachasque obsessa palude
 et tellus Circaea et spissi litoris Antium.
 huc ubi veliferam nautae advertere carinam,
 (asper enim iam pontus erat), deus explicat orbis 720
 perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens

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of the deity and the keel was forced deep down by the god's weight. The Romans were filled with joy and, after sacrificing a bull upon the beach, they wreathed their ship with flowers and cast loose from the shore. A gentle breeze bore the vessel on, while the god, rising on high and reclining heavily with his neck resting upon the ship's curving stern, gazed down upon the azure waters. With fair winds he sailed through the Ionian sea and on the sixth morning he reached Italy, sailed past the shores of Lacinium, famed for Juno's temple, past Scylaceum, left Iapygia behind, and, avoiding the Amphrisian rocks upon the left and the Cocinthian crags upon the right, skirted Romethium and Caulon and Narycia; then passed the Sicilian sea and Pelorus' narrow strait, sailed by the home of King Hippotades, past the coppermines of Temesa, and headed for Leucosia and mild Paestum's rose-gardens. Thence he skirted Capreae, Minerva's promontory, and the hills of Surrentum rich in vines; thence sailed to Herculaneum and Stabiae and Parthenope,¹ for soft pleasure founded, and from there to the temple of the Cumaean Sibyl. Next the hot pools² were reached, and Liternum, thick grown with mastic-bearing trees, and the Volturnus, sweeping along vast quantities of sand beneath its whirling waters; Sinuessa, with its thronging flocks of snow-white doves; unwholesome Minturnae and the place³ named for her whose foster-son⁴ entombed her there; the home of Antiphates, marsh-encompassed Trachas, Circe's land also, and Antium with its hard-packed shore. When to this place the sailors turned their ship with sails full spread (for the sea was rough) the god unfolded his coils and, gliding on with many a sinuous curve and mighty fold, entered

¹ i.e. Naples.

² Of Baiæ.

³ Caieta.

⁴ Aeneas.

OVID

templa parentis init flavum tangentia litus.
 aequore placato patrias Epidaurius aras
 linquit et hospitio iuncti sibi numinis usus
 litoream tractu squamae crepitantis harenam 725
 sulcat et innixus moderamine navis in alta
 puppe caput posuit, donec Castrumque sacrasque
 Lavini sedes Tiberinaque ad ostia venit.
 huc omnis populi passim matrumque patrumque
 obvia turba ruit, quaeque ignes, Troica, servant, 730
 Vesta, tuos, laetoque deum clamore salutant.
 quaque per adversas navis cita ducitur undas,
 tura super ripas aris ex ordine factis
 parte ab utraque sonant et odorant aera fumis,
 ictaque coniectos incalfacit hostia cultros. 735
 iamque caput rerum, Romanam intraverat urbem :
 erigitur serpens summoque acclinia malo
 colla movet sedesque sibi circumspicit aptas.
 scinditur in geminas partes circumfluis amnis
 (Insula nomen habet) laterumque a parte duorum 740
 porrigit aequales media tellure lacertos :
 huc se de Latia pinu Phoebius anguis
 contulit et finem specie caeleste resumpta
 luctibus inposuit venitque salutifer urbi.

Hic tamen accessit delubris advena nostris : 745
 Caesar in urbe sua deus est ; quem Marte togaque
 praecipuum non bella magis finita triumphis
 resque domi gestae properataque gloria rerum
 in sidus vertere novum stellamque comantem,
 quam sua progenies ; neque enim de Caesaris actis 750

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his father's temple set on the tawny strand. When the sea had calmed again, the Epidaurian god left his paternal altars and, having enjoyed the hospitality of his kindred deity, furrowed the sandy shore as he dragged his rasping scales along and, climbing up the rudder, reposed his head on the vessel's lofty stern, until he came to Castrum, the sacred seats of Lavinium and the Tiber's mouth. Hither the whole mass of the populace came thronging to meet him from every side, matrons and fathers and the maids who tend thy fires, O Trojan Vesta, and they saluted the god with joyful cries. And where the swift ship floated up the stream incense burned with a crackling sound on altars built in regular order on both the banks, the air was heavy with sweet perfumes, and the smitten victim warmed the sacrificial knife with his blood. And now the ship had entered Rome, the capital of the world. The serpent raised himself aloft and, resting his head upon the mast's top, moved it from side to side, viewing the places fit for his abode. The river, flowing around, separates at this point into two parts, forming the place called the Island; on each side it stretches out two equal arms with the land between. On this spot the serpent-son of Phoebus disembarked from the Latian ship and, resuming his heavenly form, put an end to the people's woes and came to them as health-bringer to their city.

Now he came to our shrines as a god from a foreign land; but Caesar is god in his own city. Him, illustrious in war and peace, not so much his wars triumphantly achieved, his civic deeds accomplished, and his glory quickly won, changed to a new heavenly body, a flaming star; but still more his offspring deified him. For there is no work among

OVID

ullum maius opus, quam quod pater exstitit huius:
 scilicet aequoreos plus est domuisse Britannos
 perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili
 victrices egisse rates Numidasque rebelles
 Cinyphiumque Iubam Mithridateisque tumentem 755
 nominibus Pontum populo adiecisse Quirini
 et multos meruisse, aliquos egisse triumphos,
 quam tantum genuisse virum, quo praeside rerum
 humano generi, superi, favistis abunde!
 ne foret hic igitur mortali semine cretus, 760
 ille deus faciendus erat; quod ut aurea vidit
 Aeneae genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari
 pontifici letum et coniurata arma moveri,
 palluit et cunctis, ut cuique erat obvia, divis
 "adspice," dicebat "quanta mihi mole parentur 765
 insidiae, quantaque caput cum fraude petatur,
 quod de Dardanio solum mihi restat Iulo.
 solane semper ero iustis exercita curis,
 quam modo Tydidæ Calydonia vulneret hasta,
 nunc male defensae confundant moenia Troiae, 770
 quae videam natum longis erroribus actum
 iactarique freto sedesque intrare silentum
 bellaque cum Turno gerere, aut, si vera fatemur,
 cum Iunone magis? quid nunc antiqua recordor
 damna mei generis? timor hic meminisse priorum
 non sinit; en acui sceleratos cernitis enses? 776
 quos prohibete, precor, facinusque repellite neve
 caede sacerdotis flammam exstinguite Vestae!"

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all Caesar's achievements greater than this, that he became the father of this our Emperor. Is it indeed a greater thing to have subdued the sea-girt Britons, to have led his victorious fleet up the seven-mouthed stream of the papyrus-bearing Nile, to have added the rebellious Numidians, Libyan Juba, and Pontus, swelling with threats of the mighty name of Mithridates, to the sway of the people of Quirinus, to have celebrated some triumphs and to have earned many more—than to have begotten so great a man? With him as ruler of the world, you have indeed, O heavenly ones, showered rich blessings upon the human race! So then, that his son might not be born of mortal seed, Caesar must needs be made a god. When the golden mother of Aeneas saw this, and saw also that dire destruction was being plotted against her high-priest and that an armed conspiracy was forming, she paled with fear and cried to all the gods as she met them in turn: "Behold what a crushing weight of plots is prepared against me, and with what snares that life is sought which alone remains to me from Dardanian Iulus. Shall I alone for ever be harassed by well-founded cares, since now the Calydonian spear of Diomedes wounds me and now the falling walls of ill-defended Troy overwhelm me, since I see my son driven by long wanderings, tossed on the sea, entering the abodes of the silent shades and waging war with Turnus, or, if we speak plain truth, with Juno rather? But why do I now recall the ancient sufferings of my race? This present fear of mine does not permit me to remember former woes. Look! do you not see that impious daggers are being whetted? Ward them off, I pray, prevent this crime and let not Vesta's fires be extinguished by her high-priest's blood!"

OVID

Talia nequiquam toto Venus anxia caelo
 verba iacit superosque movet, qui rumpere quamquam
 ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum, 781
 signa tamen luctus dant haut incerta futuri;
 arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes
 terribilesque tubas auditaque cornua caelo
 praemonuisse nefas; solis quoque tristis imago 785
 lurida sollicitis praebebat lumina terris;
 saepe faces visae mediis ardere sub astris,
 saepe inter nimbos guttae cecidere cruentae;
 caerulus et vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
 sparsus erat, sparsi lunares sanguine currus; 790
 tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo,
 mille locis lacrimavit ebur, cantusque feruntur
 auditi sanctis et verba minantia lucis.
 victima nulla litat, magnosque instare tumultus
 fibra monet, caesumque caput reperitur in extis, 795
 inque foro circumque domos et templa deorum
 nocturnos ululasse canes umbrasque silentum
 erravisse ferunt motamque tremoribus urbem.
 non tamen insidias venturaque vincere fata
 praemonitus potuere deum, strictique feruntur 800
 in templum gladii: neque enim locus ullus in urbe
 ad facinus diramque placet nisi curia caedem.
 tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utraque
 pectus et Aeneaden molitur condere nube,
 qua prius infesto Paris est ereptus Atridae, 805
 et Diomedeos Aeneas fugerat enses.
 talibus hanc genitor: "sola insuperabile fatum,

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The anxious goddess cried these complaints throughout the sky, but all in vain. The gods were moved indeed ; and although they were not able to break the iron decrees of the ancient sisters, still they gave no uncertain portents of the woe that was at hand. They say that the clashing of arms amid the dark storm-clouds and fear-inspiring trumpets and horns heard in the sky forewarned men of the crime ; also the darkened face of the sun shone with lurid light upon the troubled lands. Often firebrands were seen to flash amidst the stars ; often drops of blood fell down from the clouds ; the morning-star was of dusky hue and his face was blotched with dark red spots, and Luna's chariot was stained with blood. In a thousand places the Stygian owl gave forth his mournful warnings ; in a thousand places ivory statues dripped tears, and in the sacred groves wailing notes and threatening words were heard. No victim sufficed for expiation ; the liver warned that portentous struggles were at hand and its lobe was found cleft amidst the entrails. In the market-place and around men's houses and the temples of the gods, they say, dogs howled by night, the shades of the silent dead walked abroad and the city was shaken with earthquakes. Yet even so, the warnings of the gods were unable to check the plots of men and the advancing fates. Naked swords were brought into the sacred curia ; for no place in the whole city would do for this crime, this dreadful deed of blood, save only that. Then indeed did Cytherea smite on her breast with both her hands and strive to hide her Caesar in a cloud in which of old Paris had been rescued from the murderous Atrides and in which Aeneas had escaped the sword of Diomedes. Then thus the Father spoke : " Dost thou, by thy sole

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nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum
 tecta trium: cernes illic molimine vasto
 ex aere et solido rerum tabularia ferro, 810
 quae neque concussum caeli neque fulminis iram
 nec metuunt ullas tuta atque aeterna ruinas;
 invenies illic incisa adamante perenni
 fata tui generis: legi ipse animoque notavi
 et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri. 815
 hic sua conplevit, pro quo, Cytherea, laboras,
 tempora, perfectis, quos terrae debuit, annis.
 ut deus accedat caelo templisque colatur,
 tu facies natusque suus, qui nominis heres
 inpositum feret unus onus caesique parentis 820
 nos in bella suos fortissimus ultor habebit.
 illius auspiciis obsessae moenia pacem
 victa petent Mutinae, Pharsalia sentiet illum,
 Emathiique iterum madefient caede Philippi,
 et magnum Siculo nomen superabitur undis, 825
 Romanique ducis coniunx Aegyptia taedae
 non bene fisa cadet, frustra erit illa minata,
 servitura suo Capitolia nostra Canopo.
 quid tibi barbariem gentesque ab utroque iacentes
 oceano numerem? quodcumque habitabile tellus 830
 sustinet, huius erit: pontus quoque serviet illi!

¹ *i.e.* Macedonian; Emathia was a district of Macedonia.

² Though Philippi is in Macedonia and Pharsalus in Thessaly, Ovid with poetic daring practically identifies the two great battlefields.

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power, my daughter, think to move the changeless fates? Thou thyself mayst enter the abode of the three sisters. Thou shalt there behold the records of all that happens on tablets of brass and solid iron, a massive structure, tablets which fear neither the crashings of the sky, nor the lightning's fearful power, nor any destructive shocks which may befall, being eternal and secure. There shalt thou find engraved on everlasting adamant thy descendant's fates. I have myself read these and marked them well in mind; and these will I relate, that thou mayst be no longer ignorant of that which is to come. This son of thine, goddess of Cythera, for whom thou grievest, has fulfilled his allotted time, and his years are finished which he owed to earth. That as a god he may enter heaven and have his place in temples on the earth, thou shalt accomplish, thou and his son. He as successor to the name shall bear alone the burden placed on him, and, as the most valiant avenger of his father's murder, he shall have us as ally for his wars. Under his command the conquered walls of leaguered Mutina shall sue for peace; Pharsalia shall feel his power; Emathian¹ Philippi shall reek again² with blood; and he of the great name³ shall be overcome on Sicilian waters. A Roman general's Egyptian mistress, who did not well to rely upon the union, shall fall before him, and in vain shall she have threatened that our Capitol shall bow to her Canopus. But why should I recall barbaric lands to you and nations lying on either ocean-shore? Nay, whatsoever habitable land the earth contains shall be his, and the sea also shall come beneath his sway!

¹ Sextus Pompeius, youngest son of Pompey the Great. He seems also to have assumed the name *Magnus*.

OVID

“ Pace data terris animum ad civilia vertet
 iura suum legesque feret iustissimus auctor
 exemploque suo mores reget inque futuri
 temporis aetatem venturorumque nepotum 835
 prospiciens prolem sancta de coniuge natam
 ferre simul nomenque suum curasque iubebit,
 nec nisi cum senior Pylios aequaverit annos,
 aetherias sedes cognataque sidera tanget.
 hanc animam interea caeso de corpore raptam 840
 fac iubar, ut semper Capitolia nostra forumque
 divus ab excelsa prospectet Iulius aede !”

Vix ea fatus erat, media cum sede senatus
 constitit alma Venus nulli cernenda sui que
 Caesaris eripuit membris nec in aera solvi 845
 passa recentem animam caelestibus intulit astris
 dumque tulit, lumen capere atque ignescere sensit
 emisitque sinu : luna volat altius illa
 flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
 stella micat nati que videns bene facta fatetur 850
 esse suis maiora et vinci gaudet ab illo.
 hic sua praeferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,
 libera fama tamen nullisque obnoxia iussis
 invitum praefert unaque in parte repugnat :
 sic magnus cedit titulis Agamemnonis Atreus, 855
 Aegea sic Theseus, sic Pelea vicit Achilles ;
 denique, ut exemplis ipsos aequantibus utar,
 sic et Saturnus minor est Iove : Iuppiter arces

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“When peace has been bestowed upon all lands he shall turn his mind to the rights of citizens, and as a most righteous jurist promote the laws. By his own good example shall he direct the ways of men, and, looking forward to future time and coming generations, he shall bid the son,¹ born of his chaste wife, to bear at once his name and the burden of his cares; and not till after he as an old man shall have equalled Nestor’s years shall he attain the heavenly seats and his related stars. Meanwhile do thou catch up this² soul from the slain body and make him a star in order that ever it may be the divine Julius who looks forth upon our Capitol and Forum from his lofty temple.”

Scarce had he spoken when fostering Venus took her place within the senate-house, unseen of all, caught up the passing soul of her Caesar from his body, and not suffering it to vanish into air, she bore it towards the stars of heaven. And as she bore it she felt it glow and burn, and released it from her bosom. Higher than the moon it mounted up and, leaving behind it a long fiery train, gleamed as a star. And now, beholding the good deeds of his son, he confesses that they are greater than his own, and rejoices to be surpassed by him. And, though the son forbids that his own deeds be set above his father’s, still fame, unfettered and obedient to no one’s will, exalts him spite of his desire, and in this one thing opposes his commands. So does the great Atreus yield in honour to his son, Agamemnon; so does Theseus rival Aegeus, and Achilles, Peleus; finally, to quote an instance worthy of themselves, is Saturn less than Jove. Jupiter controls the heights

¹ Tiberius, son of Livia and Ti. Claudius Nero.

² *i. e.* of Julius Caesar.

OVID

temperat aetherias et mundi regna triformis,
 terra sub Augusto est ; pater est et rector uterque.
 di, precor, Aeneae comites, quibus ensis et ignis 861
 cesserunt, dique Indigetes genitorque Quirine
 urbis et invicti genitor Gradive Quirini
 Vestaque Caesareos inter sacrata penates,
 et cum Caesarea tu, Phoebae domestice, Vesta, 865
 quique tenes altus Tarpeias Iuppiter arces,
 quosque alios vati fas appellare piisque est :
 tarda sit illa dies et nostro senior aevo,
 qua caput Augustum, quem temperat, orbe relicto
 accedat caelo faveatque precantibus absens ! 870

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
 nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.
 cum volet, illa dies, quae nil nisi corporis huius
 ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat aevi :
 parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis 875
 astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum,
 quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
 ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama,
 siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam.

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of heaven and the kingdoms of the triformed universe; but the earth is under Augustus' sway. Each is both sire and ruler. O gods, I pray you, comrades of Aeneas, before whom both fire and sword gave way, and ye native gods of Italy, and thou, Quirinus, father of our city, and Gradivus, invincible Quirinus' sire, and Vesta, who hast ever held a sacred place midst Caesar's household gods, and thou Apollo, linked in worship with our Caesar's Vesta, and Jupiter, whose temple sits high on Tarpeia's rock, and all ye other gods to whom it is fitting for the bard to make appeal: far distant be that day and later than our own time when Augustus, abandoning the world he rules, shall mount to heaven and there, removed from our presence, listen to our prayers!

And now my work is done, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor the gnawing tooth of time shall ever be able to undo. When it will, let that day come which has no power save over this mortal frame, and end the span of my uncertain years. Still in my better part I shall be borne immortal far beyond the lofty stars and I shall have an undying name. Wherever Rome's power extends over the conquered world, I shall have mention on men's lips, and, if the prophecies of bards have any truth, through all the ages shall I live in fame.

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- Nilus**, the great river and river-god of Egypt, I. 423, 728; II. 254; v. 187, 324; IX. 774; xv. 763
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- Niobe**, daughter of the Phrygian king Tantalus and of Dione, one of the Pleiades, daughter of Atlas, vi. 172, 174, 211; wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, vi. 178, 271; mother of seven sons and seven daughters, on account of her boastful pride in whom she aroused the wrath of Latona (see Latona), vi. 165 ff.; at last, in her stony grief, she was changed to a stone and carried to her native Mount Siphylus, where the tears still flow down her stony face, vi. 305 ff.
- Niseia virgo**, Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, VIII. 35
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- Nixi patres**, three guardian deities of women in labour; their statues stood in the Capitol at Rome, representing the gods in a kneeling posture, IX. 294
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- Numicius**, a small river in Latium, XIV. 328, 599
- Numidae**, a people in Northern Africa, conquered by Caesar in 46 B.C. at the battle of Thapsus, xv. 754
- Numitor**, king of Alba, driven from his throne by his brother Amulius, but restored by his grandsons, Romulus and Remus, XIV. 773
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- Nycteus** (not the father of Antiope), a companion of Diomede, changed by Venus into a bird, *xiv.* 504
- Nyctimene**, daughter of Epopeus, king of Lesbos, who unknowingly had intercourse with her father; in despair she fled into the forest, where she was changed by Minerva into an owl, *ii.* 390 ff.
- Nyseides**, the nymphs of Mount Nysa in India, who cared for the infant Bacchus in their caves, *iii.* 314; Bacchus obtained their rejuvenation from Medea, *vii.* 295
- Nyseus**, an epithet of Bacchus from Mount Nysa, *iv.* 13
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- Ocyrhoë**, a daughter of Chiron endowed with the gift of prophecy; she foretells the fates of Aesculapius, *ii.* 635 ff.; is changed into a mare, *ii.* 657 ff.
- Odrysius**, an epithet from a tribe in Thrace, used for Thracian in general, referring to Tereus, *vi.* 490; Polymestor, *xiii.* 554
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- Oedipodioniae**, an epithet of Thebes as the city of Oedipus, *xv.* 429. See Laiades
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